WHAT REALLY HAPPENED TO THE AKRON
By LIEUTENANT COMMANDER **C. E. ROSENDAHL,** U. S. N.

Liberty

DEC. 16,
1933

5¢

NRA
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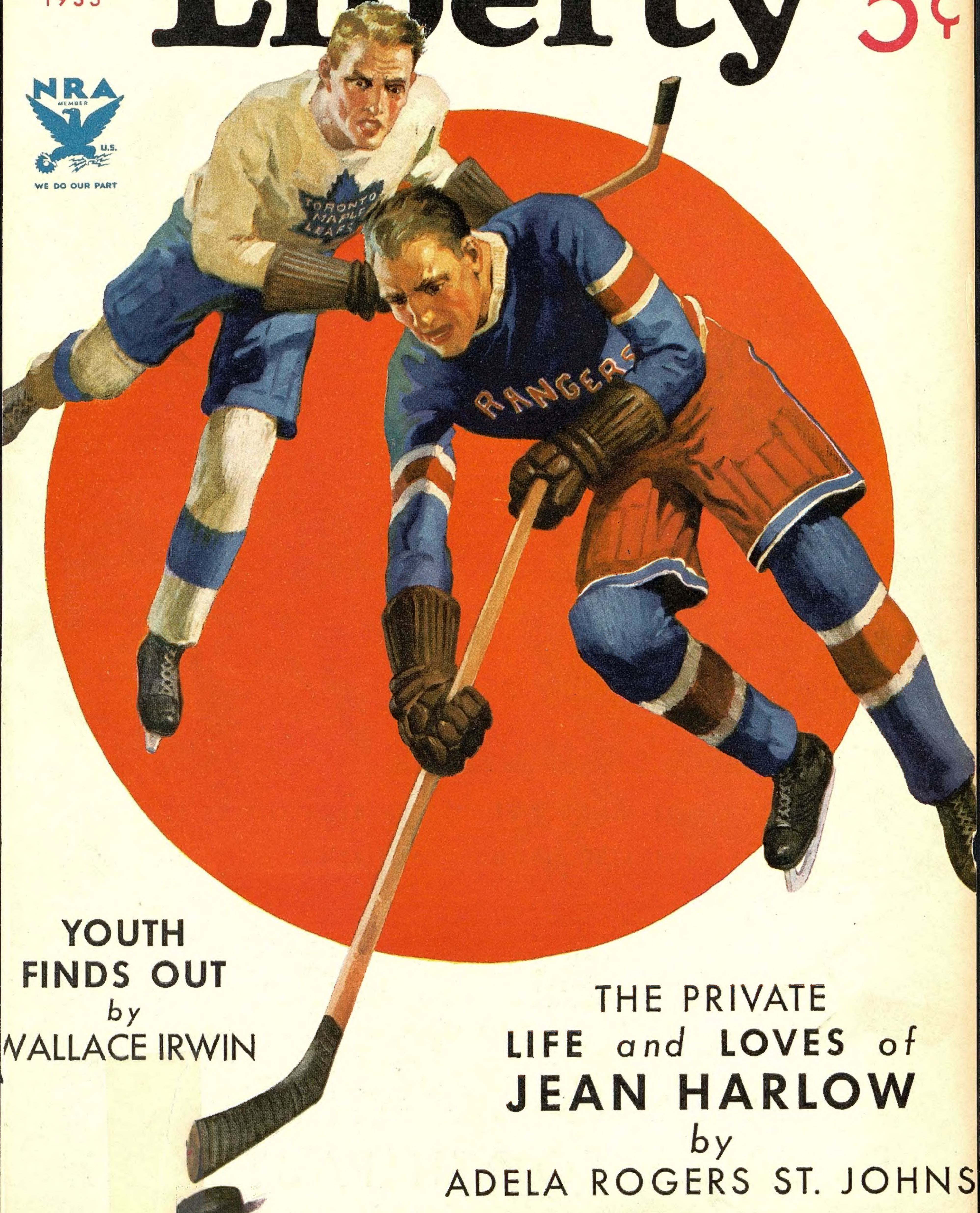
WE DO OUR PART


TORONTO MAPLE LEAFS
RANGERS

**YOUTH
FINDS OUT**
by
WALLACE IRWIN

THE PRIVATE
LIFE *and* **LOVES** *of*
JEAN HARLOW
by
ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Lovely Women

(*above*) MYRNA WILLIAMS comes from Cheyenne—out where men are men and women are—well, judge for yourself. She was educated in Switzerland and has been studying dramatic art. Her ambition is to become a motion picture actress—a profession for which she seems ideally suited—even to her dazzling white teeth.

(*above*) MARGARET HORAN was an artist's model. Enroute to Chicago one day, she happened to be looking her prettiest when a prominent film executive—Hollywood bound—happened to be looking his sharpest for a new actress. A film test was arranged, following which Miss Horan got a Hollywood contract.

(*above*) At the Brooklyn motion picture theatre where RUTH STOVALL once sold tickets, they said she had a "nice honest face." Then a famous New York illustrator decided she was a "very pretty girl." Her work for artists and photographers spread her fame—and now she is in a new picture "Roman Scandals" with Eddie Cantor.

(*right*) A New York photographer clipped a picture of JESSIE SHANKS from a department store ad and sent for her to pose. Now she has all she can do in her work as a photographer's model yet finds time to study for her "land of hope"—the theatre.

(*left*) EDITH TRIVERS, following her graduation from a private school for girls in New York City, posed for pictures and studied for the stage. She is an excellent horsewoman, a swimmer and likes tennis. Last winter she played in "Absent Father." Now she's wondering about Hollywood.

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DECEMBER 16, 1933 **Liberty** VOL. 10, NO. 50

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR
FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
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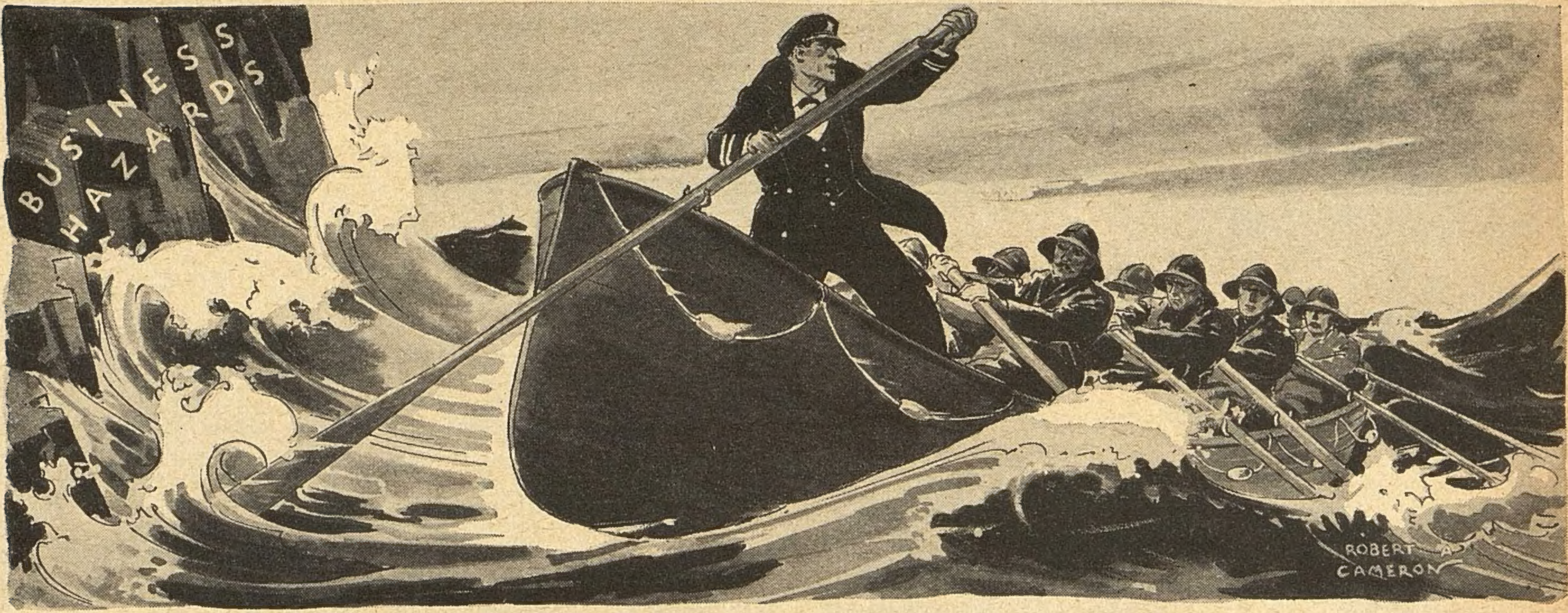
LET'S KICK OUT THE BOSSES



NO, not the political bosses. They are having a tough time right now. And they are headed for more trouble.

We are referring to the bosses to whom we must look for instructions—the bosses that capital has placed over us everywhere.

When workers are dissatisfied they often give vent to their spleen by cursing the boss. He is credited with being a robber, crook, etc. "Let's kick out the bosses," is often heard.

But that cannot be done. If you get rid of one boss you will soon have another, for a business cannot continue without direction any more than a body can function without a head. If we killed off the bosses as they did in Russia we would then have to search for others who would probably be less capable and more harsh than the previous ones.

Capital has learned some very severe lessons. Bosses are no longer arrogant and dominating as they were in bygone years. Through organization labor has enforced just recognition of its needs.

"Let the government own the business," is another favorite recommendation. But what voice has the workman when he is employed by the government? You never see governmental workers striking. You never see a picket walking up and down in front of any United States post office. You never hear of soldiers going on a strike. All that bunk about the government being able to manage business to the satisfaction of the workman is Socialistic sophistry.

We have to admit that capitalism has furnished us a system where you have to earn your rewards. If you want to be an executive you have to spend many years learning the business. You become a boss after a greatly prolonged period of hard work.

But when the government takes over a business, not infrequently the executive in charge has climbed to his position through political influence and not through any knowledge of the business. And when a boss is inefficient he is usually unable to manage workmen with proper consideration.

No, we cannot get rid of the bosses. What we can do is to change bosses.

The Communistic plan, although it may be effective, is certainly harsh. It often gives the workman no choice. He is ordered to do a job.

Reckless labor organizers frequently threaten to take over business. Should they do it, union workmen would be compelled to work under the instruction of union leaders, who are rarely more kindly in their attitude than the capitalistic bosses. As a rule they dominate their workers with an iron hand.

The system we have at the present time, wherein the leaders of capitalism recognize the necessity of just consideration to their workers, will be difficult to improve. A progressive executive representing capital cannot fail to realize that if workmen are happy and healthy they automatically do better work. The old-time idea of a pittance for wages—prodding the workers practically to the limit, sending them to their homes at the end of each day exhausted from their labor—is past history.

No intelligent employer would allow such injustice. Even if he had no conscientious scruples, his business foresight would make him recognize that such a policy would be unprofitable.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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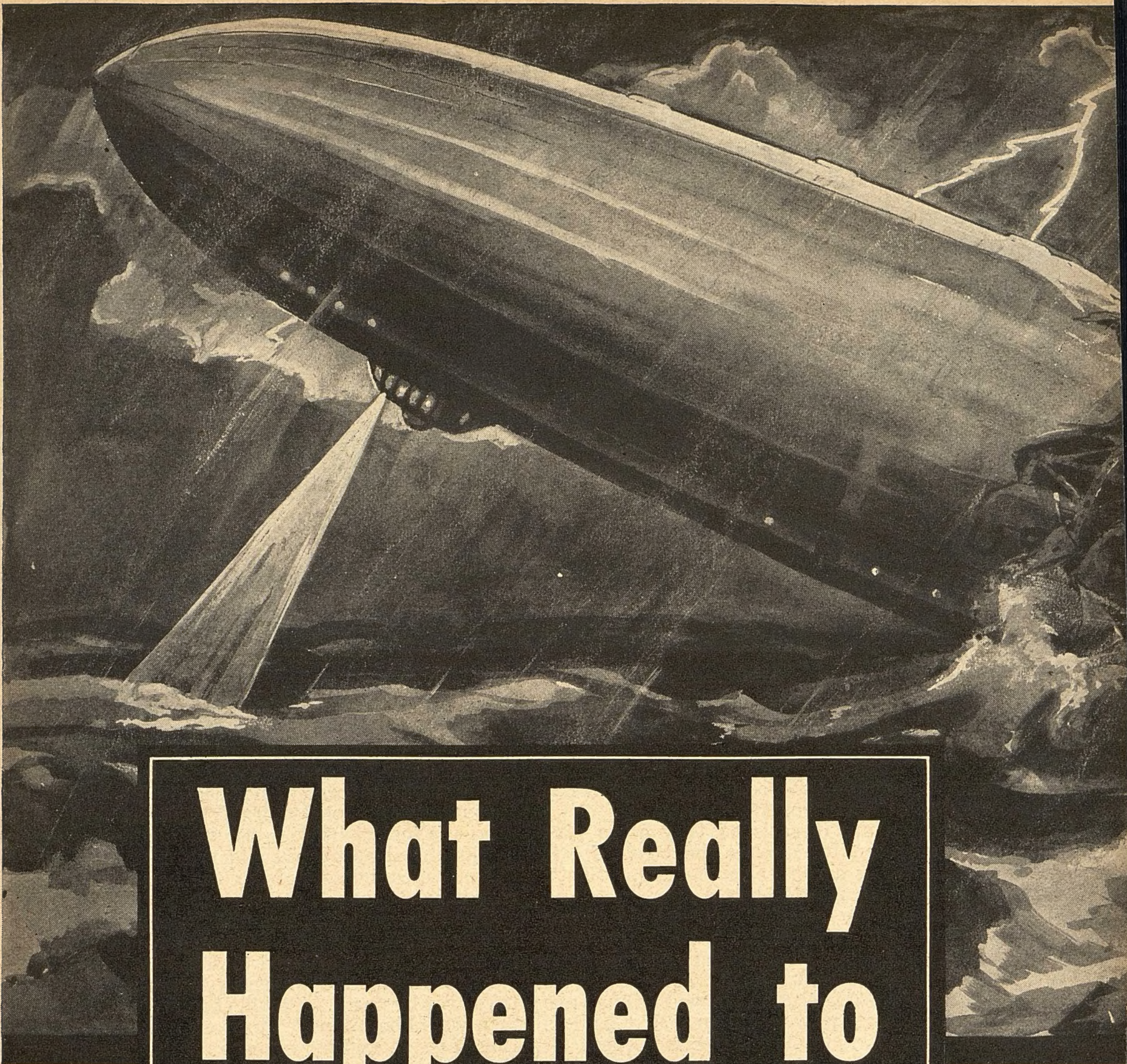


What Really Happened to the Akron

The Ill-Fated Dirigible's First Com
Aviation's Greatest Tragedy—Need

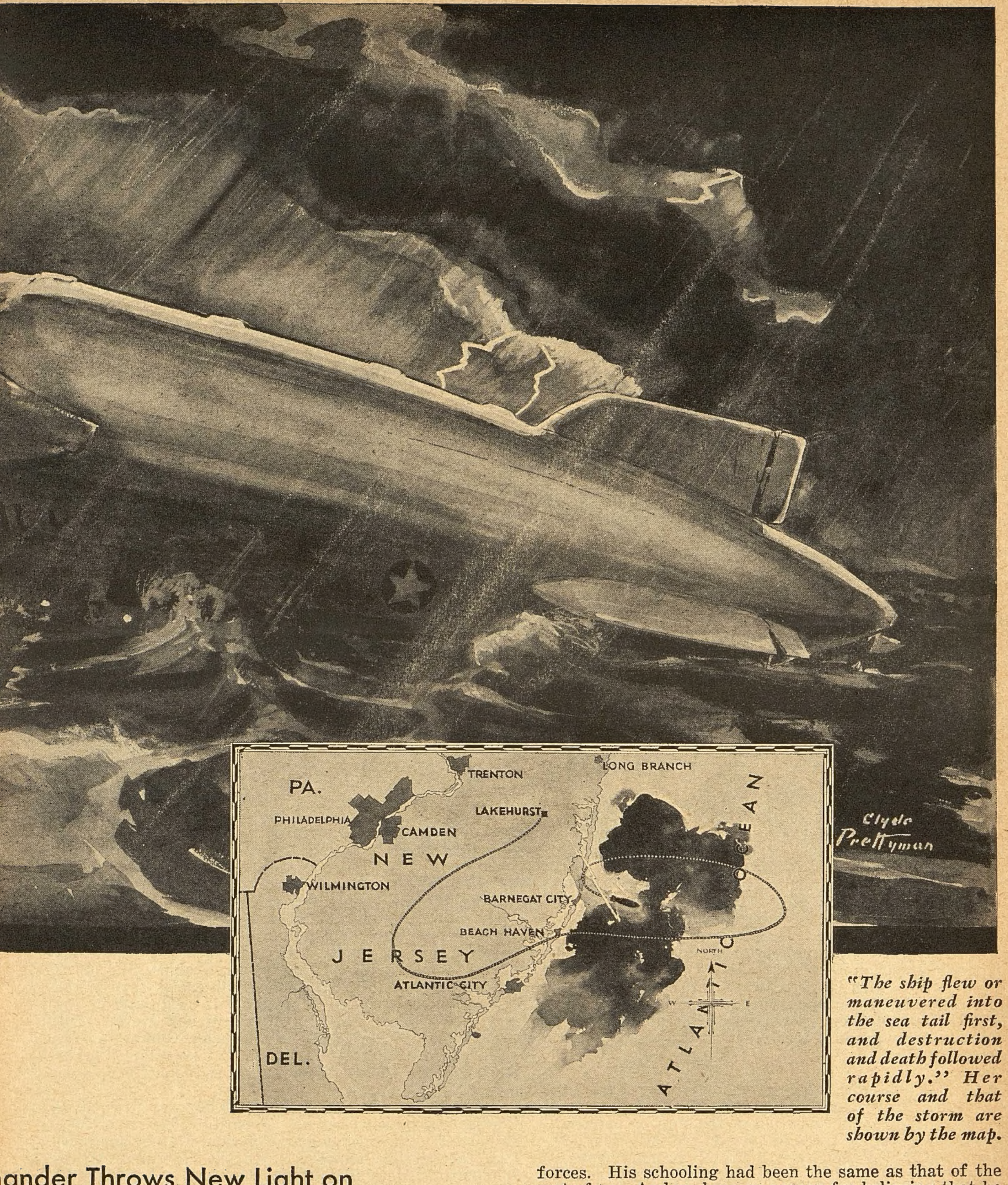
By Lieutenant Commander C. E.

(Reading time: 17 minutes 10 seconds.)

Opinions or assertions contained herein are private ones of the writer and are not to be construed as official or reflecting the views of the Navy Department or the naval service at large.

IN the setting sun of April 3, 1933, the U. S. S. Akron rose majestically into the sky, as she had done more than seventy times before. Below the control car fluttered the two-starred flag of Rear Admiral William A. Moffett, Chief of the Navy's Bureau of Aëronautics. Into the lowering fog she vanished. Five fleeting hours passed. Then came three tense fateful minutes in which the Akron and seventy-three on board met their earthly ends. At the bottom of the sea, some twenty-seven miles southeast by south of Barnegat Light, this amazon of the skies came to rest. Puzzling events encompassed in those three brief minutes had led to her destruction.

I have been asked a number of times whether I think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"The ship flew or maneuvered into the sea tail first, and destruction and death followed rapidly." Her course and that of the storm are shown by the map.

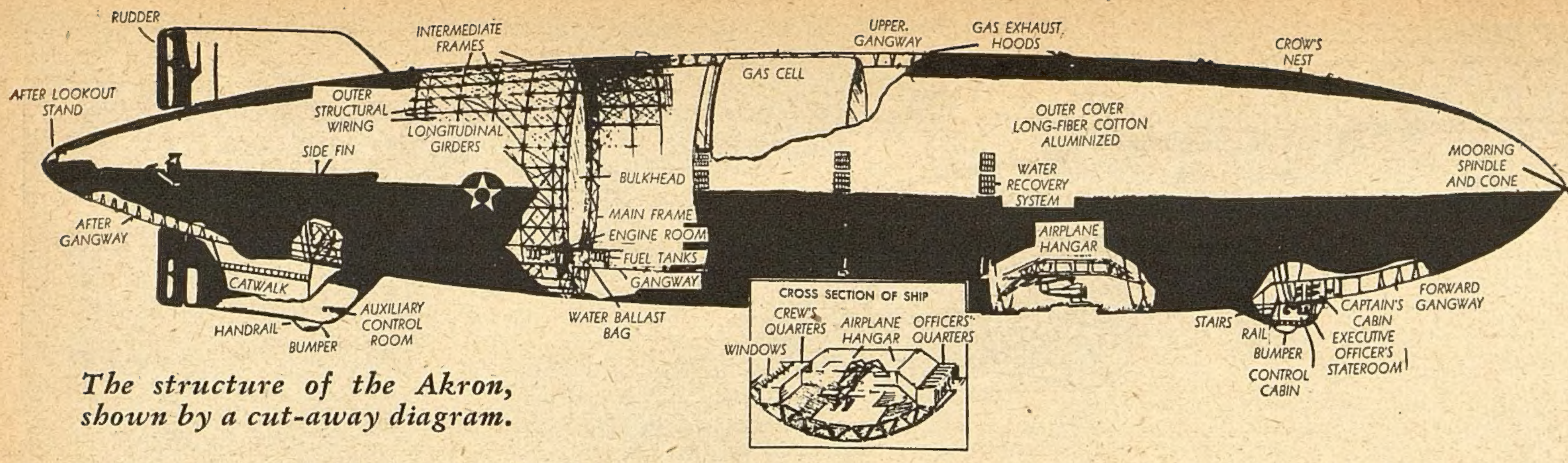
nander Throws New Light on Mean the End of All Airships?

that on the night of her loss the Akron was being purposely subjected to the existent bad-weather conditions as a live-model test to show the airship's capability.

Discretion is still the better part of valor in aircraft operations. I do not believe that the captain of the Akron would deliberately drive his ship into such unknown forces. His schooling had been the same as that of the rest of us. And we have no reason for believing that he expressed any such intention. Others aboard would have had a say in such a venture.

One immediate belief was that lightning destroyed the ship. Many were equally certain that the fury of the storm tore the ship apart; that she rode a cataract to destruction; that strange aërial quicksands drew her violently into the sea. A dispassionate study of the evidence shows conclusively, however, that the ship flew or maneuvered into the sea tail first, and that destruction and death followed rapidly. That "weather"

ROSENDAHL, U. S. NAVY



The structure of the Akron, shown by a cut-away diagram.

was an important contributing factor is undeniable. But the Akron was destroyed primarily by terrific forward impact with the sea.

At 7:28 P. M. the Akron cast off and rose. The flying altitude was varied during the night between 1,500 and 2,000 feet, to stay just above the fog. As the fog extended seaward, the commanding officer, Commander Frank C. McCord, set the initial course westward for Philadelphia. From there the course was changed to follow the Delaware River southward to the Capes.

About 8:30, near Wilmington, Delaware, lightning was sighted to the south. The captain speeded up the engines and turned eastward. Up in the radio room sat the radioman, converting into typed words the incoming signals of the 8 P. M. weather map. In his office adjacent sat the aërological officer and his assistant, entering weather symbols on a chart. Early deciphered signals showed a thunderstorm at Washington. Lightning to the westward also influenced the captain to overrule a suggestion to go in that direction. As the lightning appeared closer at times, the course was changed to northeasterly and then back to east.

At 9:45, in the vicinity of Asbury Park, the lightning to the south of the Akron had become quite extensive, and to the westward it continued. As the upper level of the fog was now at about 1,500 feet, a flying level of 1,600 feet by altimeter was chosen. On crossing the coastline eastward at about 10 P. M. the lightning was quite general and closer, even over the ship. To avoid tempting a lightning discharge, the trailing radio antennæ wires were reeled in. For an hour longer to seaward the course continued, the captain's apparent intention being to "take it" at sea by running eastward and then southeastward. This should enable the ship to maneuver ahead of and then around the outskirts of an advancing low-pressure area indicated on the weather map just received, and expected to move northeasterly.

Lieut. Commander Rosendahl, author of this revealing article.

ABOUT midnight, however, the captain reversed the course to westward, apparently for the purpose of establishing the exact position of the ship by identification of the coastline through holes in the fog. The navigator could also then take "drift" measurements on lights or other visible objects. The coastline was reached much sooner than had been calculated. On the ground below, the wind was northeast forty knots, and there also were rain, light fog, heavy thunder, and lightning all around. But before any drift measurements could be obtained the course was changed to east-southeasterly.

Completely immersed in fog for minutes at a time, the silent Akron sped along.

Twelve thirty came. The character of events changed greatly with alarming suddenness. The next three minutes held a totally unexpected climax!

Plunging suddenly into very turbulent air, the elevatorman (controlling the altitude) reported the ship falling rapidly, the bow slightly down. His altimeter read 1,100 feet, he reported. Lieutenant Commander Wiley, second in command, jumped from his station to the elevatorman's assistance. Instantly the engines responded to the captain's signal for "full speed"; at the ballast controls, Wiley dropped water from the midships containers. Not getting the desired response, he grabbed the bow emergency ballast toggles; 1,600 pounds of water in two spraying masses splashed earthward. Up came the bow—the remedy had been effective. At 700 feet the sinking altimeter needle paused, then started upward rapidly.

All hands in that control car must have sighed relief. Back to standard speed were rung the engines. A check showed the ship in normal flying condition.

BUT in only a minute more, again the air was turbulent. Descent began anew. Realizing the ship must then be in or very near the squall area of the progressing storm—its most violent zone—Wiley ordered the signal "Landing stations." The altimeter hand pointed at a bare 1,000 feet, then continued its retreat.

Up within the ship, men awakened from normal sleep wondered what it was all about. Lieutenant Calnan took over the ballast control. Wiley returned to his post beside the rudderman. "Eight hundred feet," called out Calnan. Up within the ship, flashlight beams sprayed here and there as Chief Boatswain's Mate Carl Dean urged all hands forward—the ship was at an unusual angle and falling.

Control-car personnel felt an unusual shock and lurch—not violent, not a gust; something different. In a quick glance Wiley saw limp, slack control cables—the lower rudder was gone! Engine telegraph cables showed the same slack uselessness. The ship was up greatly by the nose. Sounds of breaking structure now were heard. Glancing out, Wiley sighted waves below coming fiercely up at him. "Stand by for a crash!" Down came the car and structure above—right on under the surface—submerged!

After an hour in the icy water, Wiley was rescued by the German tanker Phœbus. Aboard her he found three shipmates. Chief Radioman Copeland did not long survive the terrible exposure. In the lightning flashes Boatswain's Mate Richard E. Deal had seen a floating gasoline tank. Three men clung to it. Laboriously he joined them. For nearly an hour, wave after wave knocked loose their icy grips on the tank. Exhausted, one man failed to return to the struggle. Then the Phœbus hauled them aboard—Deal, Copeland, and Aviation Metalsmith Moody Erwin.

Each survivor had vivid recollections of what had passed before him. It is unfortunate that from his post Wiley could not, as he says, tell the magnitude of the steps taken to check that last descent; unfortunate also that the captain was too engrossed to do more than tell Wiley his bare decisions. But in such a situation decisions have often to be made instantly. There is then no time for discussion.

Were human errors made in getting the ship into the severity of the storm or in her subsequent handling? Once in this predicament, did structural or material failures lead or contribute to destruction?

The findings of the Naval Court of Inquiry that are of immediate interest are, in part, as follows:

> 5. The court is of the opinion that about 10 P. M., when the Commanding Officer observed the weather map which showed a secondary cyclone centered in the vicinity of Washington, D. C., coupled with the previous report of a thunderstorm in that vicinity at 7 P. M., and that since 8:30 P. M., lightning had been observed to the southward and westward which lightning approached closer to the ship, the Commanding Officer committed an error in judgment in not setting such courses as would have kept him in the safe semicircle. . . .
>
> 6. The final destruction . . . was caused by a down current of wind of such magnitude that the lower fin struck the water before the descent could be checked. . . .
>
> 7. In view of the lack of evidence presented or available . . . the court is unable to express an opinion as to whether or not, had the ship started her descent from a higher altitude, sufficient time would have been available to completely lighten the ship—provided she was not so lightened; nor, had she been completely lightened, what altitude would have been required within which descent could be checked, nor further whether the descent could have been checked . . . In view of the foregoing the court is unable to place the responsibility for failure to check the descent . . .
>
> 8. . . . Everything within the knowledge of Commander McCord at the time his decision was made might have pointed to his plan of action being justifiable. . . . What subsequent events show to have been an erroneous decision does not, in the opinion of the court, justify a condemnation without more information of the considerations upon which the plan of action was based. This information was lost with the ship. . . .

Acme photo

Lieut. Commander Frank Carey McCord, who commanded the Akron and was lost with her.

CONGRESS meanwhile decided upon its own investigation into the "cause or causes of the wreck of the Naval dirigible Akron and the wrecks of other Army and Navy dirigibles." The Congressional committee patiently and searchingly heard some fifty-six witnesses. In a report signed by all members except Senators King and Johnson, the committee found:

"The proximate cause of the wreck of the Akron was the crash of the stern on the sea about 20 miles off Barnegat Light when in a swift vertical descent caused by a vertical down current of air. . . . There may have been other contributing causes. Responsibility for the crash was the navigation of the ship into the storm conditions where she was destroyed."

It is difficult to believe that a severe bolt of lightning could have struck the ship without knowledge of some one in the crew. There is not the slightest evidence pointing to her having been struck; and operating and engineering consensus of opinion is that a rigid airship properly bonded metallically, as was the Akron, is relatively immune to lightning. Then the helium within American airships is entirely noninflammable. Gasoline vapor is of course inflammable. But there is no more reason for believing gasoline vapor existed dangerously during the last flight than on any other.

We can be positive that the Akron's power plants up to the time of the last descent were functioning and responding perfectly. Even after the tail hit the water and the engine telegraph wires became slack, emergency signals to the engines were passed and answered.

Rupture of gas cells or other exorbitant loss of buoyant helium do not seem at all probable. Such loss would surely have been observed and reported. It would have been evident on the instruments. All in the control car would have known.

CLOSE analysis of available evidence almost entirely closes the door against suspicion that the ship might have broken in the air before she struck the sea. No *major* failures occurred until *after* the tail hit the water. And the vertical descent of the ship did not contain sufficient violence to destroy the ship on the water. Of this I feel certain.

The immersion of the tail, shearing the after part of the lower fin and carrying the lower rudder with it, caused the collapse of the tail portion of the ship. The resulting drag and the forward momentum of the upper structure broke the ship's "back" in several places and slapped it all violently into the water. The structural failures noted within the ship are almost certain to have occurred after the submersion of the tail; but even had they happened just previously, in themselves they would not have led to destruction of the whole ship.

It should be remembered that with her own air speed and that of a quartering wind of forty knots, the actual speed of the ship over the surface was easily over 100 miles an hour as she immersed the tail. But burned into Wiley's memory is the fact that later, when the control car hit, the ship had practically no *forward* motion over the water. The dragging tail had snubbed it.

No; the vertical descent is not what wrecked the ship. But the sudden arrest of a 200-ton mass going forward at a speed of over 100 miles per hour is another matter. All that momentum was spent in slapping the ship's hull down on to and into the incompressible, unyielding water. It might as well have been concrete. No structure on earth could have survived.

These facts should eliminate from consideration any discussion of earlier structural integrity.

"Weather" was a contributing cause in the loss of the Akron; but not in the way commonly supposed. Its contribution came in an insidious disguised way.

An important factor in the astounding progress of airplane transport over the American continent is the abundant gathering and dissemination of weather information. Rapid transmission of such information is accomplished by the teletypewriter, which reels off its printed messages of the weather at stations on its circuit or airway every hour.

A recent development is the "page printer," an instrument whereby every four hours weather signals are printed automatically on a regional map. These four-hourly maps and the hourly news supplement the twelve-hourly weather bureau maps of 8 A. M. and 8 P. M.

At the time in question, Lakehurst had a teletype machine but no page printer; however, the data passed out every four hours for the "page-printer" map can be obtained via teletype and drawn in by hand.

When the Akron went down I was at sea in the Pacific, as were two other ex-lighter-than-air-officers, Lieutenant Commander Reichelderfer and Lieutenant Orville. To satisfy our curiosity as to what happened to the Akron, we obtained copies of the complete weather signals that had been sent out. From these, weather maps were drawn. Then we made the usual study, endeavoring conscientiously to draw the conclusions that would have been formed without knowledge of the Akron's difficulties.

Immediately Reichelderfer recognized a striking similarity between this map and one of June, 1930, when the Los Angeles had faced a similar weather situation. She, however, went to sea, allowed the storm to pass between her and the coast, and then came into Lakehurst safely behind it. I point this out to show that a veteran airship aërologist with complete data regards the 8 A. M. map of April 3, 1933, as suspicious at least. Just what portion of the complete data and information up to 7:28, when the Akron took off, was taken aboard on paper or in mind remains the secret of the aërological officer and captain of the ship. The 8 P. M. map received aboard was "only two thirds complete," which Wiley interprets to mean that some of the broadcast signals were missed in flight, due to heavy static. Hourly data sent out over teletype circuits ashore after 8 P. M. continued to show the rapid advance and development of violence. Yet certainly from even the complete data it was reasonable to begin the flight if the intention were to keep in safe areas. But the full data indicated bad flying weather in the New Jersey vicinity.

By taking the rate of travel of the low from its apparent position at 4 P. M. to its 8 P. M. position, and projecting it along a continuation of its course at the same speed, we find the center would be located at practically the very spot where the ship went down. The Akron had steered a "collision" course; it must have gone into the worst violence of the storm. For this and many other reasons I feel confident that the commanding officer surely cannot have received adequate information to warn him. Why? That is the Akron's own secret.

And yet, even though the ship did tangle up with the storm's very violence, in what ways did it affect her?

The altimeter used by aircraft is but a form of the aneroid barometer, graduated in units of distance instead of in the usual pressure units. In rising 1,000 feet above sea level, the atmospheric pressure decreases by about "one inch of mercury." Or, should the altimeter remain on the surface during the passage of a low-pressure area, the helpless altimeter would falsify and read some altitude, though it actually had not been off the ground!

When the Akron left Lakehurst the corrected sea-level barometer reading was 29.72″. As the storm center and the ship approached each other, the atmospheric pressure at the surface fell to a *recorded* lowest reading of 29.40″. The pressure at flying altitudes necessarily fell in proportion. Hence, when the altimeter read 1,600 feet, the real height above sea level could not possibly have been more than 1,280!

FURTHERMORE, in the center of the storm occurs its theoretically lowest possible pressure. It is perfectly possible that the pressure fell sharply at and near the center, the altimeter thereby falsifying some 200 to 300 feet more. Hence, I am inclined to believe that the reported "rapid rise" after the first sharp descent about 12:30 A. M. was not altogether an actual regaining of height, but merely and largely an increased altimeter reading. Thus the recorded altitude of 1,600 feet just prior to the fatal descent may have been not more than an actual 1,000 feet.

We must recall that the Akron was 785 feet long. Atmospheric irregularities such as vertical currents generally affect the bow first. A descending current would first push the bow downward—diving the ship. Remedial action to regain lost altitude is of course to incline the bow upward and climb back. The horizontal surfaces for climbing or diving are located at the stern; hence the bow is inclined upward by putting these "flippers" up and pushing the stern down—and vice versa. The elevatorman must be alert and shift the "flippers" quickly at the precise moment. Control of altitude in rough air calls for highly developed skill and coördination—which only a small percentage of men have or develop to a high degree.

Any one who has ever steered a boat or seen a ship turn knows that before the bow gets into the new desired direction the whole craft moves sidewise a bit; with a long ship it may be a great deal. Now picture an 800-foot airship pulling out of a dive. We have a similar situation, but in the vertical plane. The whole ship moves bodily downward before the upward climb begins.

Other factors also influence the "attitude" or inclination of an airship from the horizontal. Seldom in flight are the buoyancy and the total load carried exactly equal. When the buoyancy exceeds the load the ship is "light" and flies with her nose down. When the load is greater, as from rain or snow, the ship is "heavy" and flies with a nose-up-tail-down inclination.

During the four hours preceding the Akron's destruction the navigator lacked knowledge of the wind direction and velocity that would have told him vividly of his location with reference to the storm center. But he could not know these without measuring his drift, which without a sight of the surface was not practicable.

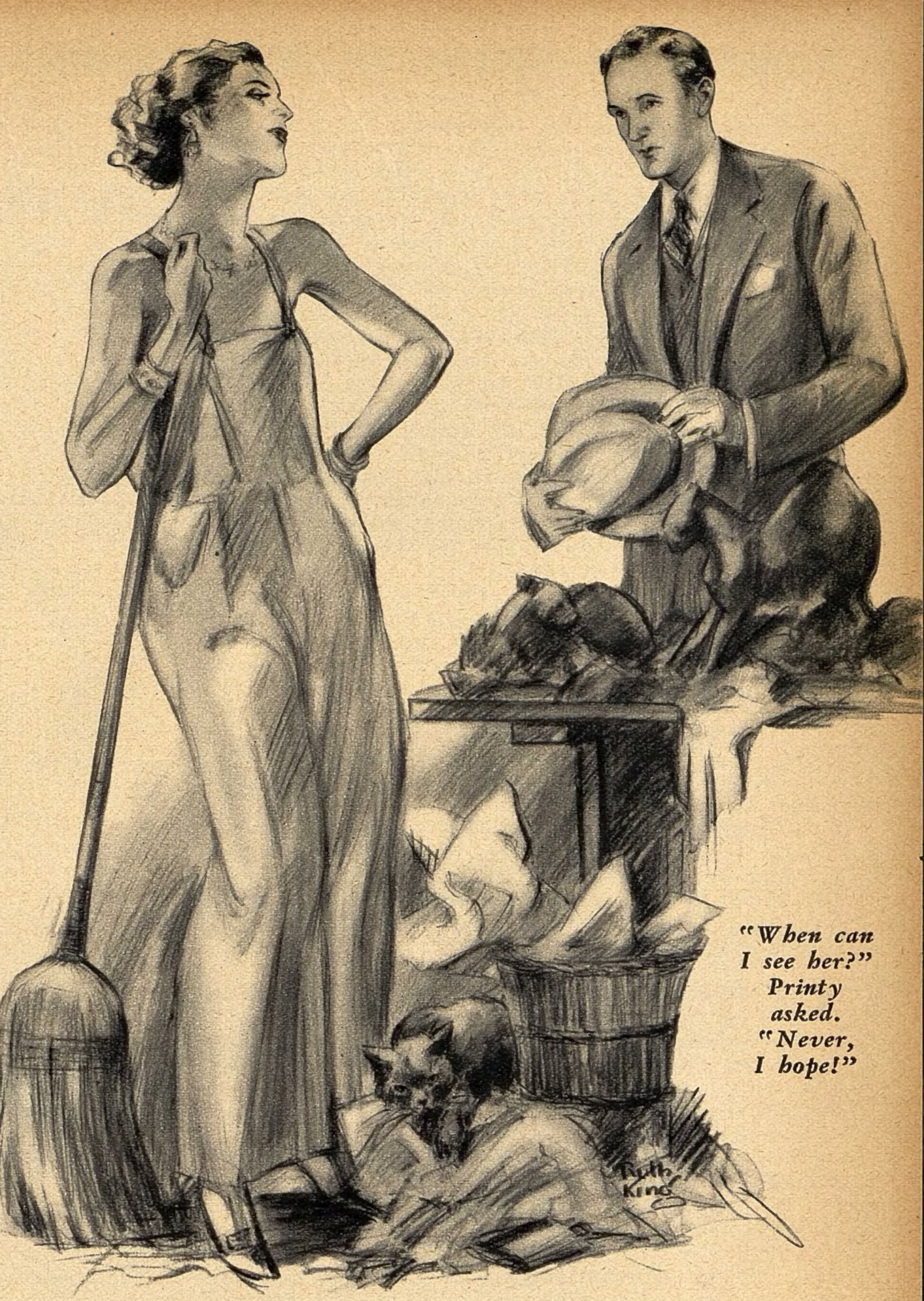
EXCEPT for temporary buoyancy changes in running in and out of fog (warmer and colder air), the air was smooth and the ship responded well to her controls. She was "heavy" most of the time, a normal nighttime condition—hence, flew with the stern down a few degrees. On first entering the turbulence near the center of the storm, the actual height above the surface was certainly not more than 1,280 feet and by no means 1,600. A downward air current acted on the nose first, started the ship downward bodily. By increasing the air speed to "full," more control was available. It was difficult to bring the nose up, but dropping ballast forward started it up. Meanwhile the "up" elevators were pushing the stern downward (and hence bow upward) but at the same time crowding the whole ship bodily downward. Fortunately there was enough "sea room" for this, and at 700 feet by altimeter the descent was checked and the ship started upward again.

Now began what appeared on the instruments as a rapid rate of rise. As I have explained, I believe that although she regained 1,600 feet *on her altimeter* after that first descent, the Akron was actually only about 1,000 feet above the sea. Then quickly came the second abrupt entrance into very rough air. A burst of rain may have added to the original normal heaviness of the ship. Sudden immersion in a mass of warmer air also would mean additional heaviness, increased angle down by the stern. The effect of a downward air current again started the ship bodily downward. Apparently the effort to rise by dropping ballast, as actually utilized on this occasion, was not adequate. Inevitably the whole ship moved downward in an arc while trying to climb by power. It is not impossible that an *up* current now struck forward, raising the bow still more. Again recall the Akron's length of nearly 800 feet. This time vertical maneuvering or "sea room" simply did not exist.

Hence I do not consider that the Akron was abruptly hurled out of the sky, sucked down by aërial quicksands, "torn to pieces by the elements," "wrecked by the weather," or violently "forced into the sea." It was a combination of factors that destroyed her. They included: a lack of sufficient weather information relative to the formation, travel, and intensity of the "secondary low" into which the ship traveled; inability to learn the wind direction and velocity where she was flying; downward air currents of moderate proportions in the turbulent zone, giving the ship her initial impetus on those last two descents; a deceiving altimeter; temporary changes of buoyancy, together with turbulence making it difficult for an average elevatorman to follow such "bumps" quickly enough; immersion and collapse of tail in water—all leading to the retardation of the forward motion of the ship and the inevitable spending of a momentum of 200 tons mass, moving at over 100 miles per hour, against an unyielding surface.

Such was the untimely end of the naval airship Akron. And let me state that I believe that each of the problems hereby demonstrated is capable of practical solution for the safe and efficient operation of airships.

THE END



"When can I see her?" Printy asked. "Never, I hope!"

Youth Finds Out

The Love Story of a Much Too Wise Young Man

By WALLACE IRWIN

(Reading time: 27 min. 40 sec.)

A FLUFF of ash-blonde hair and a pair of wistful eyes, swimming toward him out of the noisy mess of studio-party people, brought Printy Morriss up standing. He didn't stand very well, on his legs or with himself. Coming down from New Haven with little Amos, after flunking the final exams, hadn't been such a perfect idea, and wiring his family in Omaha, "Staying over to get teeth fixed," had resulted in a lot of speakeasies where they fix your teeth with something that removes the enamel.

But this girl, now, with the ash-blonde hair. Tessie. Fuzzily he recalled the name, and watched her moving among the gin-drinking, close-dancing couples. She appeared to know a lot of people in Lucile Bannister's party, but seemed a little remote, as though she didn't quite belong. That was good. But where did she belong?

Through the fog Printy remembered all too well how he had met her, a week ago, almost his first step out of the Grand Central. He had been quite sober then and nimbly able to pick up a pretty girl in black just as she tripped over a pile of newspapers at the Forty-second Street entrance. Also he had gathered in the books and hand bag she had scattered across the pavement. Was she hurt? No, not at all, thank you. But she seemed so pale.

She liked him—that he had seen by her look as he walked beside her, still carrying her books. She wasn't the common sort of girl who goes around liking men. She had a clear Southern accent. Printy didn't make the mistake of asking her to a speakeasy. But she was pleasantly grateful to be taken to tea at a glassy little place in Lexington Avenue.

What had he learned about her? Not much. Except that her hazel eyes had a way of studying you quietly, almost tragically. And her mother hadn't taught her how to smile. She admitted that she came from the South; that wasn't much, because South was written all over her. As they nibbled cinnamon toast and sipped a weak brown beverage he had enjoyed a wicked sensation of stealing her away for a delicious half hour from a chaperon of great social importance.

Her name was Tessie. She had admitted that, laughing just once, a short, chary laugh. He had told her his name was Morriss, but that hadn't loosened her up. Could he see her again? No, she supposed not—she was sure he couldn't.

It hadn't been fair, the way she had escaped from him. He had gone to the counter to pay his

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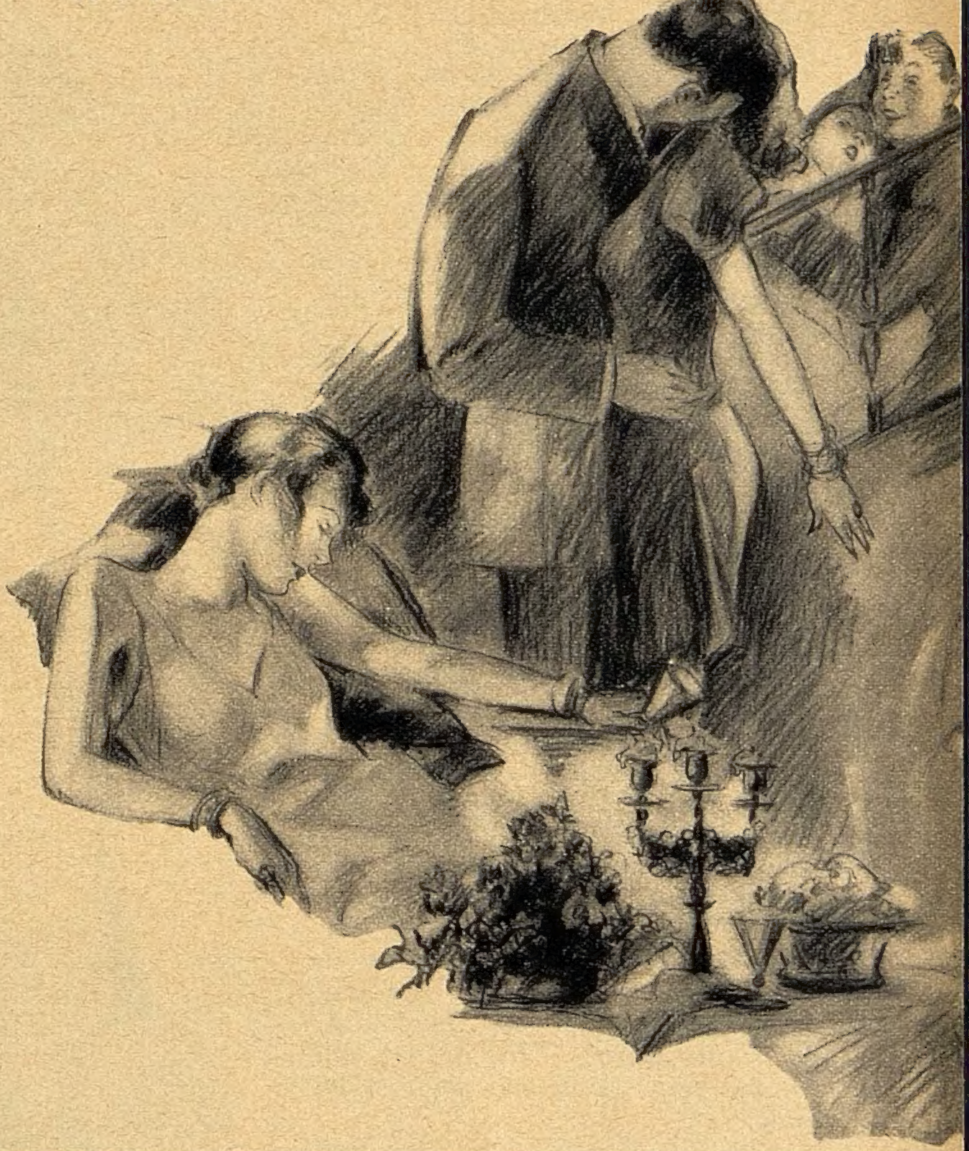
KING



He was thinking: How old is she?

check, and after a fuss with small change had turned and found no Tessie anywhere in sight. There he had stood, indignant, disappointed, nursing the two books he had been carrying for her. They were the Dialogues of Plato, dog-eared but unmarked, and a copy of the New York Social Register: titles equally remote. Funny. Had she been the sort of girl he first thought she was when she fell over those newspapers, he might have said "Check!" and let it go at that. She liked him—didn't want to see him again. That was why her eyes had followed him like good angels through all these cluttered speakeasy nights with little Amos.

"How in hell did *she* get mixed up in this?" he asked himself, his eyes following her around the studio. The gin within him was distilling that spirit of despair which he loved to exploit, argumentatively, during midnight debates at New Haven. "She's got no time for a leatherneck like me, yet here she is at about the hottest party I ever saw. Amos says Lucile's his cousin. Well, he'd better tell his uncle about her."

Just then—it happens so in crowds where you've been drinking—he found himself face to face with the girl called Tessie. Not exactly face to face, for she had to look up at him. It gave him an annoyingly pleasant shock to see that her eyes were as beautiful as he remembered them.

"I didn't know where to return your books," he said.

"Oh, that's all right, Mr. Morriss." Strangely she bit her sensitive reddened underlip. "If you want to keep them and read them."

He fumbled with the ancient wheeze about not needing a book, he had one. But he was in a fever of fear that she'd get away from him. He wasn't going to let her go this time! It was a relief when she let him take her to something with cushions, against the wall, and they settled down together.

THE girl named Tessie turned her round clear eyes up to Printy's and scolded him gently for being so mean to Lucile's work. Examples of her work, mostly small statuettes of some unidentifiable material, were visible through cigarette smoke, on high brackets. He had just asked if the one opposite them were masculine, feminine, or neuter.

"It's a female figure," said Tessie, still holding him with her curiously intent gaze.

"Is that revolting thing her head, or just the place where the statue stops?"

"That's her head." Solemnly. "Lucile's a right able sculptress, Mr. Morriss. She was Calbert's favorite pupil, and the critics made a fuss over her when she gave her show last winter. We were all so glad! Lucile's had a right hard time, and it isn't so easy—"

The girl named Tessie seemed to swallow words that shouldn't be said. Printy had decided at first not to seem too interested in her. His eyes had been straying across a roomful of girls, mostly in pyjamas parrot-bright. They sat against the walls, drinking amorously with Bohemian-looking men, or they danced close-held to the radio's crooning. Lucile Bannister, ruby-velvet pyjamas accentuating her stark leanness, passed sandwiches and ordered a colored waiter here and there.

Printy had decided to study the girl beside him, a comparison to the others, when Lucile came up with sandwiches and her colored waiter. "Don't get up," she commanded. "It just spills things. Tessie, do try one of these. They're antipasto, awfully good."

There was a quick mothering look in Lucile's eyes as Tessie helped herself to two. The black boy held out his tray of cocktails.

"No, thank you," said Tessie. Then, suddenly changing her mind, she took one, tasted it, set it aside. Instinctively Printy took his and tossed it off.

Then he went on studying the girl. No parrot-bright pyjamas for her. Her clothes were pretty, evidently the ones she had been wearing all afternoon. Her plain little dress was of black crêpe with a crisp white collar and cuffs; it hitched in deliciously around her waist. His hands could span that waist, he knew, and stretched his thumb and forefinger while he thought about it. Nothing expensive about the get-up, but rather smartly becoming. Her feet were ridiculously small in their short-toed shoes; the heels were very high.

There was gold in her skin. Was that her natural color? Girls do such funny things with their faces nowadays. Her mouth, of course, was rouged. . . . Printy decided that her skin was really golden, because that complexion went with sherry-colored eyes and the hair which showed under her little side-tilted hat. She had a high small nose. That nose reminded him somehow of her voice, which had the pure distinguished quality you sometimes hear in Carolina gentlefolk.

"WHAT part of the South do you come from?" He had asked that the other day, but now she was more frank.

"Charleston." Her sherry eyes were question marks asking him to be friendly. "You've been there?"

"Once, on my way up from Miami."

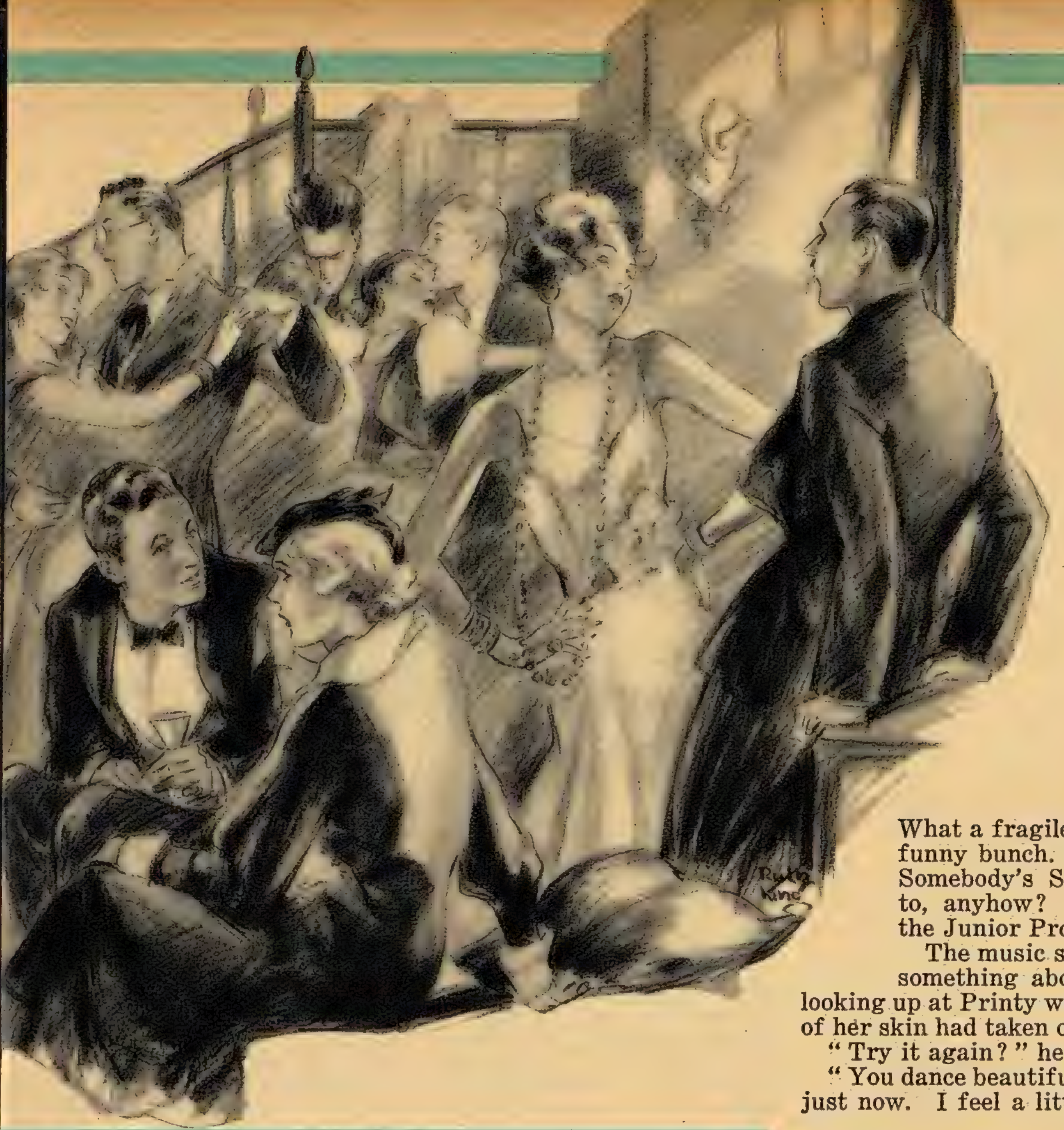
"Did you like it?"

"I guess so. I wasn't there long. All I remember is that Charleston has the politest cops in the world, and two-dollar camellias popping all over the place. Did you just come up from there?"

"Oh, no." He was thinking she couldn't have been away from anywhere very long. How old is she? Eighteen maybe, trying to look twenty. Or vice versa.

"Well, Charleston's a good place to come from," he said. That wasn't the thing to say. Lucile must have put something in that third cocktail. "I mean, it must be a great town to go back to."

"I'm not thinking of that." Her eyes widened, afraid



Eighteen maybe, trying to look twenty.

of something, but her proud, level voice was saying, "It's right lovely, Charleston. Only I prefer it here."

An opening for a pretty compliment, or at least a probing question. But Printy's lips were stiff with liquor. Again he felt the gloomy philosophy shadowing him with dark wings.

"What do the Pinckneys and the Pringles and the Rhetts of Charleston say to their daughters hanging out in this gallery?"

She bridled, and might have said, "I don't know what you mean"; but instead she asked gently, "You mean the Charlestonians are conventional in their ideas?"

"That's what I've heard."

"Well, I call myself by another name around here." Almost childishly simple, that confession.

"What's that?"

"Theresa Argyll."

A reminiscent name. Or maybe it was just the Hollywoodish combination of syllables.

"Well, you picked out a good one," he said. "I've often thought I'd change mine to Julian Thorndyke, but—"

Something in her spirited little face said, "Don't." Even through the fog of gin Printy got the signal. You can't take that girl for a ride, he thought. Not unless she chooses her own taxi.

The radio was making a large noise now—Rudy, maybe, or Paul Whiteman. Varicolored pyjamas were teetering about close-pressed to the masculine negligee of Bohemia. A girl in parrot green was too dizzy to go on. A fattish person, also tight, helped her to a divan, where she sprawled, laughing inanely. The man's forelock dangled over his eyes as he gathered her up.

"Bohemia Revels While Society Gloats," Printy headlined, grinning at Tessie. No; it was plain to see that she didn't belong in this gallery, even if she did queer things to her name.

"They're not always this way," she defended. "They work hard, when they can."

"Work!" he grumbled.

"Maybe you wouldn't call it so. They don't sell buttons or dig in the subways. But they work just the same."

"So's dancing work," he said. Then amended quickly, "Shall we tackle it?"

"Thank you."

Now they were dancing, Printy laboring to make his knees behave. What a wisp she was, lying in his arms. Her silly little bun of a hat was under his chin, and her light hair flaunted, fine as thistledown; it had a clean and fragrant smell, like the open fields. The bunk! Imagination! In a ginny smoky stew like this you couldn't smell a girl's hair—not even if it was soaked in furniture polish. What a fragile little thing, though. And in this funny bunch. What was that old sob number? Somebody's Sister. What's the world coming to, anyhow? Lots of girls act pretty raw at the Junior Prom. But in this funny bunch—

The music stopped while a broadcaster howled something about an orchestra. The girl stood looking up at Printy with her large sweet eyes. The gold of her skin had taken on a silver pallor.

"Try it again?" he said. "Or am I too awful?"

"You dance beautifully," she said. "Only—maybe not just now. I feel a little—"

THEY found more cushions and more drinks. Tessie, scarcely touching hers, set it on the back of a shelf where it wouldn't get knocked over.

"If you don't feel up to my style of dancing," said Printy, "maybe a little drinkie won't do any harm."

"Do you think it will do any good?" Her eyes were asking questions.

"Well, as far as that's concerned, what does any good for very long?" He had swallowed his cocktail, and it was just enough to bring him back to the dark philosophy he so admired in himself. "Omar Khayyám said about booze, 'Life's leaden metal into gold transmute,' and his grammar was all wrong when he said it. But he was right, at that. The only way to get through life is to liquor up and forget it."

"You mean—it's a sort of medicine?" she asked faintly.

"Gin? Well, it's the knockout drops that gets you through the horrible mix-up the world is nowadays. What's the matter, Tessie? You're not drinking."

The little smile which she seemed to hide discreetly under her golden skin fluttered out. She reached for her glass and drank the warmish cocktail thirstily.

"That's the answer," he said; and since the waiter was coming around with more, again Printy helped himself to two. Again she set hers aside.

"I've been wondering about what you said." Her look held him steadily. "You don't seem to think that these people—around here—do any real work."

"Well, do they? Do any of us, as far as that's concerned? Look at that crowd. Messing with something they call Art. I'll bet there's not a person in this whole mob who knows what he's doing, if he'll tell you candidly."

He had been rushing forward so fast with his cry of doom that he hadn't paid much attention to this girl Tessie—how she was taking it. But she was appreciating him. That was plain, now that he noticed. She laughed now, a pretty sound, showing her white teeth, a pearly circle around her red tongue.

"You're candid enough," she said. "That ought to help."

"Gosh, I'm glad you have a sense of humor, Tessie. You know, when I first looked upon you I said, 'That girl's mother never taught her how to smile!'"

"It's easier to laugh than to smile," she replied.

"Listen. You're neglecting your drink."

"I seldom take one."

"Well, this evening's seldom. Here, a little drinkie—"

He handed her the cocktail waiting on the shelf. She made a face when she swallowed it.

"Nasty medicine does you good," he said.

She began to laugh again, and he was delighted. Jolly little trick, falling right in with his mood. Then suddenly she stopped and asked, "Do you think this party's worse than the others?"

"Oh, no. Not at all. Last summer at Southampton—at a wedding, mind you—they were twice as bad. And why shouldn't they be? The whole world's diseased. The thing's to take a little drinkie and forget it."

"Yes, that's fine. What should we forget?"

"What a worthless bunch we are. Especially the young people, stepping out into what the patent-medicine men call Life's Serious Purpose. The raspberry! Look at you and me, for instance."

"Aren't we ridiculous?"

"Yes, and our hostess—what's her name? Lucile."

"Leave Lucile out of it," commanded the girl from Carolina, losing her smile. "If it weren't for Lucile, in times like this, a great many people who deserve to live—well, they just wouldn't."

"WOULD that matter such a lot?" asked our young philosopher. "What's the use of handing out quarters and cups of coffee to a mob who have never contributed a thing of any importance to the world? It's easy enough to get sentimental about individual cases."

"Individual cases must be ridiculous," laughed the girl with a sense of humor.

"Just puny," said Printy Morriss. "The single ant doesn't count. It's what happens to the hive that matters." Fishing in his muddy brain for the eminent authority responsible for that wise crack. "Did you ever see anything more comic than these people here?"

"It's like a Goldberg cartoon," she agreed.

The girl's drawing me out, he thought; and it's nice to be drawn out by this Tessie.

She became earnest, leaning closer as she asked, "What was it you were saying about you and me?"

More cocktails came around, and he urged, "Take another and I'll tell you."

She obeyed, this time without making a face. Both of them sat there a minute, following the contortions of the party. It was growing noisy. No noisier than other parties, he conceded, but it suited his argument. The girl in parrot-green, revived somewhat, was being held up by another artist while she sang crookedly, "Put on your hat and coat—we're going out."

"What would you do with such a party?" asked Tessie, holding him with eyes from which laughter had suddenly vanished.

"Oh, I wouldn't fool with this small stuff. Civilization's what's wrong. I'd tear the whole fabric apart. Weave another one. Rip out the useless threads."

"Useless threads." Mockingly, an echo.

"Like you and me. What about us, Tessie? I don't know what brought you here, but you certainly don't belong. You've come here to go modern. I'll bet that's what's the matter. And you couldn't be modern any more than a chicken could grow teeth."

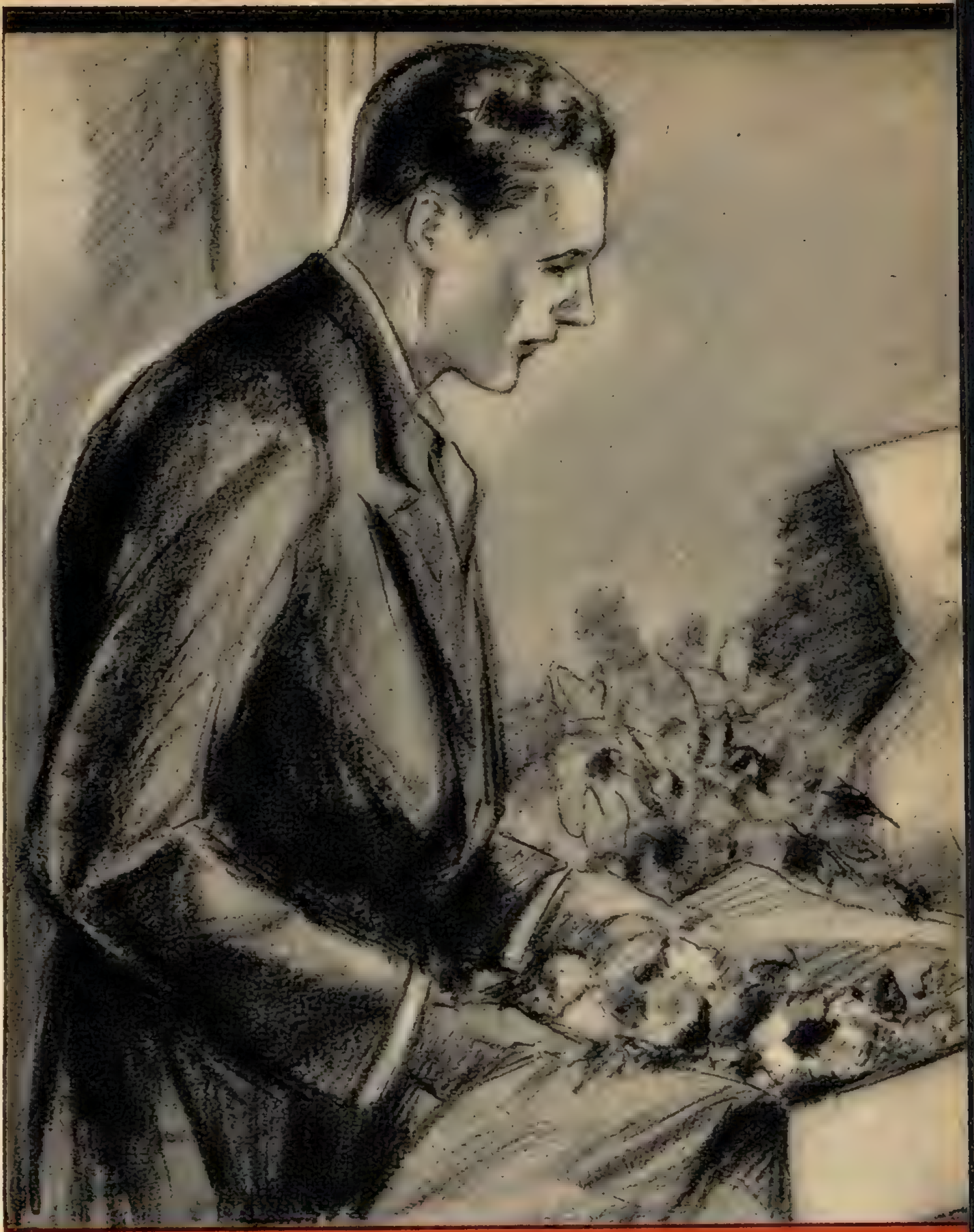
This time her laugh had a shrill, wild sound.

"I told you a li'l' drinkie would do you good," he grinned.

"Yes, it's wonderful. Everything is."

"Gosh, am I making an optimist out of you?"

"Who knows?" A lawless giggle. "Go on, now. Talk about me."



"I brought you some of these Charleston flowers."

"Girls like to hear about themselves; hence the crystal gazers," said the philosopher. "You called me candid just now. Are you going to get sore?"

Her eyes were regarding him, steady, steady. "No; I won't get sore," she said.

"I don't know a thing about you, really. Yet I'll bet you're one of the cases. You circle around in this crowd, think it's getting you somewhere. And where does it get you? Right back to the place where you started. Am I right?"

"Well, are you?" Musing into his eyes.

"A girl like you ought to be back in Charleston, marrying into the best families. You aren't in the picture here. Not at all. You aren't the type."

HER eyes said "Don't" again, but her sensitive mouth was asking, "It's a good thing to have an ideal, isn't it, and to try for it?"

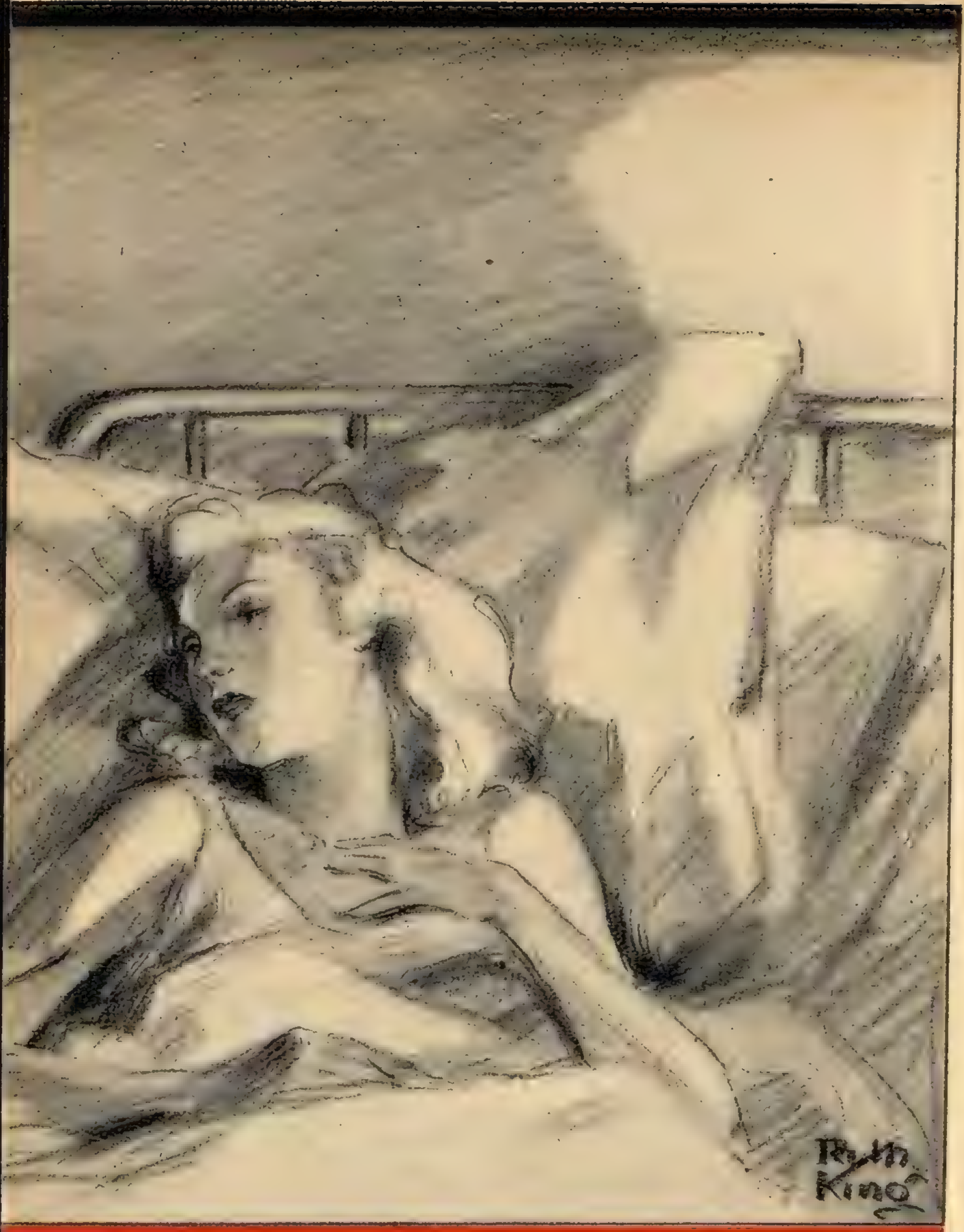
"Ideal? I don't understand the term. With half the world out of a job there's only one ideal. Three meals a day. Take this so-called ideal you call Art. Just try to follow it until you've gone hungry a day or two—"

"Have you?" Her penetrating pretty voice.

"Gone hungry? No. But that's dodging the point. This art stuff is just a frill on the leg of civilization. When the world goes broke the first thing it gets rid of is the frill."

Bright spots had appeared on her cheeks. She leaned toward him, urging him on.

"I read the papers," said Printy, encouraged. "Do you know how many girls disappear every day in New York? Six, I think it is—or maybe it's every month. Nice girls, most of 'em, who came to New York thinking they'd find fame and fortune—in this sort of tripe!"



He held the box where she could see the white blossoms.

The subject of tripe brought Printy back to his favorite topic, unemployment. He was vaguely eloquent until she cut in:

"But with so little work, and so many, many millions—"

"Everybody's hot and bothered about that," he said. "But know what I think? Most of the people out of work right now are the kind that never did deserve a decent job."

"You think so?" She was such a good listener.

"I know so. This depression's just a shuffling off of waste matter, that's all. You'll never find a competent person hunting for a job. Not very long, anyhow. This bread-line howl is just a slogan for the slackers who'd do the world a favor if they stepped off the edge."

The girl called Tessie half rose, then settled back. She leaned on one slender arm. Her eyes, averted, had grown intensely black, looking across the room.

"AFTER all," he persisted, afraid that she had lost the thread of his discourse, "what's it all worth? Crazy people stay up all night, howling—just to forget about the morning. What does the morning matter, anyhow? If you don't show up for breakfast, does it make any difference?"

This was pretty strong, and he thought it would spur her on to some sort of argument. But she still leaned on her arm, unmoving.

"Don't you think I'm right, Tessie?" he urged.

"Awfully right." It was a half whisper.

Suddenly she rose and flitted away. Like a flame being whipped out by a quick breeze, she was lost in the crowd. Printy Morriss stood there hazily, chewing a sandwich some one had left on a table. Maybe I was a little raw, he reflected, the way I talked to that girl. But she sort of egged me on. She's one of those good listeners. If I'd been a quarter sober, say, I wouldn't have put it so strong. Philosophy's the only line of small talk I have for parties.

Amos came wandering up, a little tight himself by this time, and wanted to know if he'd made that girl happy, and didn't Printy think Lucile was swell. Then up came Lucile herself.

Out of nowhere a Spanish-looking girl appeared. Her eyes were like black saucers as she clutched Lucile's arm and whispered something about Tessie.

"Where—what?" asked Lucile, jumping around.

The Spanish-looking girl was pulling her away and her panting whisper was audible: "In the bathroom—oh, God!"

Printy Morriss stood like a rock, sober and cold. The gin seemed to leave him suddenly as his clear mind told him what had happened.

It was all over. There had been a first-aid scramble. Policemen had come, then an ambulance surgeon.

There was the girl lying on the floor, everybody crowding around her. Her little hat had fallen off and her fine light hair lay tangled on the rug. The man in the white coat gave her something while the policeman asked questions.

YES, Lucile was explaining as she held on to herself, trying not to be shrill—yes, Tessie had been feeling pretty low. But she'd always been so brave. She'd studied two years at the Montague School of Expression until her money gave out. She wouldn't go back to Charleston and tell her parents that their little money—more than they really had to spend—had been thrown away. Last week she got a small part in a play, but they fired her after the first rehearsal. But she'd been so brave! She didn't seem the sort to do a thing like this!

Then white-coated men were carrying Tessie down the steep stairs. Printy could hear her moan, stabbing him through. But she was still alive.

When the crowd had cleared away, Lucile collapsed on a divan and cried and cried. So brave, Tessie! What made her do that? Run to the bathroom and take iodine? She hadn't had a real square meal for days. Drinking on an empty stomach. But what could have put that horrible idea into her head?

Out on the street, remote starlight seeping down between the tall angled buildings, the two young men stalked solemnly away. Amos had his arm through Printy's, and he was insisting, "They're like that when they get morbid. Just anything sets 'em off."

Printy jerked his arm away and stood glowering.

"I killed her," he said. "If I'd stuck a knife in her ribs I couldn't have killed her any more than I did—"

"Baloney! You didn't give her iodine, fool."

"But I poisoned her just the same. All the poor kid needed was to be bucked up. And there I sat pulling the sky down over her head. How did I know she'd take that fermented drool seriously? I don't take it seriously, do I? Nobody does. But she just drank it in—like the iodine. I've killed her, sure as—"

"Better go to bed," said Amos gently.

"Better go to hell!" replied Printy. Then like a sleepwalker he shuffled on.

The week was nearly over and he was still in town, having his teeth fixed, according to the daily bulletin which he wired to Omaha. His visits to the Polyclinic Hospital, where they had taken her, had been frequent. He hadn't slept much those first few nights. A very special doctor, whom he had called in, reported that it would require time to fight off the effects of the poison.

A Charleston family with a fine name must be kept in ignorance as long as possible. Tessie had asked that, when the pain would let her speak. Amos had a father with connections sufficiently powerful to keep the newspapers out of it. Printy had insisted on her having a good room. He was fussy about the nurses, too.

It gave him a sort of aching satisfaction, doing these things for her. The flowers, too, which he sent in whole-sale lots when Dr. Willard told him she was getting better, brought a certain comfort. Sober and quiet now, he was staying in Amos's apartment, disregarding the telegrams from Omaha asking him to come home. At the slightest excuse he would drift over to Lucile's studio. Lucile had taken charge of the case. She was the only outsider admitted to the sick room. Brazenly she had looked the hospital authorities in the face and sworn that Tessie had no living relatives.

Repentantly Printy had confessed to Lucile the heedless things he had said to Tessie. Lucile had never liked him much. " Of course you wouldn't know," she said, " how a desperate person will reach out for a little encouragement. The philosophy of despair is a nice indoor sport, I suppose, for people who don't know what trouble is. Like telling ghost stories to children who've never seen death."

One morning there came a long-distance call from Omaha, and what his father said didn't matter much to Printy. Nothing but Tessie seemed to matter now. With the one idea in his mind, he went again to Lucile's studio.

" She's out of danger, Dr. Willard says," snapped Lucile. Then, leaning on her broom handle, she became more specific. " The job is to get her over the shock you gave her. She's awfully down physically, poor little devil. Living on drug-store sandwiches—when she could get 'em. And all the week before—before it happened—she'd been standing in line at those awful theatrical bureaus. She's shell-shocked. Don't want to get well. That's it."

" When can I see her? " Printy asked.

" Never, I hope! Hasn't she had enough without you—"

" I wouldn't say a thing to do her any harm," he pleaded humbly.

" If you really want to help her," said Lucile, " you'll get on the next train and go home."

At three that afternoon a tall young man in cool summer flannels and a lemon-colored tie appeared at the hospital. Removing a new panama, he revealed a fresh haircut. Over his finger, by the string, he carried a pinkish box.

The special nurse stood outside a door upstairs. Miss Argyll had had a restless night, but she had slept well all morning. She was progressing favorably. " Progressing favorably." There's always something alarming about that, from the lips of trained nurses. And Mr. Morriss mustn't stay very long. Not this time. She reached for the flower box, but Printy withheld it. Is he that girl's lover? the nurse's eyes were asking as, awed and embarrassed, he stepped into the sick room.

THE faint soft color of Tessie's hair, like a shadow, lying across the pillow. Her eyes closed, not seeing him. Her mouth so still and gentle. Printy stood there boobishly, wanting to cry, wanting to go away and leave her in peace. Then her eyes came open. She smiled a little.

" I brought you some of these—er—Charleston flowers," he floundered, clumsily breaking the string of the box. He spread the waxed paper and held the box down where she could see the white blossoms.

" Gardenias," she drawled listlessly. " They're not Charleston flowers. Ours are camellias."

" Do I ever get anything right? " Trying to sound jolly.

" They smell right sweet," she said, but there was no life in her voice. " They must be right expensive."

Poor child—living around on dime sandwiches and wanting to die because there'd be no more sandwiches for her in all the world! How long could she have kept going at the price of these gardenias?

" There's lots more where these came from," he broke out heartily, but stood abashed. She had closed her eyes again. He waited a minute, then saw that her sherry gaze was full on him.

He sat down, putting the open flower box on the floor. Then her voice rose out of nowhere, distinct and rather cold: " I wanted you to come."

" Did you really? " He brightened. " Tessie, it's a perfectly grand day out. All the way over I was thinking what a swell world it is. When you get a little better—"

" I? Get better? "

" Why, that's just what you are! Listen to the doctor and Lucile and everybody."

" They don't know."

Printy pulled a grin that hurt as he reached over and laid his hand across her slender fingers.

" This morning, coming crosstown," he plunged in, " I felt like stepping over the skyscrapers. New York's swell in summer. Simply swell! "

" Funny," she said, her brow wrinkling in an effort to concentrate. " You seem entirely different—from what you were."

" From the other night? " He had to pull himself together. " That wasn't me talking to you the other night. That was just a keg of bathtub gin."

" I've been thinking," she droned unheedingly. " That's why I wanted to see you. Thinking about what you said. We are a hive of ants, all of us. When one gets stepped on—" Her sherry eyes slanted up at him, and her voice was very young, asking, " What's your name? I mean, besides being Mr. Morriss? "

" Printy."

" Printy, when the whole hive's going hungry, isn't it a good thing when an ant's stepped on? "

" Your philosophy's all wrong, and you know it."

" It's what you said."

" Well, it isn't what I think."

" What do you think? "

HE managed, after a struggle, to put it into words. " I think it's fun to hustle. It's fun to be alive. And taking chances all the time, the way people have to do to live—that's the biggest kick you get out of life. It's tough to see so many people out of work. But when the country's prosperous again—and that'll be pretty soon—how good everything's going to taste to the people who haven't had the fun of earning a square meal for a long time.

" Listen, Tessie," he went on hastily. " I gloomed around with a lot of amateur pessimists just because I had nothing to do but have a good time. Well, that bilge is out from now on. This is a swell world to live in."

" What made the difference? "

" My old man went broke yesterday," he said. " That's part of it."

Her small fingers were tightening on his palm. " I'm sorry," she said.

" Sorry? Why? Dad and mother will have enough to live on the rest of their days, in a small way. I can work now. I'm going back to Omaha, and I've a lot of ideas. I can pull out of this hole, Tessie. It's going to be great! "

" I know you can do—what you say you will," she said softly.

A lump had risen in his throat so that he couldn't go on. The sight of her, this fragile, struggling thing who had given way to despair. Never before in his scatter-brained life had any one shown this simple faith in him. His lip was trembling as he sank down beside her and laid his head on her breast.

" I can't do it alone," he said. " I've got to have you help me, Tessie."

" I? " He felt her fingers in his hair, a mothering touch. " Printy, how can I help anybody? "

" You can get well, darling. I can't get along at all unless I know that. It's you, really, who made the difference. If you're with me all the time, helping me, it's going to be fun. But without you it won't be—anything."

She lay still so long that he raised his head and saw the tears slipping softly under her lashes.

" Are you going to do this for me, Tessie? " he asked.

" Yes. I want to get well." Her voice was stronger. " I'm getting well, Printy."

He drew away a little and summoned all his self-control to ask:

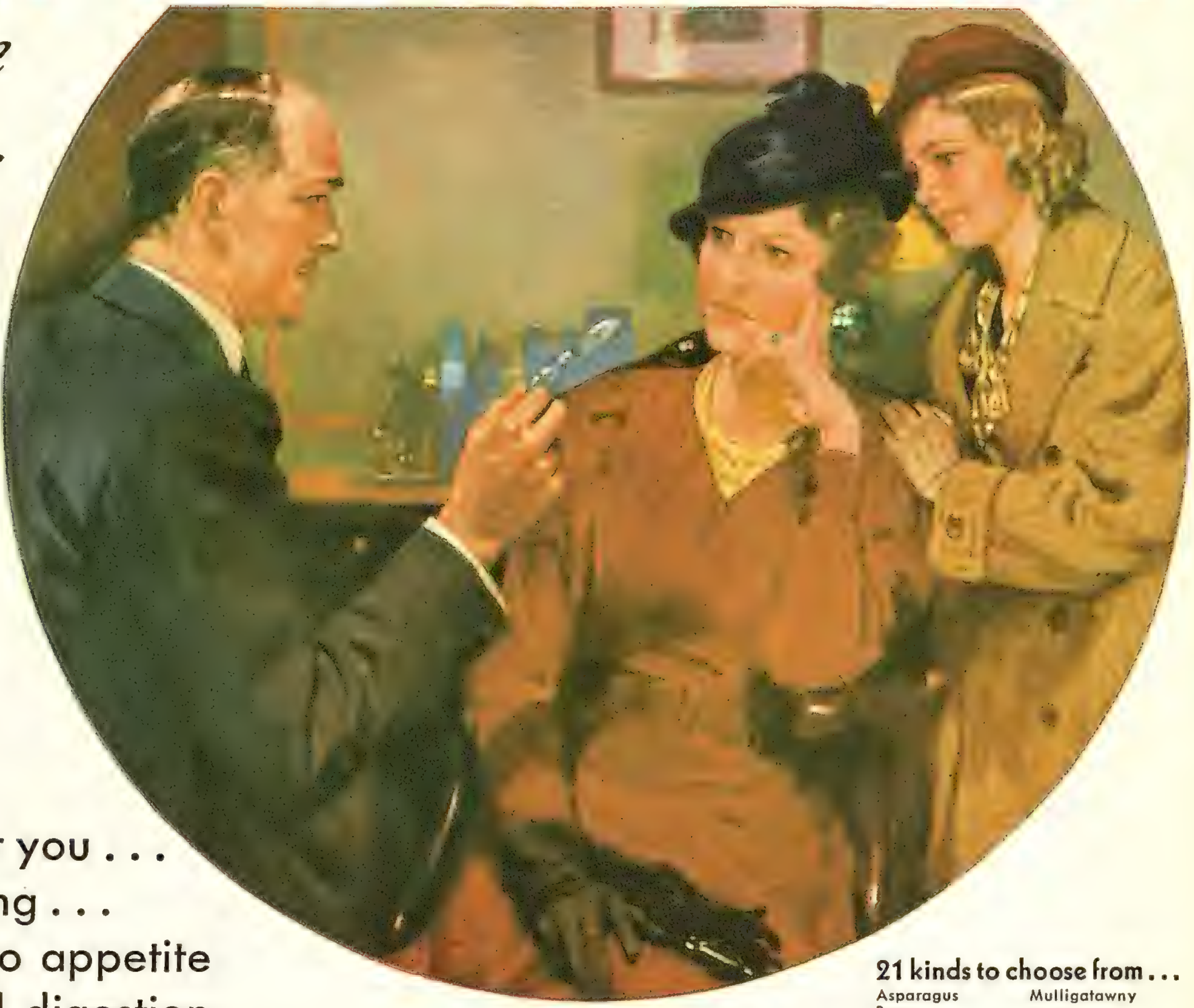
" For me, Tessie? "

The blonde head shadowing the pillow nodded slowly. Her eyes were closed, her lips smiling, although her cheeks were whiter than the gardenias on the floor beside her bed.

THE END

"SOUP IS JUST THE THING!"

says the doctor . . .



so good for you . . .
so nourishing . . .
so helpful to appetite
and digestion . . .

21 kinds to choose from . . .

Asparagus	Mulligatawny
Bean	Mutton
Beef	Ox Tail
Bouillon	Pea
Celery	Pepper Pot
Chicken	Printanier
Chicken-Gumbo	Tomato
Clam Chowder	Tomato-Okra
Consommé	Vegetable
Julienne	Vegetable-Beef
Mock Turtle	

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

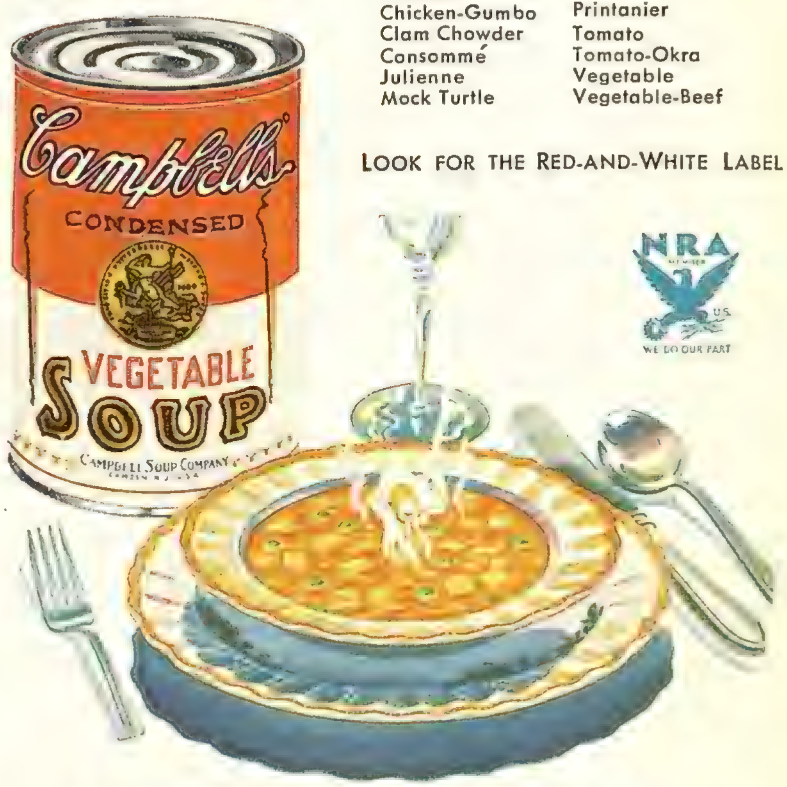
EAT SOUP
AND KEEP WELL

Oh, Campbell's Soup
Is just the thing
To make you want
To play and sing!

Appetite balky—digestion sluggish—no wonder the doctor advises soup! He knows that soup frequently will tempt when nothing else attracts. And he also knows how invigorating, easily assimilated, and wholesome good soup is!

Campbell's Vegetable Soup is the children's delight. Below par or in bounding health, they *always* like it. And it supplies an abundance of splendidly beneficial vegetables—15 in all—cooked in rich beef broth, retaining all their goodness in the soup. A meal in itself!

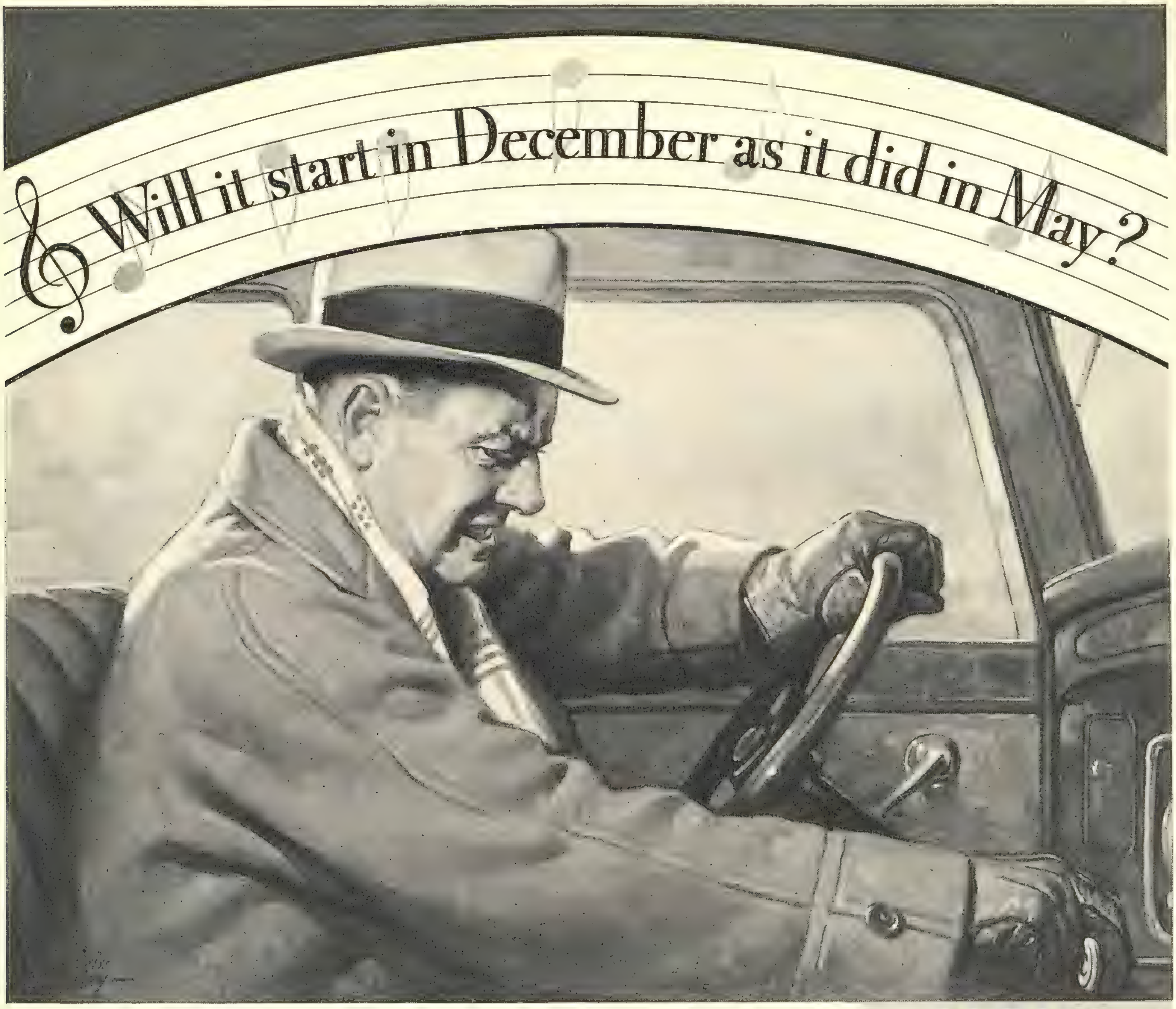
Soup is just the thing to please and benefit the whole family, brighten your table, provide real, hearty food. And the fact that it's made in Campbell's famous, glistening kitchens is your surest guarantee of the quality you desire. Yet see how little you pay for all the extra *assured* value in Campbell's Vegetable Soup!



NRA
U.S.
WE DO OUR PART

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

CONTAINING RICH BEEF BROTH PLUS 15 GARDEN VEGETABLES



Will it start in December as it did in May?

SURE, you can *get by* this winter without buying Ethyl. You can go on grinding and choking—wasting gasoline, diluting oil and generally making yourself miserable.

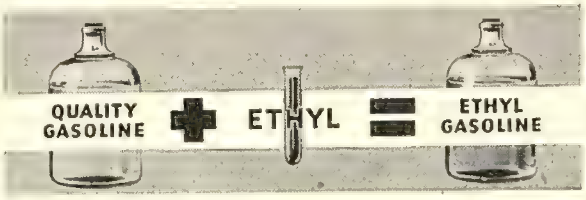
Or, you can stop at the Ethyl pump and *enjoy* your car.

In the long run, it costs about the same, whichever you do. Millions of car owners declare that it costs them less by the year to use Ethyl.

And—Ethyl makes *any* car run better, start easier, pick up faster, and *feel* sweeter. It prevents harmful knock, frequent gear-shifting, and sluggish performance. It *adds* power—puts NEW LIFE in your engine. It brings back the fun of driving that your car used to give you.

Find out how much real driving satisfaction you are missing. Use Ethyl for two or three tankfuls (so it won't be diluted) and compare. *The next best thing to a brand new car is Ethyl in your present car!* Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART



Ethyl contains lead. © E. G. C. 1933

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SOLD BY
OIL COMPANIES AT
only **2c** PER GALLON
over "regular"

WITH
ETHYL
TRADE MARK
REG. U.S. PATENT OFF.
BRAND OF
ANTI-KNOCK
COMPOUND
ETHYL GASOLINE
CORPORATION
NEW YORK, U.S.A.
THE WORLD'S HIGHEST QUALITY MOTOR FUEL

NEXT TIME STOP AT THE ETHYL PUMP

Putting Towns *on the Sky*

How a "Busted" Mining Promoter Has Plucked a Profession Out of the Air

By

BATTELL LOOMIS

One of Parker's "sky hiway" signs in the making.

(Reading time: 3 minutes 45 seconds.)

TWENTY years ago the highways burst out in a rash of signs ranging from the dignified YOU ARE NOW ENTERING THE TOWN OF SUMMERDALE. SPEED LIMIT 12 MILES, to the snappier SUMMERDALE. DRIVE SLOW AND SEE OUR TOWN. DRIVE FAST AND SEE OUR JAIL. It soon became impossible to motor anywhere in the United States without learning exactly where you were.

Up to a year ago the aviator might pass over many a town, even his own home town perhaps, without knowing whether it was Summerdale, Hicksville, or Bohunkus Falls. And the aviator ought to know where he is. It may make the difference between a safe arrival and a forced landing, between life and death.

Here was a chance. It was taken by R. G. Parker, tall, bald, lean, piercing brown-eyed smiling engineer and mining promoter. As usual, the depression did it. In January, 1932, Parker was riding high, wide, and handsome. There was gold in them thar hills, gold and copper, silver and lead, all the way from Idaho, down through New Mexico, and a good talker could always find a grubstake. Parker's grubstake was a soap bubble of mining consolidation, worth capitalizing at $22,500,000 in his galloping estimate. Then the bubble burst and he came down in a cloud of broken hopes.

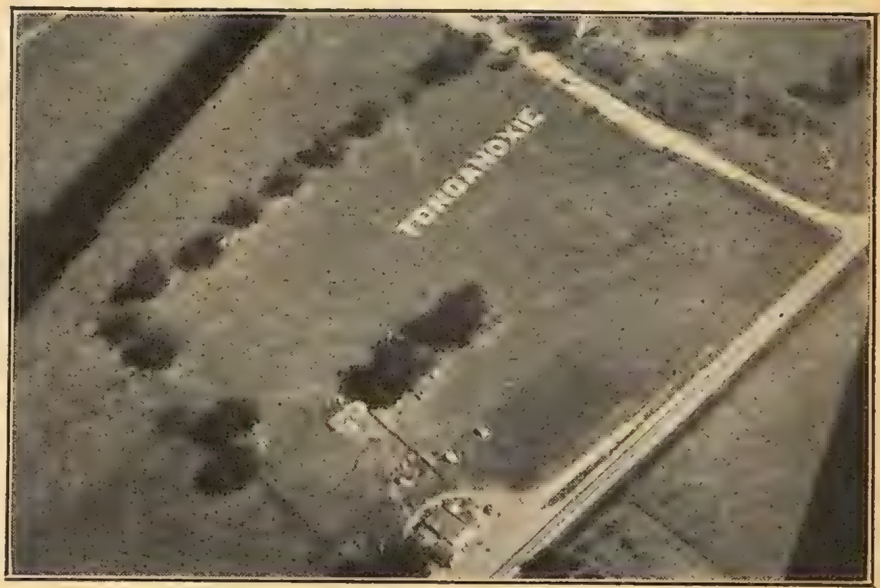
What next? The bread line? Nix! It would be a pretty sad day for America when an experienced promoter couldn't strike out in a new field. Since the mountains had gone sour, how about the air?

For years, Parker, a member of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, had flown whenever he got a chance. Weak eyes prevented his getting a commercial pilot's license, but he had flown all kinds of ships hundreds of thousands of miles. So now he decided to do something practical for aviators—and for Mr. R. G. Parker.

He did it. In less than two years he has worked in twelve Western states and has put hundreds of Western towns into legible visibility from the air. Besides paying his own expenses, he has provided more than 1,500 days of work for unemployed men.

He approaches a destitute Chamber of Commerce or an impoverished civic organization and says, "Boys, do you fly? Did you ever fly over your own town from somewhere else and not know it was your own town? Plenty of flyers do just that. You've got to put your town on the sky. Tell the flyers who you are as they flit over you." The town boosters fall for the line and he shows them what he means.

He takes them out to a vacant lot, a bit of level or slightly sloping pasture, a treeless stretch of poor bottom lands. Then he lays out the town name on the ground in block letters twenty by twenty-six feet, eight feet apart—his sign at East St. Louis stretches 406 feet, including the government markers. The boosters see the point, Parker is hired, he tells the Community Chest foremen how to work their crews, and then the crews clear the sod off the area. They oil the lettering with crank-case drainings or base oil. They pack and tamp two inches of cinders over it. Then they inlay the town's name in broken concrete, boulders, or any sort of scrabble that will take white paint or whitewash. The upkeep costs exactly one new paint job a year.



An aviator's view of the sign at Tonganoxie, Kansas.

Result: a "sky hiway" sign that can be read plainly in clear weather night or day—flood-lighted at night—from an altitude of twelve or fifteen thousand feet.

The Parker system of air marking is spreading rapidly. Thirty-two towns on the commercial lane between Kansas City and Denver are now uniformly marked by this system, and to prevent advertisers from using the idea and confusing the aviators, the thing is copyrighted.

The air companies are pushing the plan, and the pilots are rooting for Parker's good work. Local organizations are also backing him up, and the American Legion posts in Illinois are helping. The only opposition comes from some of the trade-unions, because the civic authorities sometimes work the men they are feeding with relief funds for less than straight union rates! Collinsville, Illinois, has no marker because the local union stopped the job after a crew had reported for work.

But the thing's spreading like roller skating. Twenty years from now, when you hop your air flivver for a run up to the lakes or down to the shore, you will have no excuse for losing your way. Thanks to R. G. Parker, you will be able to read your way across the map, thousands of feet up, more easily than you now find your way by road maps and markers on the state highways.

THE END

The PRIVATE LIFE JEAN

A Revealing Chronicle of Hidden Things in the Career of the Screen's Most Glamorous and Least Understood Beauty

(Reading time: 20 minutes 10 seconds.)

PART ONE—MOONLIGHT AND HEARTBREAK

AS the desert dawn broke over Yuma, Arizona, on the morning of September 18, 1933, a sleepy and bewildered judge read the marriage service of Harlean Carpenter Bern and Harold Rosson, both of Hollywood. An airplane pilot in flying togs was the only witness.

The bride, who wore black velvet and had a run in her stocking, gave her age as twenty-two. The bridegroom, a quiet plain man with a small mustache, wrote his down as thirty-eight.

A few hours later the newspaper headlines screamed news of that wedding around the world.

The platinum blonde was on the front page again. A new chapter in the life of Hollywood's blonde bombshell had gone to press.

Jean Harlow had married her cameraman.

Just six years after she eloped from boarding school with " Chuck " McGrew, heir to Chicago patent-medicine millions—just one year and two weeks after they found her second husband, Paul Bern, still and cold with a bullet through his head—the box-office sensation of the movies said " I will " for the third time.

Startled questions exploded in the wake of this totally unexpected marriage. Who had followed Chuck McGrew, the millionaire's son who gave her a quarter of a million dollars as a wedding present, and Paul Bern, the honeymoon suicide?

Who was Hal Rosson?

Why had Jean Harlow, already victim of two tragic marriages, once more gone to the altar?

This time it was not a rich and handsome and

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer photo

Two especially beautiful recent photographs of Jean Harlow, world-famous platinum Venus or blonde bombshell. They show her as the public knows her. Do they show the real Jean?

and LOVES of HARLOW

By

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

At six—"a tyrant," made so by her idolizing grandfather.

Culver Service photo

Jean Harlow in babyhood, and below, as a schoolgirl in her teens, before her elopement.

romantic youth, nor a great movie producer. For Hal Rosson is a simple man of middle age, plain to look upon, unimpressive to meet, doing his job so quietly that few people know he is one of the great camera artists of the business.

What a strange choice for the Red-Headed Woman, who could have married any one!

THE answer to it all is the story of Jean Harlow's quest for happiness. But few people know the story behind her blazing career—the story of a fight with death, of a battle with the fiery old gentleman who dominated her youth, of the cross currents of tradition and ambition that swept her life, of the bitter fruits of her coveted great success.

Jean Harlow, with her vivid face and famous hair, her glorious young body, her genius for acting, her lure for men—that picture is part of our national life today. The popular conception is of a siren with a battalion of men lured to disaster by her sex appeal.

The Jean Harlow of reality is a very different creature, complex and many-sided.

Not many people know Harlean Carpenter, who when she was a child walked through the valley of the shadow and came out burned down to fundamental emotions that have ruled her destiny—to terrific ambition, to a mother love that is actually worship, to a flaming hunger for the life she so nearly missed, to a dangerous honesty, and above all to a clear faith in God.

If the truth is different from the popular conception, it is also more interesting and much more dramatic.

The first time I ever saw Jean Harlow she was a student at the Hollywood School for Girls, a fashionable finishing school, and she must have been about thirteen. I had gone with a friend to see that friend's daughter do something or other in a school play, and suddenly, among the young things flitting about, I saw this flash of shining silver. "Who is the girl with the hair?" I asked. My friend told me her name was Harlean Carpenter—which meant exactly nothing then.

What it means now is that Jean Harlow's hair is actually platinum blonde, though you will find plenty of people who don't believe it. I wonder often if Jean's life might not have been very different if her hair had been some other color.

The second time I saw her was at a dinner party given by Colleen Moore at her home in Bel-Air. It was not long after the opening of Hell's Angels. We were still gasping about the blonde gal in that production.

I was sitting in the sun porch with a group of women when Paul Bern walked in with a girl. She wore black and there was a feather in her hat.

Somebody said, "Who's that with Paul Bern?"

Somebody else said, "It's the bad girl from Hell's Angels. Wouldn't you know? Isn't that exactly like Paul? He's such a lamb, but the worse they come the better he likes 'em."

We were all wives in that group. We all looked around to see where our husbands were. We wouldn't, we decided, like the blonde girl much—we were instantly positive that the bad girl of Hell's Angels must be very bad indeed.

Years later I heard a fat woman, as she saw a slim figure in white come into the hotel at Agua Caliente, gasp, "My God, there's Harlow. Where's my husband?"

That, as you will see, is one reason Jean Harlow married Hal Rosson.

Colleen's party was a big one, and small tables were set about the brilliant sun porch and on the terraces. When we had filled our plates, I found myself at a table with Paul Bern, Miss Jean Harlow, and Jack Gilbert.

With Paul Bern, who killed himself after their marriage.

To my consternation, I found myself liking the girl. There was a directness, a simplicity, a hearty good humor, and a joy of life about her that was irresistible—and totally unexpected. Besides, she had lovely manners. And she kept us in hysterics with a story about a funny-looking man she'd seen on the subway. Jack and I roared, and Paul sat watching her with the benign pride of a fond father watching a precocious offspring.

Later, when we were powdering our noses, the wives clustered about me. "What's she like?" they said.

I was wary. After all, I'd only just met the girl. I said, "Well, she isn't a bit like what you'd expect."

After three years of knowing Jean well I stick to my original story. She isn't! It is almost fantastic, the difference between the private life and loves of Jean Harlow and her screen life and loves.

The last time I saw Jean was after she married Hal Rosson. Because of a night when we sat together and she told me for the first time her own story of Paul Bern's death, I asked her, "Why did you marry Hal Rosson? What do you expect of this marriage?"

Acme photos

With Harold Rosson, now her husband, and (behind them) Mr. and Mrs. Marino Bello, her devoted stepfather and the mother she adores.

HER eyes were steady. They always meet yours honestly. She never ducks anything, even to herself. "I married Hal because I love him," she said, "and I hope for what all women hope for when they marry—happiness."

But there was something more than that. There was something deeper looking from those steady eyes.

Twice before, once when she was only sixteen, she had put her hand into a man's hand and started upon the road to happiness. Both times the path led to heartbreak, to disillusion, and once to death.

It must have taken a high heart and infinite courage to follow the blue bird along that path again so soon. But that faith of hers has dared to do it. She is still searching for happiness, for love; but it is not the love and happiness she sought at sixteen.

At twenty-two Jean Harlow is seeking peace.

THE first important figure in the cast of her life's drama is her grandfather.

S. D. Harlow was a pioneer of Kansas City, an important man, a succcessful man, a rich man. He had fought his way to the top, loved every moment of the fight, and had stayed there by sheer force of personality and determination. He was an autocrat and a practical philosopher.

Jean inherited her famous hair, her figure, her feminine appeal from her mother. But the arched nose, the carved strength, the magnetic eyes came from her grandfather. From him too came her direct honesty, her enormous ambition and capacity for grueling work, and her spirit of adventure.

"Always be honest and always be yourself," he hammered into her day after day. "Always *be yourself.*"

Perhaps, like most men of his type, Harlow had hoped for a son. But he was devoted to his only daughter, Jean Harlow the first. When she married a young doctor named Carpenter, he was pleased enough, but he insisted that they should go on living in the great gray stone house he had built on Olive Street. He was a patriarch and he believed in keeping families together.

"Besides," he said, "it'd be lonesome without you." Oh, he was fond of his daughter.

But when, on March 3, 1911, a granddaughter was born, he surrendered himself for the first time to a passionate idolatry. The tyrant became a willing slave.

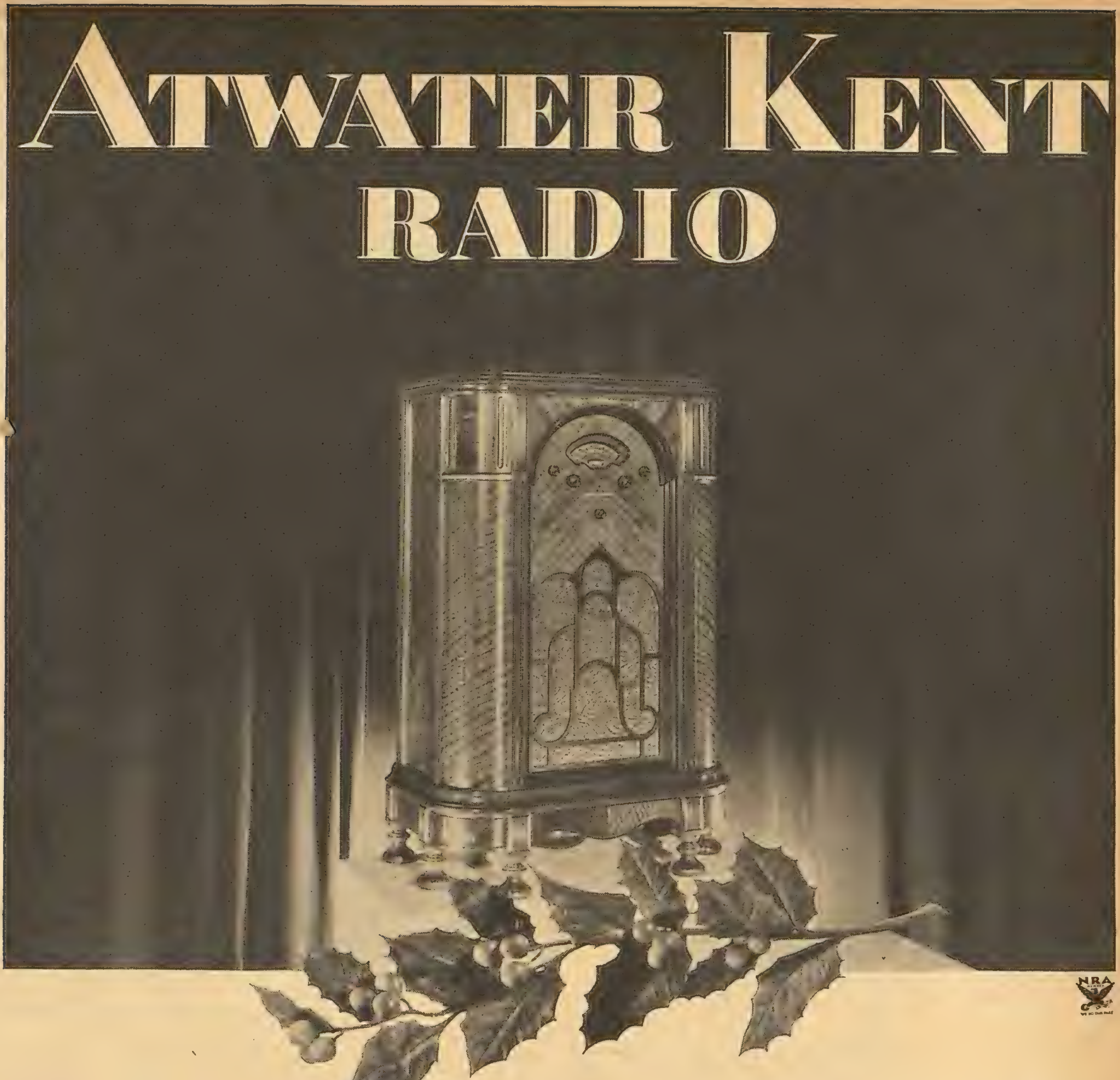
They christened her Harlean—a combination of her mother's maiden name, Jean Harlow.

Not one of them dreamed that the baby girl would one day make the family name famous. Nor would the fiery grandfather have been pleased if the curtain had been parted upon the future. His granddaughter would carry on the family tradition. She would have every opportunity; she would marry and have children; and some day she would have his fortune.

Who could dream of anything else?

He forgot that he had bequeathed her the fire, the ambition, the indomitable will that had made him what he was. But hers was in truth a stronger will than *(Continued on page twenty-two)*

ATWATER KENT RADIO



For the best Christmas you've given them in three years

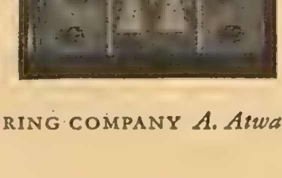
● MODEL 510, 10 tubes. New *silent* superheterodyne circuit reduces static noises to a minimum. Oversized speaker, shadow tuning, tremendous power and sensitivity. Same set is in the cabinet illustrated in the large picture: Model 310.

A NEW Atwater Kent Radio, sparkling with exciting beauty beside the lighted tree, pouring out a golden melody of Christmas music.

Picture it . . . listen to it . . . look at their faces! It's *more* than they expect—certainly; but its cost is probably less than you planned to spend.

For much has happened to radio since you bought your old set. Fewer dollars now buy greater pleasure, give a new life-like naturalness to radio entertainment.

Atwater Kent Radios are particularly excellent in *truthful* broadcast reproduction. And, as always, the name of Atwater Kent on any radio assures you the finest materials and workmanship —greatest value for your radio dollars.



● MODEL 275, A C—D C. 5 tubes. Smartly designed of beautiful woods with metal inlay. Automatic volume control, police calls, improved type speaker.

● MODEL 711 (11 tubes) ALL WAVE—By scientific test, it excels all other radios for TRUTHFUL reproduction of broadcasting throughout the entire range of musical sound. Receives foreign broadcasting clearly and distinctly.

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY *A. Atwater Kent, Pres.,* Philadelphia, Pa.

(Continued from page twenty)

his, for when the battle between them was joined years later, it was the slim young girl who won.

"Baby," he told her, "just remember that life is like a huge department store. *Everything* has a price tag on it. Know what you're getting before you buy it; and once you've bought it don't be the kind to throw the bill in the wastebasket. Take what you want —and pay for it."

It was his code. It is hers. If sometimes she has found the price high, she has paid without squawking.

There is no Cinderella motif in Jean Harlow's life. She was pampered and spoiled from her birth. The Carpenters stayed on in the big stone house, and everything revolved about little Harlean. If anything conflicted with the baby, Mr. Harlow soon saw that it didn't. By the time she was two, she was a tyrant. There was literally nothing her grandfather wouldn't buy her and no one he wouldn't order to obey her. Then, for the only time in her life, Mrs. Carpenter defied her father. It must have been a shock when suddenly his quiet and gentle daughter faced him and told him she intended to take Harlean away. Hurricane and earthquake resulted. But she did not yield.

With her good pal Clark Gable in a scene from Hold Your Man.

It couldn't, she said, be good for a baby to be indulged in her every whim. So the Carpenters moved into a house of their own, and Jean's mother began that loving, wise, ever-present care which she has given her daughter every day of her life.

But of course the old man was too wise to quarrel with so just a decision and too devoted to his grandchild to give her up. And soon Harlean and her mother spent their summers at the Harlow country estate Red Gables, and the friendship between the old man and the child who was so like him grew and deepened.

The family was very self-sufficient. On Saturdays Jean and her mother had a gala day, always together. Luncheon and a matinée, perhaps, or a concert. And she had her grandfather and her pony and the wide acres of the country home, and the gray stone house in the city and all the books she wanted. It wasn't strange that she cared little for other children.

SHE was sent to the best schools in Kansas City, California, and Chicago. She had the finest tutors in French and music and dancing. She had Anna and Emma, two adoring colored women, to wait upon her. Her mother bought her the prettiest clothes, though Harlean never cared anything for clothes, any more than Jean Harlow does today.

None of us who were there will ever forget how Jean Harlow startled Hollywood's social élite at her own wedding reception the day after her marriage to Paul Bern. Every one of importance was there, correctly and formally dressed. Norma Shearer in the most exquisite of Parisian afternoon frocks. Mary Pickford in delicate chiffon. Lilyan Tashman in brilliant red. Young Mrs. David Selznick in black satin. And the bride appeared, gracious and very beautiful, in a pair of slightly worn green flannel pyjamas!

IT was a wonderful childhood. Yet into that idyl of family love stalked a specter who respected neither wealth nor position nor love itself.

"Jean was stricken very ill in her childhood," her mother says very quietly.

The light went out and they walked in darkness. The old man, who never quailed before an enemy, grew haggard and shut himself in his room that no one might see his tears.

Harlean—it couldn't be! It couldn't be! Harlean, who only yesterday had been the bright sun of their lives!

Now she lay so quiet.

The greatest doctors did everything they knew. Nurses hovered over the bed where now her little body scarcely lifted the white coverlet.

Even if she lived, would she ever be strong again? Able to run and play and laugh as she had done before?

"If there is a God—" whispered the young mother, grown so thin and white beneath her brave smile.

Of them all, she alone never gave up hope.

"If there is a God, He won't let this happen," she said in her heart. At last those words became real to her, became a sign like the burning bush.

Throughout the ages, in every land, in every creed, people have been healed by faith in God. Thousands everywhere, who believed, were being healed now.

So, when hope faded, the mother of little Harlean Carpenter turned in humility to faith and to prayer.

And the girl was healed.

It was, even then, a long, slow, difficult road back to health. It took constant faith, tireless patience, and never-failing courage. "We used to play a game of good health," Jean's mother says. "We had all sorts of happy games. We wouldn't give in —and at last we won."

There were weeks and months of special exercises to rebuild the young body, to restore its strength and activity.

Perhaps it was a strange thing to have happen to a girl like Jean Harlow. Perhaps it would be a strange thing to happen to anybody. But it *did* happen exactly as I have told it to you—and it made a lasting impression upon her. It gave her the wonderful and active faith to which she turns in every crisis of her life.

During the dreadful hours that followed Paul Bern's death, I *saw* her turn

Acme photo

The romantic 'Chuck' McGrew, who was Jean's first husband.

for comfort and guidance to faith and to prayer, and I saw how they lifted her up.

It doesn't fit very well with Jean Harlow of the screen, does it?

There were other things in her early life which had a lasting effect upon her, of course. When she was ten her father and mother were divorced. She was sorry. She was fond of her father. But all her passionate love and devotion belonged to her mother. After the divorce the two spent a great deal of time in California and were apart only during Jean's school hours.

When Jean was fourteen her mother married again.

Much has been heard of this stepfather, Marino Bello, ever since Jean Harlow's name went up in electric lights. He manages her business, accompanies her on trips, advises her in everything, and was the *deus ex machina* in her romance with Hal Rosson.

Jean's mother would never have remarried without the full consent and approval of her daughter. But from the first the girl liked the exuberant Italian, with his flashing smile and his naïve honesty and his childlike humor. And her mother was still young, still lovely, and it seemed right that she should marry.

IF Marino Bello has made mistakes in handling Jean's hectic career, Jean knows it was because he is overzealous where her welfare is concerned. Quite frankly, he would like to do serious personal damage to any one who dares to think or imply by the slightest word, look, or gesture that Jean Harlow isn't the finest, cleanest, squarest girl in the whole world. He has acted for her, usually as her mother's representative, because Mrs. Bello prefers as much as possible to remain in the background.

There is one thing to remember about Jean Harlow. She is capable of and greatly desires friendship with men. Most girls who have had close and powerful domination by a man in their childhood do; and Jean had been raised by her grandfather, who was as masculine as Adam.

But it has never been easy for Jean to be friends with men. You have only to look at her to see why. Over and over she has hoped for friendship, only to find that the man had a very, very different idea.

There have been real and fine men friends in her life. Ben Lyon. Howard Strickling, head of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer publicity department. However, her first man friend was her grandfather. Her second was her stepfather, Marino Bello.

The only romance of her life was with Chuck McGrew. Young romance it was, born in the springtime. She was sixteen. He was twenty-two. She was all ivory and silver. He was slight and dark and handsome.

They saw each other first in a garden by moonlight. It was at a school dance at Ferry Hall, just outside Chicago. Jean—who cared nothing for

SMILES AND TRIALS
BY JEFFERSON MACHAMER
1
POLLY!
2
FOLLY!
3
GOLLY!
EX-LAX
4
JOLLY!

PILLS! Bottles! Messy medicines! Away with them! How different with Ex-Lax—the chocolated laxative. Just a bit of delicious chocolate.

And yet, so mild, so gentle and so effective! So mild that for 27 years mothers have given it to their children with perfect confidence. And so effective that when you once try it you find it unnecessary to use harsh cathartics ever again.

All druggists sell Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c boxes. Or write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Inc., Dept. L 123, Box 170, Times Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.

KEEP "REGULAR" WITH

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

dances, had never been out with a boy and, just sixteen, had literally never been kissed—had gone home with her mother and come back to the school while the dance was still going on. Lured by the music, she went out on the balcony. And Charles Fremont McGrew III strolled out into the garden for a cigarette and saw her.

Upon such chance meetings do lives turn.

They were both young, both innocent, and neither of them had ever been denied anything. The summer passed in a dream. Jean knew the delight of exquisite gifts, of rare hours upon the waters of Lake Michigan, of long moonlit rides. And it was her first glimpse of love; a new world to her.

Neither of the families objected. Only, they said, you are too young. You must wait.

Wait? Wait until they were old? Wait when they longed to be together? Wait for what?

Of course they didn't wait.

Jean was back in school. They couldn't see each other every day any more, and it simply wasn't to be borne. So, on the night of September 27, 1927, Harlean Carpenter slipped down from the little balcony of the Ferry Hall school and found Chuck waiting for her. They drove to Waukegan, Illinois, and there were married. The bride gave her age as nineteen.

Then they went gayly home and told Jean's mother.

The wise mother said nothing. But her heart ached with apprehension. She knew Jean wasn't ready for marriage, and knew that young Chuck McGrew, romantic as he was, wasn't the man to hold or to satisfy Jean in the years to come. But she had never dreamed of an elopement.

It was too late. The die was cast. Little Harlean Carpenter was Mrs. Charles Fremont McGrew.

The young couple decided to spend the winter in California. Jean had always loved it. Why should they stay in the icy cold of Chicago? Chuck had plenty of money. Hadn't he already created a trust fund of a quarter of a million dollars for his lovely bride?

NEXT WEEK—

BEGINNING

TRANSIENT LADY

By

Octavus Roy Cohen

Introducing the loveliest heroine of the year —and a new, gripping novel of American life today.

Other stories and articles by U. S. Attorney-General Homer S. Cummings, Mazo de la Roche, Nina Wilcox Putnam, J. P. McEvoy, and others.

To California they went. Jean Harlow's destiny was coming closer and closer, though she little suspected it. The thought of motion pictures, of a career, had never entered her head. Soon they were settled in their charming Beverly Hills home. Soon they had a circle of friends, young couples as fortunate as themselves. Soon they were in the very midst of a gay round of parties and dances and dinners and motor trips to Santa Barbara and Agua Caliente.

IT was all very gay, very exciting. It was thrilling to be mistress of a big house and servants, to be a married woman and to have this handsome devoted boy always at her side.

There was only one cloud. Jean had never been away from her mother before, and the separation was agony. As life moved faster and faster and from behind the rosy veil undreamed-of things began to appear, she could bear it no longer. Her mother must come to live where they might see each other every day. Mrs. Bello received a pleading letter—and the Bellos moved to California.

On June 11, 1929, the young McGrews separated.

Both stories of that separation, Chuck's and Jean's, were told later in court and in headlines.

McGrew claimed that they had been separated by motion pictures and by his wife's career upon the screen. He said he had objected violently when his wife, just as a lark, went to a studio with a woman friend, and that he had been shocked and horrified when she began to appear upon the screen as an extra. He said too, much later, that Jean had posed for indecent pictures, which had caused him great mental anguish.

Jean said that her young husband was rarely sober, and that when he was drunk he was abusive and that at various times he had thrown furniture about, struck her, and been insulting before guests.

There was some truth in both stories.

The truth of it all was simple enough.

They hadn't really loved each other. They were unsuited to each other, and both were too young, too spoiled, too headstrong to make the adjustments of marriage.

JEAN despised the idle, useless life that they lived. Her enormous vitality, her active brain, her unsuspected ambition found nothing in their social existence to satisfy her. Chuck did no work; he was always around the house; he had no career in which she might have shared. Her own strong self-discipline, which she had never relaxed since the days of her illness, looked down upon his indulgences, and she was neither old enough nor wise enough to control him.

The very fact that they had been so disillusioned led to violent quarrels.

It was true enough that Jean's picture career started as a joke. She was bored to death with idleness. Just for something to do, she started going to the studios with a young woman friend. Soon, when directors had seen her, she had plenty of offers to work.

And though she had not known it, she wanted to work. She had enormous ambition and it wasn't long before she realized that acting was the thing for which she had been born; that a motion-picture career would fulfill all her inner yearnings, occupy all that vital force that drove her crazy in the mere social routine that had been her existence.

Here was something she could get her teeth into, something worth doing. Her eyes fixed themselves upon a goal. She would be as great as any of them; she would achieve fame and greatness, and she would have work to do in the world.

I think it must have burst upon her all in a moment. But if ever there was a girl born for a career and for the glamorous, hectic, hard career of motion pictures, it was Jean Harlow.

She never denied that her picture career had something to do with separating her from her young husband. She was too fair for that. But she wouldn't have stayed with him anyhow. Mentally and spiritually there was nothing to hold them together.

One thing she did deny violently—that she had ever posed for indecent pictures.

There is an amusing story connected with those "indecent pictures." In Hollywood at that time was a photographer named Edwin Bower Hesser. He was a great photographer, one of the best in the country, and he photographed most of the great stars of the screen. He was a pleasant plump little man, artistic to his finger tips and harmless as a kitten. But he had a passion for photographing ladies with as few clothes on as possible. It was, we all knew, an impersonal and purely professional passion, but there it was. Like many great artists, Mr. Hesser saw nothing but beauty in the nude. But he did startle a number of fairly dignified women, like myself, by draping us in green velvet, and then little by little, so that you hardly noticed it, attempting to do away with as much of the green velvet as possible.

During her first days on the screen, Jean went on a picnic with Mr. Hesser and his wife. And, in the shaded dells of the Hollywood hills, she posed for him in dancing attitudes, draped in softly flowing chiffon. Knowing Mr. Hesser, Hollywood knew that there would be as little chiffon in the photographs as possible. Probably there was less than a jealous husband would care about. But it didn't mean anything.

Unhappy, disillusioned, her romance in ashes, suffering deeply from her first heartbreak, Jean Harlow did not obey her husband's orders to give up motion pictures. They offered her an escape from him and she ignored his objections.

But as her career progressed, as it began to promise success, she found herself face to face with a much more formidable opponent—

Her grandfather.

How that grandfather's displeasure withdrew her from the screen—until her will prevailed over his; how her sex appeal proved to be both boon and curse; above all, how it happened that she became, so tragically, the bride-in-name-only of Paul Bern: these will appear in next week's installment of Miss St. Johns's true story.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—Who was the first chief justice of the Supreme Court of the United States?

2—What famous English poet had a wife who was a famous poetess?

3—Who were the druids?

4—Who wrote "The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men gang aft a-gley"?

5—What is a mangel-wurzel?

6—What is an odalisque?

7—What is the chemical name for baking soda?

8—Ichthyology is what?

9—Who were the Know-Nothings?

10—What is the Flowery Kingdom?

11—A heptagon is what?

12—Who was President of the Confederate States, and in what state was he born?

13—Who was Quasimodo?

14—What is a tarn?

15—Who was the Cid?

16—Who wrote Typee?

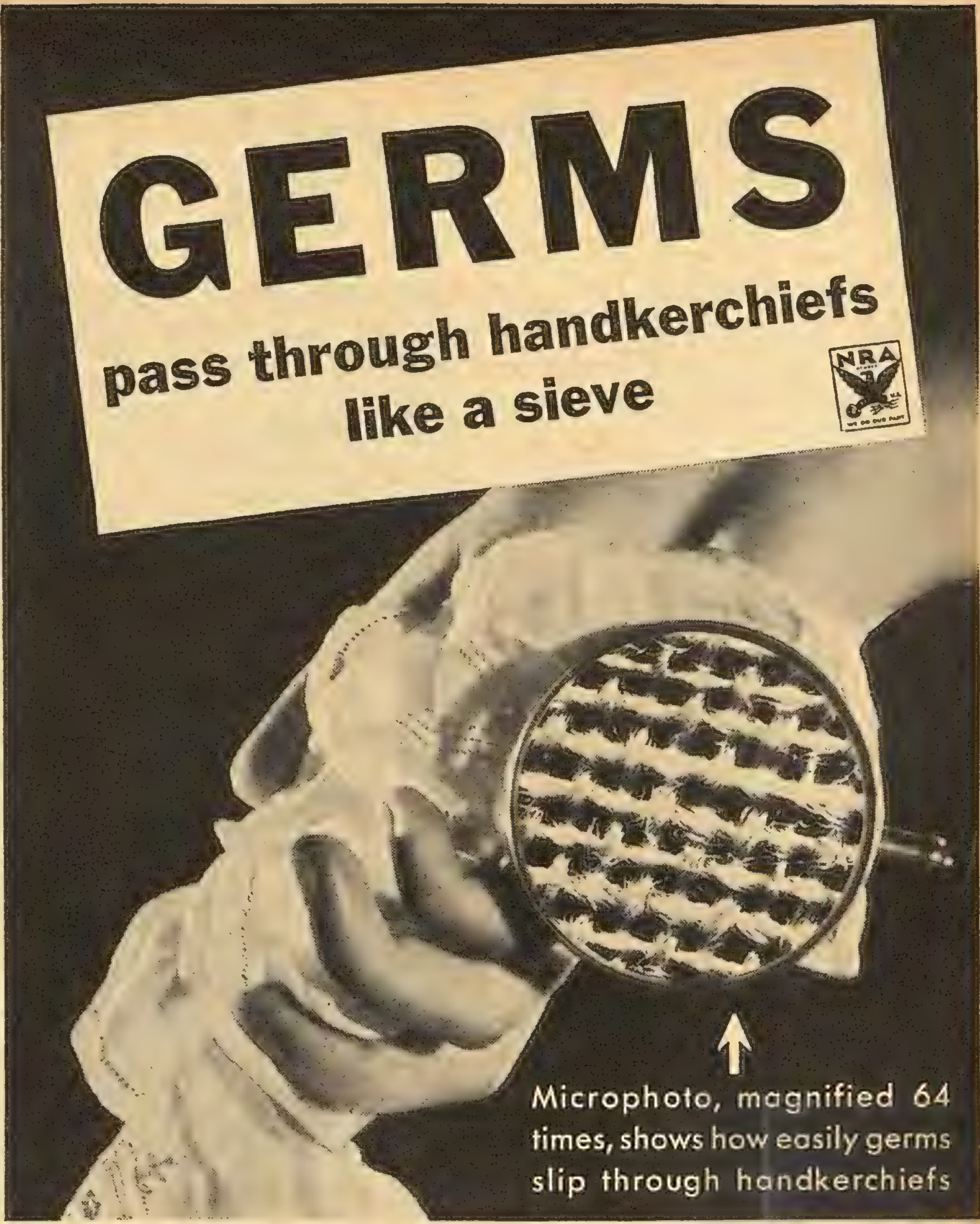
17—What professional baseball player was known as "the Flying Dutchman"?

18—The official name of Finland is what?

19—What motion-picture actor was best known for his portrayal of deformed characters?

20—The Mohammedan name for the Deity is what?

(Answers will be found on page 63)



Microphoto, magnified 64 times, shows how easily germs slip through handkerchiefs

Illustrations and text copr. 1933, Kleenex Co.

Germs can't pass through KLEENEX

Keep fingers germ-free—avoid family epidemics—use new sanitary tissues.

HOLD a handkerchief up to the light. See the thousands of tiny openings where threads cross. Impossible to keep germs and mucus from going through to fingers. Thus you leave on everything you touch a trail of germs for others to pick up.

Now hold up a Kleenex tissue. See how close its texture. Kleenex prevents germs from passing through, keeps fingers clean.

Use, then destroy

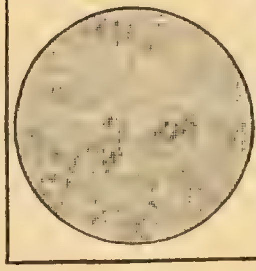
Why re-inhale your own germs? Why rub your nose raw with an irritating, soggy, cold-soaked handkerchief? Kleenex is the softest, yet strongest of tissues. You use a fresh, dry tissue every time, then destroy it.

Gone, too, the dirty job of washing cold-soaked handkerchiefs. You can use many Kleenex tissues for the cost of having one handkerchief laundered.

The patented Kleenex pull-out carton feeds out tissues, individually, as you require them. Hands never contaminate other sheets, or take out more than is needed.

Try some of the other uses for Kleenex! Use it always to remove cold cream, to smooth in rouge and lipstick, and wipe off surplus powder.

No need ever to be without Kleenex—it comes in so many convenient forms now—in regular-size packages or rolls; in extra-size tissues; in smartly finished 'Kerfs; and in the new, handy Pocket Packet at 2 for 5 cents. You can buy Kleenex at all drug, dry goods and department stores.



WHY KLEENEX IS SAFE

Kleenex, magnified 64 times. Note the firm texture. Germs can't slip through Kleenex. Tests show Kleenex leaves approximately 1/1000 as many germs on fingers as handkerchiefs do.

KLEENEX *disposable* **TISSUES**

The Siren Calls

(Reading time: 27 min. 31 sec.)

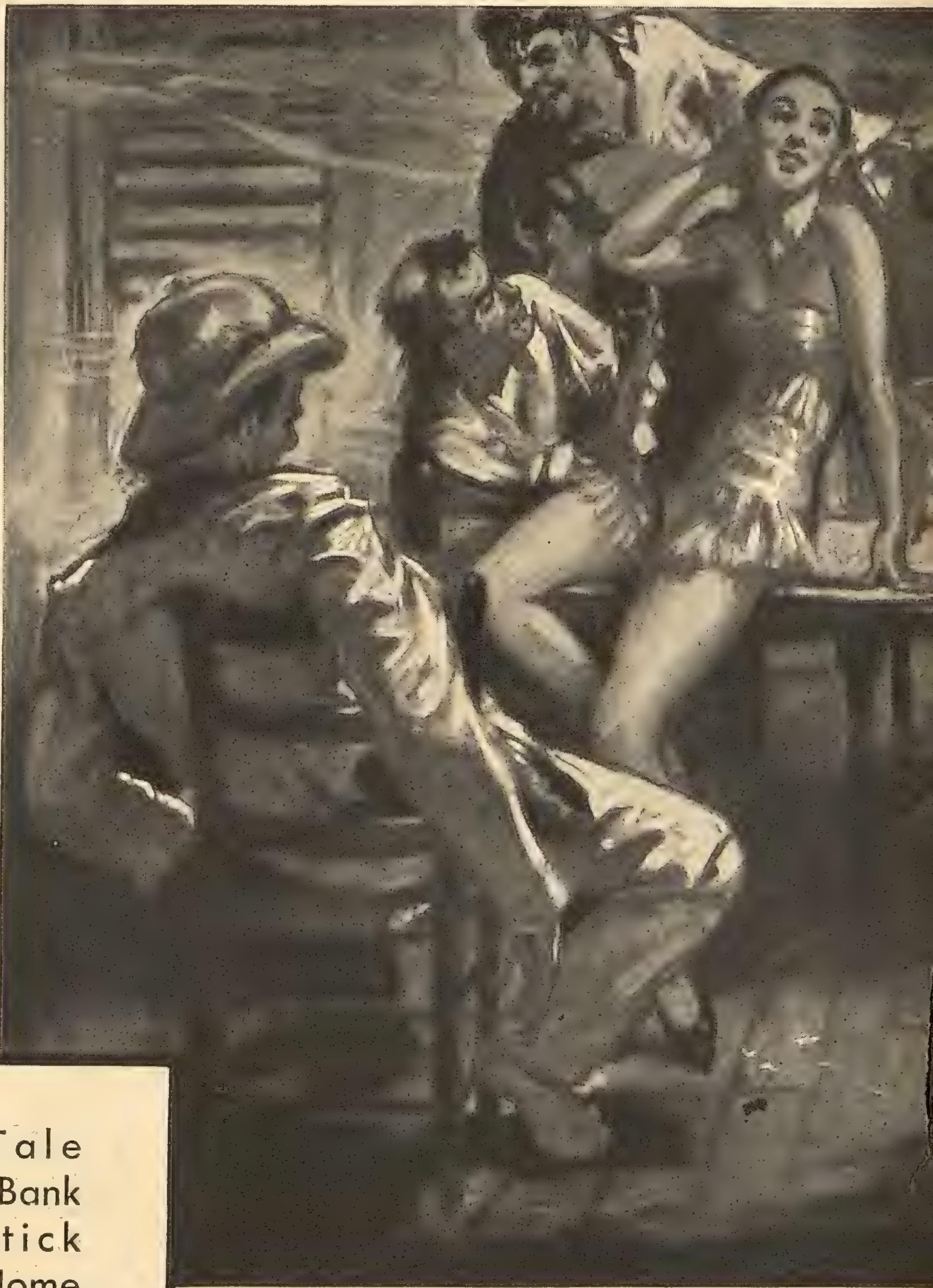
THE door of the Progress Hardware Store opened and closed, and Alfred Pinnel, its proprietor, twitched out of his black study behind the cashier's desk and stared at the strapping blonde hussy who had entered. A head taller than Alfred she was, with tastefully painted and fairly attractive countenance and big bold ardent blue eyes. She was modishly done in white flannel and the bijou pancake of white hat was apparently cemented in place over her left ear.

Well, Alfred Pinnel looked at her and he began to laugh; within two seconds his chuckle grew to an open-mouthed guffaw. The substantial blonde, after one lightning glance over her impeccable ensemble, began to laugh too, at first in a mystified way and then as heartily as Alfred himself. The blonde's merriment trailed off first, to a hearty throaty:

"Say, I could certainly go for a man that laughs like that! Is this some private joke or can anybody know it?"

"You'll have to excuse me," said Alfred Pinnel, also sobering. "Only it struck me so darned funny, you walking in like that right after what we were saying up at the house and— Well, you'll have to excuse me. What can I do for you?"

The utterly devastating smile which the blonde hurled at Alfred all but set the new line of aluminum pots to jingling on their shelves.



The Sprightly Tale of a Wandering Bank Roll and a Lipstick Gatherer's Harvest Home

By EDGAR FRANKLIN

Illustrations by HARRY T. FISK

"Would you be able to fix a faucet that keeps dripping?"

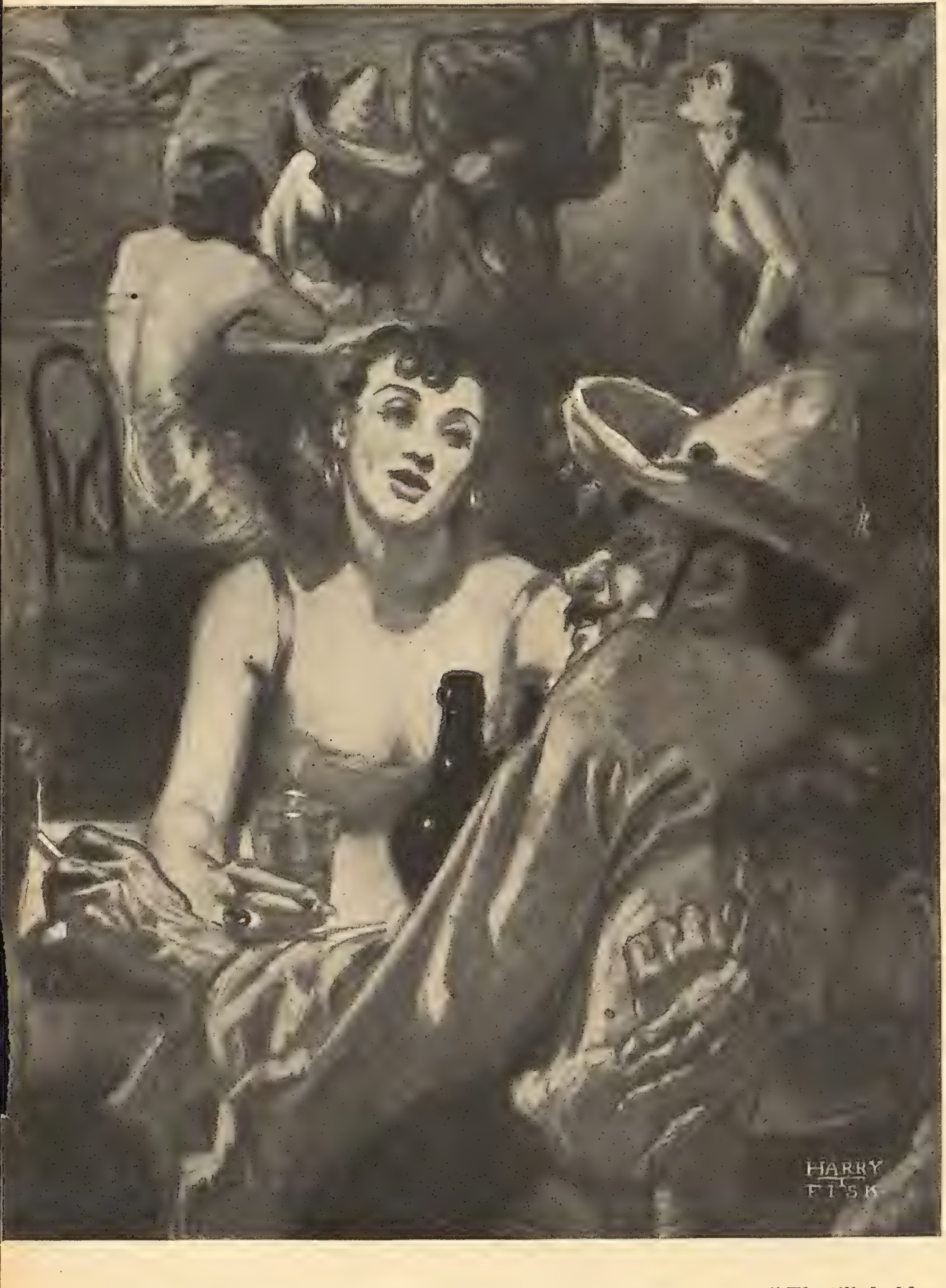
"I never see one yet I couldn't lick, lady," Alfred said brightly.

"I just moved in last night to the little white house around the corner with the dinky blue blinds; and I don't know where there's a plumber, and the way that thing keeps dripping, it'll have me cutting out paper dolls in another hour. So if you could come and do the Boy Scout stuff—"

She hurled another smile at Alfred. She needn't have bothered. Already he was pocketing wrench and screwdriver and washers.

"C'm'on, lady. I'll lock the store."

to Alfred



"It rains seven or eight weeks at a clip there and they have to stay soused to forget it."

He could hardly keep from giggling as he sauntered up the block, elbow to elbow with this glittering new personality in town. He pretended not to see Dowd, of the shoe store next door, gaping as if his lower jaw were about to drop off.

"Gee, it's certainly grand to meet up with a guy that can laugh the way you do!" the blonde reflected. "A girl gets that fed up with this strong silent thing."

Alfred Pinnel didn't quite understand that. He did understand that she must have moved into the Hoskins house in an awful hurry. The To Let sign was still there and nobody had tidied the yard or cleaned the windows.

He was about to suggest a deserving man for this work when his attention switched to the car at the curb—a long, heavy sedan, from the back of which a huge man was stepping to the sidewalk. He had a low brow, brutal little pig eyes, and a ruthless chin. He looked Alfred Pinnel over without one solitary trace of expression, and so did the ratlike youth sitting behind the wheel. The blonde indicated Alfred.

"Well—that's that, Hunky," she sighed.

"Get into the car, you," the big man told Alfred Pinnel.

"Huh?" grinned Alfred. "Why, I came around to fix a faucet and—"

The other's hand was in his coat pocket. Now that side of the garment swished toward Alfred and something hard poked his ribs.

"You don't wanta get smeared all over the street," the big man's low monotone suggested. "Hop in and set on the floor."

ALFRED had no wish to be smeared all over the street. Thunderstruck, he hastily stepped into the car. The little rat on the front seat expedited matters by reaching back and pushing down so energetically on Alfred's hat that he sat on the floor with a thud.

"Give her the gun, Cinder," the big man said, and the car started.

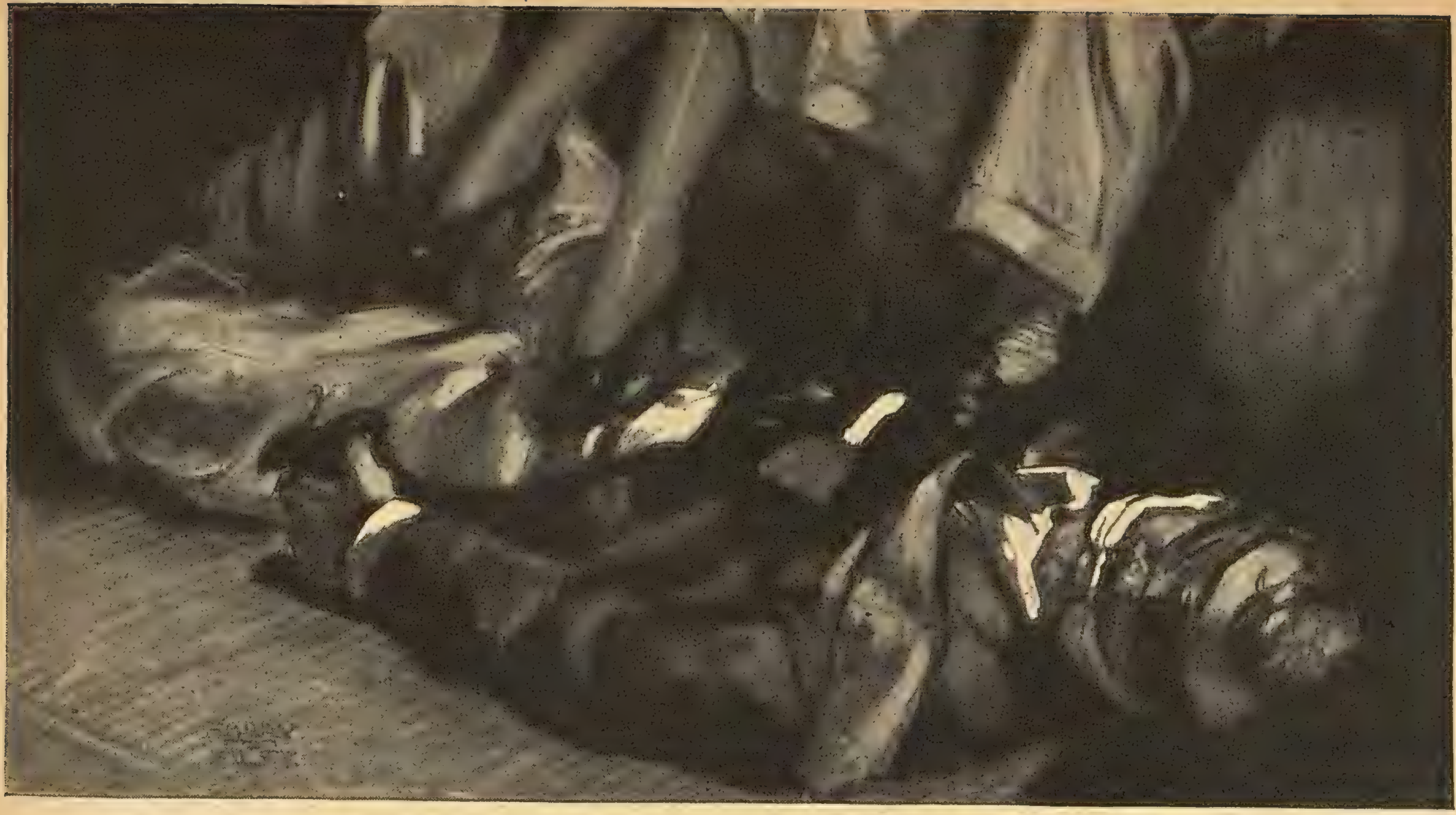
The blonde's high-heeled shoes were in Alfred's lap. They vanished as he stared at them, for the big man had wound a black handkerchief about his eyes and knotted it fast. He then gagged Alfred Pinnel, shoving halfway down his throat a rag which tasted faintly of motor oil, and tying it in place. Finally the giant flattened Alfred Pinnel out on his back and placed both large feet on his chest.

"That'll hold you, brother," he stated, pretty accurately.

For a time, of course, Alfred's brain was in wild turmoil, trying to determine what this was all about. The one guess was that they had mistaken him for somebody else, and for the time being that error would have to stand. Meanwhile, philosophic calm returning, he took to thinking back—to Aunt Ellie, for one detail, rising from the table an hour ago and venomously twittering:

"*You* take your wife somewheres for a trip and give her a rest! Why, Alfred, you ain't got spunk to go collect 'nough of your bills to buy poor Jennie a decent pair of shoes, much less take her somewheres for a trip!"

"Say, listen!" Alfred said desperately. "All I said



The giant flattened Alfred out and placed both large feet on his chest. "That'll hold you, brother," he stated, pretty accurately.

was—and that slipped out—if Jennie and me could get away for a couple of weeks—"

That was a sample of the way they picked on Alfred Pinnel at home. And the worst of it was, this past month Jennie had quit standing up for her husband and picked right along with her blood relatives.

He thought back to dear old Uncle Harvey, rich, stingy, fat, red, intolerant, noisy, sourer than lime juice, but otherwise as nice an old party of sixty-five as you could have wished to have around the house.

"Oh, no; that ain't by no manner of means all you said!" Uncle Harvey bawled. "You said something 'bout mebbe sometime I'd advance you a couple of hundred dollars, so's you could neglect your business and go loaf. Ain't *that* a laugh? Haw-haw-haw!"

Uncle Harvey went on, and the whole place rang with his scorn:

"When you get money out o' *me* to send you on this trip, it'll be done at the point of a gun, Alfred."

Alfred Pinnel cast about for a pert retort, found none, and finally had recourse to that anæmic stock joke which was his last line of defense.

"All right, have it your way," he snickered drearily, wagging his head. "Only I'm telling you, if you folks don't stop picking on me, one o' these days I'll find me a dizzy blonde and—just elope, by cracky!"

Jennie walked to the door with him. She hadn't kissed him good-by any morning in six weeks now, but at least she still walked to the door.

"Al, it does seem as if you might work up spunk enough to get in some of the three or four thousand dollars that's owing you," she said fretfully. "I'm sick and tired of being stuck here."

"And who ain't?" Alfred sighed. "Maybe I'll go collecting this morning. So, if I come home for lunch—"

"*If* you come home?" Jennie flared instantly. "Well, am I supposed to stew over a hot stove just in case you feel like coming?"

"I only meant I might—"

"You meant you might take some blonde out to lunch, maybe?"

That last sneer went into him like a barb; it sounded exactly like Aunt Ellie at her very worst. Alfred grinned, wanly perhaps, yet mysteriously, and insolently drawled:

"Yeah, I might at that, y'know!"

Jennie gasped. "Go to it—and don't come back!" she shrilled.

And then she slammed the door.

And now, he couldn't help laughing. He'd certainly met his blonde and left town with her!

"Well, can you tie that!" the lady above him breathed. "Just a shrimp, but he has the heart of a lion inside him! Hunky, he's *laughing!*"

"He ain't got such a hell of a lot to laugh about," Hunky said smoothly, and Alfred's unseemly mirth died.

He thought back again, this time to himself.

Just an average guy, you know. Thirty-four, straggling mustache, not bright, not dumb, not good-looking, not bad-looking. Kind of scrawny and battered right now—but just about the average.

ONLY, why was even an average guy standing for all this picking? *Why?* Alfred laughed rather terribly. For the twenty-seven dollars weekly Uncle Harvey and Aunt Ellie had thought the right amount of board to pay when they came to live with Jennie and Alfred four months ago—that was why. Twenty-seven dollars doled out of the shiny dirty old wallet that held anywhere from five hundred to five thousand dollars. Better than three thousand right now, as a matter of fact, because poor old Simms had come in night before last and paid his mortgage off in cash, crying about how he'd had to sell what was left of his poor little business to save his poor little home—and sweet old Uncle Harvey had counted it over twice and then told him to go do his bellyaching somewhere else!

Alfred Pinnel was pretty damned sick of it all, and particularly of this new realization that Jennie no longer cared a rap for him.

Oh, he still loved Jennie. But he had been getting queer spells lately—spells when he would have traded his soul for a few square feet of Marquesas Islands, surrounded by singing natives weaving floral wreaths. Yes, and there were other times when he sat and stared at that one row of metal-polish cans with the big red POISON in the middle of the label.

And then this blonde came in about her fictitious faucet.

The weird thing, Alfred discovered, was that he felt himself unable to regard this singular ride as anything but pleasant adventure.

To be sure, now that they had been whirling along for more than three hours, he was a physical wreck. His cramped bones were one solid toothache and this last dozen miles of rough dirt road had banged the back of his head almost to pulp.

Abruptly they stopped. Feet scraped, doors opened. Effortlessly, as if Alfred had been a kitten, the big man hauled him out, stood him on his feet, and twitched away blindfold and gag. Alfred's blinking eyes noted that they were now beside a small old farmhouse. A wooded mountain rose before it and another behind it, so that the view was cut off from every direction. They had come well over one hundred miles. They might now be—just about anywhere.

Hunky stretched, rumbled, dragged the blonde to him, beamed on her with a mastodonic tenderness and thrice kissed her resoundingly.

"Nothin' to it, Iola baby, huh? Nothin' to it, baby, huh?"

IOLA seemed unresponsive; indeed, her eyes were on Alfred Pinnel. Then, his sentimental moment passed, Hunky pushed Alfred into the house, into a musty old living room, and there leered at Alfred bloodcurdlingly.

"Take this in a nutshell, punk," said he. "You're writing your rich uncle a letter. Give him paper and pencil, Cinder. You're saying like this: 'Dear Uncle: I just been snatched by a very tough mob which will hand me back as good as when they got me if you put twenty thousand dollars in the spot we will now explain, and will otherwise get knocked off and—' Well, am I telling you a joke?" he barked. For Alfred Pinnel, all things notwithstanding, had thrown back his head and was roaring with laughter.

"You ought to write 'em for a living, mister!" he wheezed shortly. "Listen! He's not my uncle; he's my wife's uncle. And he wouldn't part with twenty thousand dollars to buy himself a ticket into heaven. And he hates me so that he'd probably pay you something to keep me here. So what?"

After a violent start and a hot stare of inquiry at Alfred Pinnel, Hunky whirled upon the little fellow called Cinder.

"*You're* the wise guy that gets all the dope! *You* said this was his uncle!"

"I understood from several parties it was his uncle," Cinder protested, backing away.

"You *understood!*" Hunky bellowed. Then he mastered himself. He gritted his teeth for a moment. "Well, at that, the old pill has the sugar and he ain't letting his niece's husband get knocked off. Write the way I told you."

"O. K." Alfred Pinnel shrugged. "Only, I'm telling you, it's a waste of paper."

It was swell out there at the old farmhouse. Alfred sat on the porch in the warm gloaming, smoking one of Iola's excellent cigarettes.

He had written the wholly absurd letter, and Hunky had grabbed it and driven away full tilt, leaving Alfred with the girl and Cinder, the latter apparently as chaperon—and a very satisfactory one. With Hunky ten minutes gone, Cinder had produced a flask from a dusty desk drawer and had drained it. Now he snored and snarled on the living-room couch, while Alfred rocked in one decrepit chair and Iola in another.

"Gee, Al, you certainly can take it!" she breathed. "Laughing at *him*, that ought to been in the hot seat ten times over!"

"You mean Hunky?" Alfred said; startled. "You mean he really killed somebody sometime?"

"I dassent talk about it, Al; it gives me the willies." The delicate girl shuddered, and was briefly lost in thought. "Aw, this snatching racket ain't so hot. Hunky's new at it, and who can tell that guy anything? Y'know, Al, we ran hooch and made good money till times got so bad—and then Hunky gets this yen to try snatching. No millionaires to start with, understand. Small-town stuff—some number like you, with rich relatives. Hunky hired this dump, that all the bulls in America couldn't find. Cinder was a week in your town, Al, trying to see what looked best. It lay between you and some boy named Hanks that has a rich father."

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!
Her Finger Tips Gleam—
Her teeth are dull..her gums soft
. . . . . . and she has
"Pink tooth brush"!

THIS girl keeps her finger-tips resplendently manicured. People comment on it. They do not comment upon her dingy teeth, of course—but they notice them!

Examine your own teeth—*and gums.*

If your gums are flabby, and bleed easily—if you find "pink" upon your tooth brush—the attractiveness of your smile is in danger.

For not only may "pink tooth brush" lead to gingivitis and Vincent's disease and other serious gum troubles, but it may spoil the brightness of your teeth—and even spell *danger* for your teeth.

To have firm, healthy gums and good-looking, bright teeth, do this:

Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste. And each time, rub a little extra Ipana into your sluggish, tender gums.

Today's foods are too soft and creamy to give proper stimulation to your gums. But the massage with Ipana corrects this.

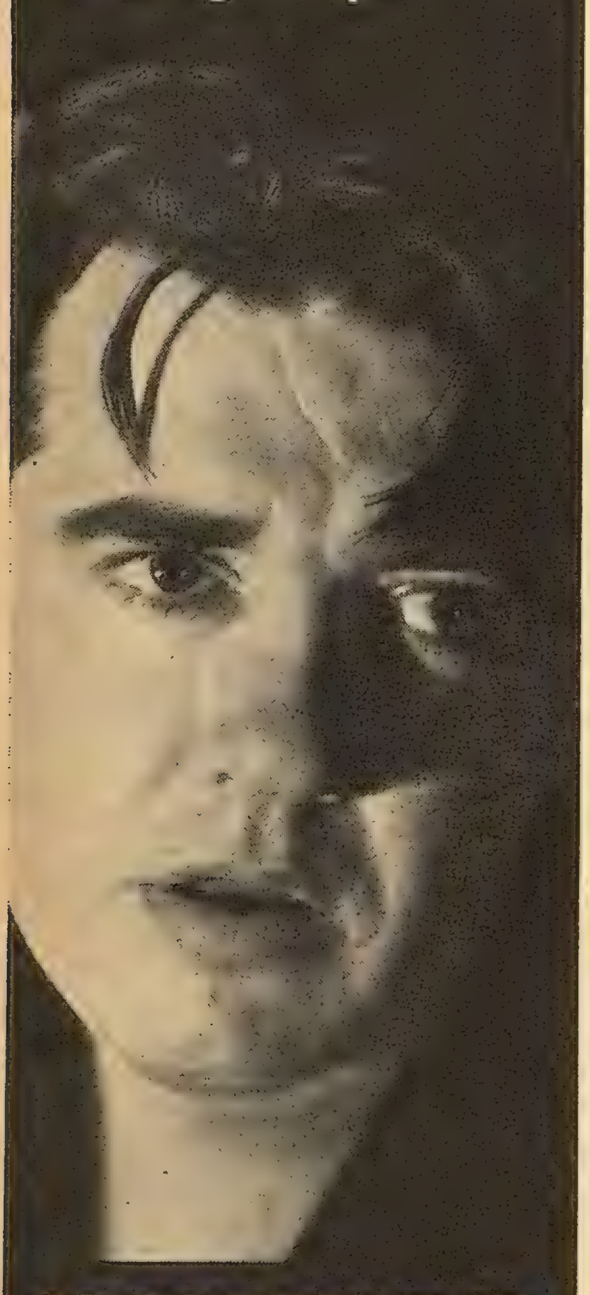
Get a full-size tube of Ipana, today. Follow the Ipana method, and very soon you'll have brighter, whiter teeth. Within a month your gums will be firmer. "Pink tooth brush" will disappear.

Write Bristol-Myers Co. Dept., AB-1232, 73 West St., New York City, for a trial tube of Ipana. Enclose a three-cent stamp.

IPANA

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
BRISTOL-MYERS
NEW YORK

Stark, staring eyes that count the dreary hours, aching for the peaceful oblivion of slumber—close them, softly, naturally, safely, by slow, firm strokes on the back of the neck with a palmful of soothing Absorbine Jr.—and drift away into blessed hours of sweet and healing sleep.



ABSORBINE JR.

For years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, cuts, sprains, abrasions, "Athlete's Foot."

At all druggists, $1.25. Write for a sample—free, W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

“Tom Hanks?” queried Alfred. “Why, his old man would have given you fifty thousand to get him back any time.”

“Ain't that Cinder all over, the dumb cluck!” Iola sighed. “Al, did you like the apple cake I made for supper?”

“Say, it was great!” Alfred said contentedly. “Great!”

“I can cook wonderful, Al, if I got reason to,” the girl said wistfully and her marvelous eyes flashed at him through the dusk. “Listen. Cinder goes every morning to—well, to town—for the stuff we eat, so tomorrow I'll make *sauerbraten* and *kartoffelkloesse*, huh?” For another period the little birds peeped. “Al, don't get tough any more with Hunky. Don't try a get-away and have him after you. He never stops, and I—I couldn't bear it.”

“Don't worry about that for one second,” Alfred said convincingly. “I like it too well here.”

The eyes shot another glance, warm, alarmed, at Alfred.

“I was afraid something like that was happening,” the girl whispered. Then, impulsively, she reached over and placed a large firm hand on Alfred's, and into her low tone came a reckless pagan note. “Well, what if it is, sugar? Listen, Al. You and me—I mean, the way such things happen to two people—I mean, when I saw you first there in the store, laughing that way, I—I felt funny, Al, and I guess it was the same with you and—”

“Pssst!” said Alfred Pinnel. “He's waking up in there.”

He remained awake until Hunky returned, almost at midnight, dusty, tired, chagrined, and mad all through.

“Hey, you're quite popular with your uncle, if it was the right guy we got to!” he stormed at Alfred. “I have a boy deliver this note—and what does the old man do?”

“I bite,” said Alfred. “What does the old man do?”

“He tears it up! He says there's no answer and slams the door!”

“That was the right guy,” Alfred nodded. “That was Uncle Harvey.”

“WELL, look, punk,” said Hunky, and his breathing took on an ominous hiss. “We got you here and we're cashing in on you. Tomorrow you write the old rooster another letter. You tell him he comes through with ten grand before night or you get rubbed out. How'd you like to get rubbed out, punk?”

Alfred thought it over with no great excitement.

“Well, of course I'm no more anxious to get rubbed out than you or anybody else; but if it lies between getting rubbed out and going back home, I don't know that it makes a terrible lot of difference. The family'd probably be tickled stiff if you just went ahead and rubbed. I've got fifteen thousand dollars' insurance.”

“You—you—what's this you got?” Hunky choked blankly; and then he whirled on little Cinder again. “*You!*” he thundered. “I send you to pick me a live one—and what the hell do you do? You crash a museum and pick me a freak!” But there, sniffing the air of the living room, he softened. He dragged Iola to him and beamed on her. “Apple cake!” said he. “Well, ain't you sweet, Iola baby, making apple cake for papa!”

Alfred Pinnel slept soundly on an ancient corn-husk mattress. He was an early riser, but he found Cinder up before him.

“I cooked the coffee and there's rolls, bozo,” said he. “And here's the big feller's orders: Start walking, and I put a slug in you. Start for the car, and I put a slug in you. Stay on the porch—O. K.”

“You can mark mine O. K.,” Alfred answered genially.

IOLA appeared about ten, with furtive caloric glances which strangely thrilled Alfred. Hunky came down too, sent Cinder after supplies, and had Alfred write another letter—this one of much higher sales quality, since it promised that, failing the ten thousand, Alfred Pinnel's ears would reach Uncle Harvey through the mails, as visible proof that something untoward had taken place. Then, the car returning, Hunky drove away, and Cinder conjured a full quart bottle from inside the aged square piano and went to work; but they had had their *sauerbraten* dinner and twilight was settling in again before Cinder passed out completely.

Iola awaited Alfred in the broken couch-hammock.

“Listen, Al,” the girl murmured. “Your home life ain't so happy?”

“Oh—I dunno,” Alfred sighed. “We been saying lately, maybe if we could take a trip somewhere and—”

“I thought it was like that. Listen, Al. Since I seen you I want to go straight. You done something to me, Al, and I want to go straight, and I got it all thought out. Where's your pocket? Stick this in your pocket and keep it for—for us, Al.”

“What is it?” Alfred asked, feeling the soft lump.

“It's nearly two grand belonging to the big lob, and I know where there's eighteen grand more of his we can snatch if we work fast. Twenty grand, Al, and there's many young couples ain't got that to start life with,” said the lady as she snuggled against him. “Al, was you ever in Venezuela?”

“What would I be doing in Venezuela?” Alfred asked.

“Well, I was there once and Hunky don't know it, so it'd be the last place in the world he'd think to look for us.” Iola rested her head on his shoulder. “There's one grand little burg—Rio Felina—”

“You—ah—stayed there?” Alfred hazarded.

“Yeah, Al. One grand little burg. What I mean, not a tourist in a carload; no guys from home to recognize you. Al, when Hunky hits the hay he's like dead. We'll grab the car tonight, and how'll he ever catch us once we're rolling, with a six-mile walk to the nearest farmhouse and only a busted flivver when he gets there? We'll beat it for Boston—that's where this eighteen grand is—and then double back quick to New York and get a freighter or a fruit boat for Rio Felina."

"You mean—um—well—well—*elope?* You and me?" said Alfred's tremolo, suddenly thin and high.

"Aw, can you play dumb when you wanna, you wise little devil!" Iola breathed, in a smother of delighted girlish laughter. "Listen what we'll do, Al. We'll buy a good honky in Rio, or maybe start a new one. Know what I mean—just a bar and fifty tables maybe, and a dance floor and a band. The hooch is cheap and we can cut it more, and I'll be cashier—and, boy, can *I* short-change!" the girl said proudly. "Sugar, I can take twenty, give 'em change for a fin, and have 'em trying to buy me a drink to square the squawk they put up at first! It rains seven or eight weeks at a clip down there and they have to come indoors and stay soused to forget it. Al, we can clean up fifty grand a year—a hundred grand! We can have a big hacienda, and servants are a dime a dozen down there. Gee, Al, it'll be great to get out of this rotten racket and go straight!"

Alfred Pinnel was ever abed and asleep by eleven. He smoked perhaps eight cigarettes a day. He was a member of the Second Methodist congregation, executive head of the Boys' Mission Band, and secretary of the Civic Virtue League. And yet—

His head was throbbing now with a new savage joy, and through his veins coursed not lukewarm blood but red-hot lava. His fiery inner eye, exulting, unashamed, sparkled happily at the picture of that blowzy, unhallowed honky-tonk, looming up now just as his disapproving normal eye had viewed it a dozen times in the movies—the shiny bar and the hard-boiled bartenders, the short-skirted vividly painted girls, the white-clad natives with knives which flashed out too readily, the swaggering American overseers with guns on their hips. Aye, without ever moving six inches toward Rio Felina, Alfred Pinnel had gone native!

"Hey, Al, are you holding out on me, or didn't they teach you how to kiss a girl in school?" Iola murmured and her arms slipped about his neck.

AND there the old Alfred Pinnel toppled backward and hurtled down the chute to the scrap heap; and with a great glad gasp the new Alfred Pinnel dragged this fascinating creature to him and kissed her, clutching her with all the fine strength he had gained in juggling nail kegs and hanging heavy plows on hooks in the stock room. Tom-toms beat inside his head, strange roarings beset his ears, ten thousand vermilion lights danced and somersaulted before his eyes. But he kept right on kissing Iola.

"You—don't do—so bad, Al," she managed after a time. "Only—lemme come up for air a second."

Alfred did it most reluctantly. He might have been a mousy henpecked little hardware merchant yesterday morning, but he was a hairy-chested cave man now, burning to get along to the next kiss and— Up the valley came the pounding of an engine, up the road a flare of headlights. The girl leaped away from Alfred Pinnel with a terrified:

"Why didn't we have the brains to light a lamp in there?"

She went over herself swiftly, smoothing her gown, smoothing her hair, as she sat at the far end of the porch from Alfred. So Hunky found them.

"What's the big idea? Saving kerosene?" he snapped, thumping to the porch and into the house, and one sensed instantly that Uncle Harvey had not given him ten thousand dollars. But after two loud sniffs his voice grew almost dulcet: "It's *sauerbraten!* You made *sauerbraten* for papa, baby! Come in here, the both of you."

"Well, Hunky papa, ain't everything jake yet?" Iola asked, sauntering in with admirable insouciance.

"*Jake!*" The big man growled, fumbling for matches. "Listen! I take this second note myself. The old guy looks at it and says, 'Listen,' he says. 'We heard all about him leaving town with his blonde woman,' he says, 'and this phony kidnaping stuff to cover him wouldn't

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fool a child,' he says. 'And if he ever shows here again,' he says, 'I'll skin him alive with a horsewhip,' he says. 'And, what's more,' he says, if you ain't off these premises in ten seconds I'll get you stuck in jail for pestering me!' he says."

"You couldn't say there's any percentage in that," Iola sighed.

"And with that he slams the door in my pan!" Hunky exploded. "But I ain't done yet! We lop off one o' them ears tonight and mail it and—" By that time he had kindled the big center lamp and the living room was bright and Cinder was sitting up hurriedly. "One ear for a start, punk!" Hunky said—and stopped, his eyes bulging.

Step by step he came toward Alfred Pinnel, staring open-mouthed, hands working. And then Hunky turned snow-white and screamed, *"Hey, how the hell did your mouth get smeared all over with lipstick?"*

He leaped at Alfred Pinnel and picked him up bodily; he sent him pitching toward the door and, as Alfred poised there for a single second, he speeded his outward progress with a mighty kick.

"That'll learn you, you dirty little double-crossing rat!" rang in the home wrecker's ears as he landed on hands and knees away out by the picket fence.

FOR a space Alfred Pinnel was entirely dazed. He just sat there on the ground, blinking foolishly toward the lighted doorway. He saw Hunky, bared teeth gritting, wind both great hands around Iola's throat and choke and rock her back and forth until it seemed that the blonde head must snap from her body.

"So it's *him* that rates *sauerbraten,* not me! So you're cheatin' on me, y' little tramp!" he heard Hunky roar. And then he blinked the harder; for it appeared that the words and the familiar caress had restored the old, the true Iola. Suddenly her laugh rang out, great and glad and free.

"Aw, Hunky, I love you! Hunky, the shrimp was just a passing fancy. Kill me if you gotta, Hunky, but—*I love you!"*

Then, her arms around him, she kissed Hunky with characteristic vigor and abandon. Cinder was tapping Alfred's lean shoulder.

"Listen!" hissed Cinder. "Y'ain't worth a nickel no more and I'm giving you a break before Hunky thinks to knock you off. We had too much o' this murder stuff a'ready—and, at that, the big one'll say I'm right when he gets cooled down. So I'm taking you home, and here's the lay. You git your hands tied and your feet tied and your eyes tied up, and you lay on the floor in back. One yip or one move out o' you, and I crown you with a spanner and dump you in the ditch. Sold?"

Dizzily Alfred got to his feet, still blinking at the doorway. Hunky had weakened. No doubt he was kissing Iola, but from here it looked as if he were biting off the whole front half of her head. That wouldn't last forever.

"Sold—you bet!" Alfred stammered. "Gimme that blindfold—quick!"

. . . . .

Away up at the dark and lonely end of Wooster Street, where the car line stops, Cinder turned Alfred loose.

"Bozo," he said grimly, "sometimes the big feller stays mad an hour, sometimes a week, and with you making passes at his moll it might be two weeks. So it's hard telling if he'll come back to knock you off. Take a tip: Shove off around daylight and stay away at least a month. We got a big job in Seattle a month from now."

Alfred would have liked to thank the kindly lad, but with the last word he whizzed away. The late trolley jangled up and Alfred got aboard, finding his handkerchief and scrubbing his lipsticked mouth. The handkerchief looked as if it had been used to mop up after a major operation, so he dropped it out the window.

He knew how extraordinarily lucky he was to be alive, and here in the home town, still a member of the Second Methodist, the Boys' Mission Band, and the Civic Virtue League. He went to work on the story that would serve best at home.

So, then. He had been lured around the corner by a flashy blonde, the very sight of whom repelled him; and that was the last he had seen of her, for she had run away as three men set upon him and threw him into a car.

Weeks ago Uncle Harvey had borrowed his latchkey. He had to ring, and Jennie answered—a darned cute kid, too, in her flowered pyjamas, even if she did look as if she had been crying for a week. Uncle Harvey, snarling, Aunt Ellie, cackling, were clumping downstairs in bath robes. But Jennie Pinnel, with one all-forgiving scream, had thrown her arms around Alfred.

"OH, you came back to me, Al! You came back to me! I drove you away and you came back to me!" she sobbed. Then ferociously she turned on her aunt and her uncle. "But *you* made me drive him away and—"

She could go no farther. Eyes streaming, hardly daring to believe that he had rematerialized, her hands were straying over Alfred. And so, coming to the lump in his pocket, one went in.

For the second time that night Alfred's heart stopped: she was holding up a mass of bank notes he had absolutely forgotten!

And he could account for them—how? Would Jennie—would any one outside an asylum for the feebleminded—ever believe that the kidnapers had handed him that young fortune as some sort of compensation? To save his seething soul, he could think of nothing better at the moment.

But Jennie, again the helpful little wife, saved Alfred Pinnel.

"Look! Look!" she cried triumphantly. "He *did* go out collecting, before it happened! He *did* get in his bills. And it couldn't have been what *you* both said, because that kind of woman would have got it away from him. And now we're going to take a grand long trip and we're starting right away this morning, just as soon as I can get the bags packed."

From Uncle Harvey issued a low animal sound. At his age diversions are few and disappointments come hard.

Life was going to be a pretty dull affair with no Alfred around to heckle.

"Well, you notice *I* ain't paying for his trip!" he whinnied spitefully. . . .

"Hey, are *you* back again?" Uncle Harvey bawled. "Git your foot outen that door and git offen that step, or I'll send for a police officer."

"Open that door and lemme in or you'll be sending for an undertaker," Hunky's deadly monotone oozed from the corner of his bad mouth.

Then he reached through the crack and rammed the muzzle of his automatic far into Uncle Harvey's paunch, just as you'd poke a finger into a soft pillow; and after that there was no more argument about Hunky's coming in out of the noonday sunshine. Hunky glanced around. Upstairs the vacuum cleaner hummed noisily. That was well.

"Where's Pinnel?"

"G-gone for a—month or m-m-more!"

"Yeah?" Hunky stared expressionlessly at Uncle Harvey and decided to let it go at that. "Maybe you'll do just as good. I hear you keep quite a piece of change around the house. Stick up them hands!"

Less than one minute later, in new jovial mood, he slapped Uncle Harvey's bald head with the old and shiny and completely empty wallet and then threw it under the sofa.

"Thanks for the thirty-eight hundred and seventy smackers, grandpa!" he chuckled. "Listen! You wanna get your dome blowed off?"

"N-n-no!" Uncle Harvey faltered.

"Then set in that chair for fifteen minutes by the clock!" Hunky directed, and whisked out of the house, out of their lives, forever.

Uncle Harvey sat right there. Time and again his lips moved before any sound would pass them. Then, out of a broken heart, came the choking:

"He done me, after all! *I'm* paying for the lazy jackass's trip!"

Above, the vacuum cleaner had ceased humming. Uncle Harvey tried his best to pull himself together. It was useless.

He felt himself coming all to pieces. For even now, in some great expensive undiscoverable New York hotel, Alfred Pinnel was doubtless looking over time-tables to some high-priced destination both he and Jennie had refused to name.

"Say, *I'm* going to call up that Parsons woman next door and tell her exactly what I think of her, letting that dog howl that way!" Aunt Ellie cackled from the upper floor.

So she sat down by the upstairs phone and told the Parsons woman exactly what she thought of her, and the Parsons woman, in turn, revealed exactly what she thought of Aunt Ellie. Because the Parsons puppy wasn't howling at all. He had just finished rubbing the loose hair from his back on the best parlor rug and at the moment he was contentedly eating one of the new plum-colored drapes.

That series of racking, awesome wails, a cross between the lament of a lost soul and the shrieking of an ungreased cart wheel, came from Uncle Harvey downstairs.

The poor old gentleman had cracked up entirely. He wept, too audibly and without restraint, for the thirty-eight hundred and seventy dollars which even then was dashing across country safely tucked in Iola's bosom.

THE END

"*Critical? say...listen...*"

The other day we set out to show a visitor through the factory. Everywhere men were testing — checking after each operation. Every man proud of the part he was having in making shoes of quality.

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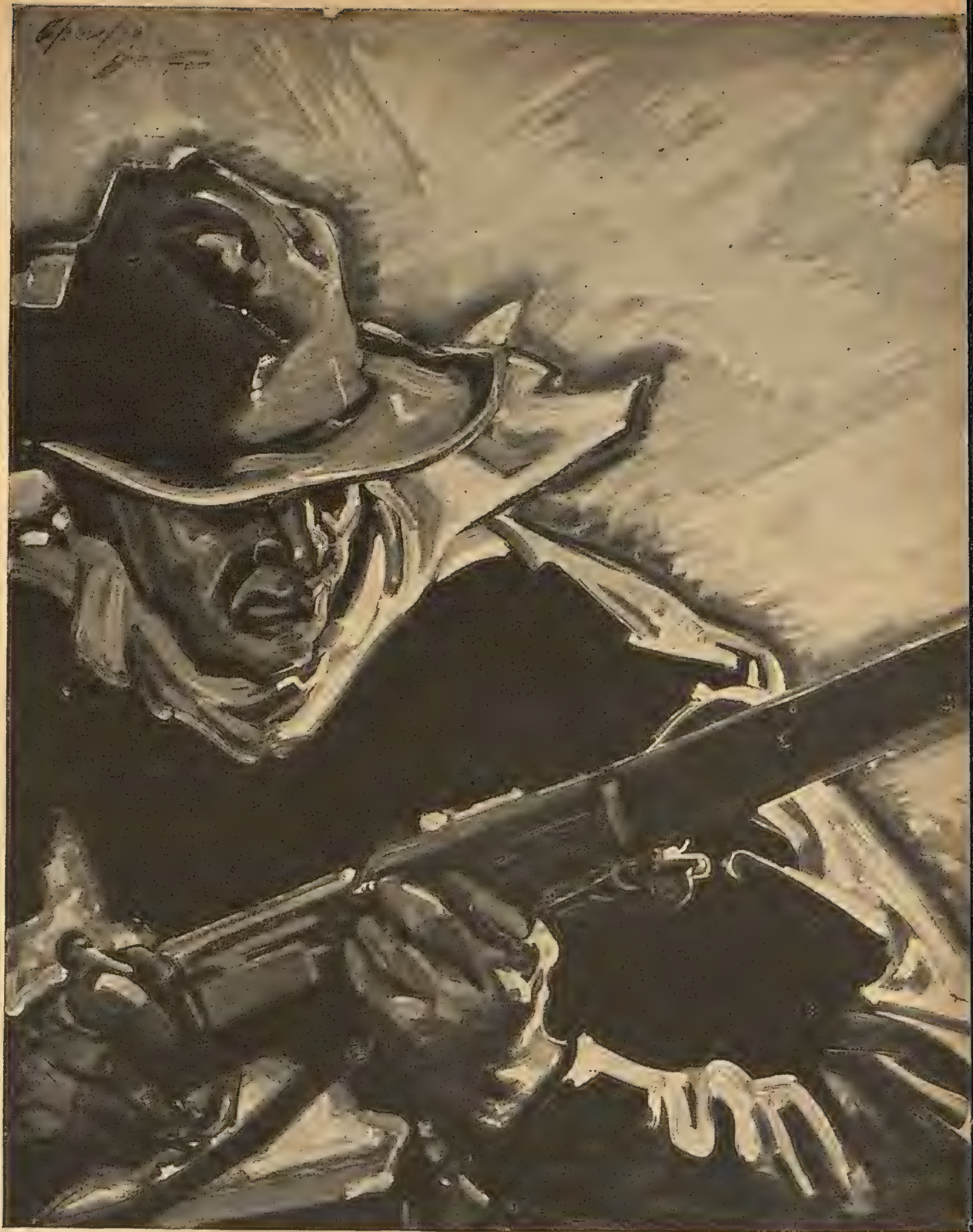


Turned Down by the Japs—Rat Catcher, Bartender, Revolutionist—a Hip-Pocket Wound And a White Horse's Haircut—The Battle of La Ceiba—Fireworks and Fire Water in Frisco

The Amazing
Story of

WILDCAT
SAM
DREBEN

The FIGHTING

(Reading time: 22 minutes 40 seconds.)

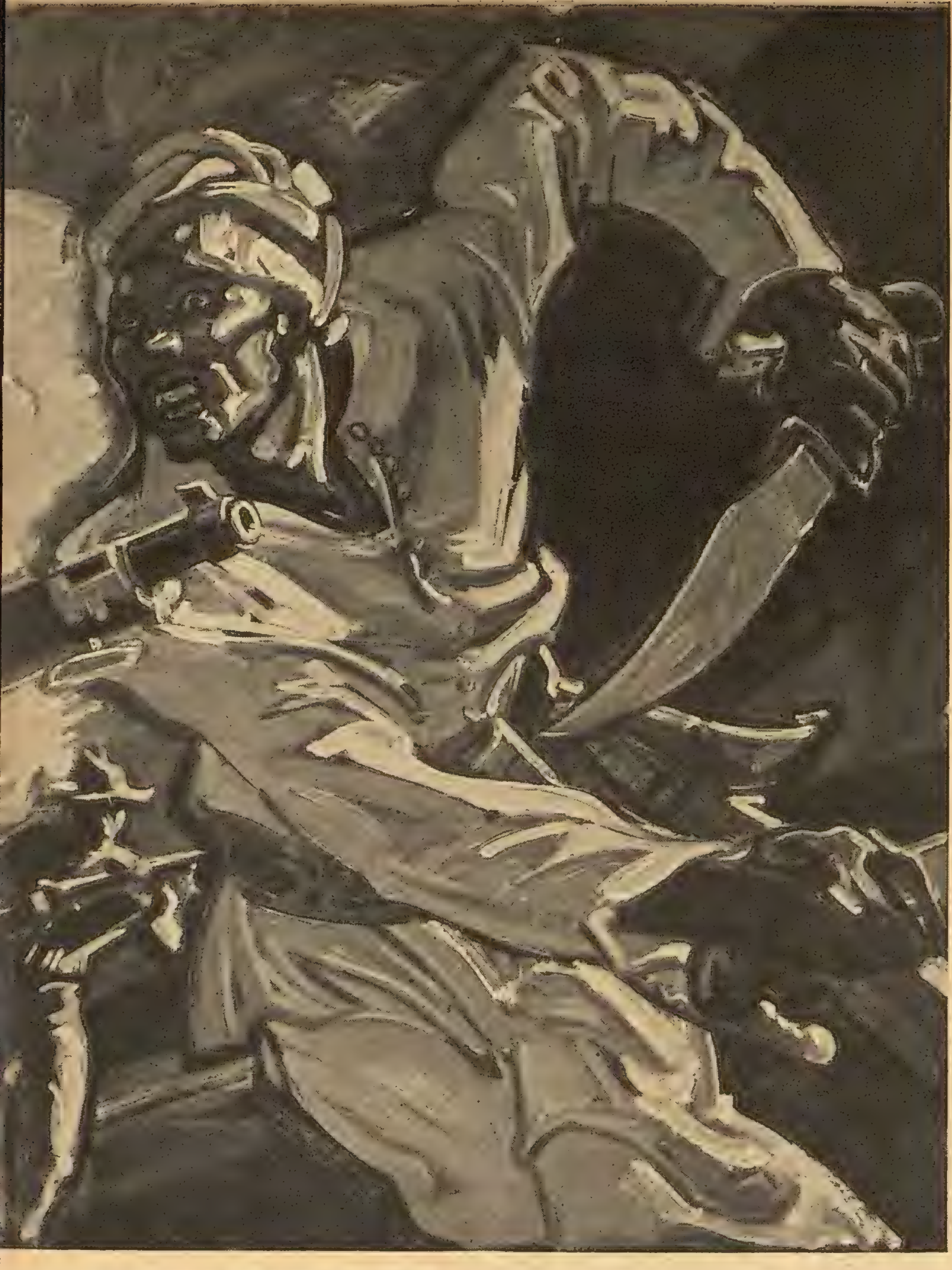
"TEX O'REILLY knew Sam, the soldier, as only a man and a comrade could," said Mrs. Sam Dreben, indorsing Tex's story of her husband's life as it opened in Liberty last week. Tex told of his own introduction to Sam, in the Philippines in 1899; he first saw him characteristically making a lone-hand charge across a bullet-swept bridge against thousands of intrenched Filipinos. He soon learned Sam's army history: how as a little rookie fresh from Russia, speaking broken English, he had been hazed by the old-timers until, by sheer gameness, he had made himself such a scrapper with the gloves that they had learned to leave him alone—and to like him.

Tex told of Sam's earlier life. He was born in Poltava, Russia, in 1878. His mother wanted him to be a rabbi; he wanted to be a soldier—but as that seemed impossible in the land of the Czar he set out at eighteen and worked his way to America. Arrived in Philadelphia, he found to his amazement and delight that Uncle Sam was recruiting and would give you fifteen dollars a month, free meals, and a uniform with brass buttons, if you would go soldier for him.

From the Philippines, Private Sam was sent with his outfit (Company G, Fourteenth Infantry) to China to take part in the international march to Peking, where the Boxers were besieging the foreign legations. Sam's adventures during the storming of the city were all funny—according to him; anybody else would have said some of them showed rare grit on his part. "He was always telling about being scared to death," Tex remarks, "but it would be hard to convince his comrades of his timidity."

PART TWO—SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

THE Boxer campaign in China ended with the capture of Peking. The Fourteenth was returned to the Philippines. Conditions in Luzon were changed. The war on that island was almost over. Sam's regiment



The crazed native came leaping in to strike the death blow. Sam was desperately trying to pump another cartridge into his gun's chamber.

By

TEX O'REILLY

JEW

settled down to the dreary monotony of garrison duty.

Peacetime soldiering never did appeal to Sam Dreben. He wanted action and he was not long in getting it.

In the southern islands the fanatic Moros had raised the green banner of the Prophet and gone on the warpath. These Moros were devout Mohammedans, and would have nothing to do with the Christian natives.

Tales of the new war were printed in the Manila newspapers. A certain Captain John J. Pershing was making a record for himself in this savage jungle warfare. Sam Dreben applied for a transfer, and early in 1901 he was shifted to I Company of the Tenth Infantry, then stationed at Misamis, island of Mindanao.

It was a nasty kind of warfare. The Moros were past masters in the art of ambush, the killing of sentries, and hand-to-hand fighting with their deadly creeses and long barongs.

Sam had not been long with his new company when he fell into disgrace. Always a friendly person, he had stopped to chat with a group of Moro women. This was strictly against orders. Any soldier caught speaking to a woman was punished. He was reported and given five days in the guardhouse chopping wood for the field kitchen. It was his first army punishment, but it must truthfully be reported that it was not his last.

Not long after it he had an experience with a juramentado which, he said, put the first gray hairs in his head. A juramentado is a religious fanatic who deliberately sacrifices his life for the holy joy of killing unbelievers.

SOME devout Moro would decide that there were too many Christians in the world and would dedicate his life to the job of thinning them out. For days he would fast and chant his prayers. Frenzied by sleeplessness, hunger, and self-torture, he would arm himself with a creese in each hand and charge down the road chanting his death song. He would try to kill any one who came in his path. If it happened to be a Christian he would go straight to the seventh heaven reserved for the heroes of Islam.

In these days the raids of these juramentados were common. Occasionally one is killed even now.

One day Sam was a sentry on outpost. Suddenly a juramentado came charging down the road. According to Sam, he was eight feet high, his head was shaved, he was dressed in his white burial clothes, and he was swinging a huge knife in each hand.

True to his training, Sam shouted for him to halt, but the crazed native came leaping in to strike the death blow. Sam jerked his rifle to his shoulder and fired. He must have been nervous (who would not be?) and the bullet hit the holy killer in the foot. Telling the story afterward, Sam declared that he could travel faster on one leg than he could on two.

Sam was desperately trying to pump another cartridge into his gun's chamber when a shot sounded behind him. One of his comrades, a lanky boy from Alabama, had shot the fanatic through the head.

He was complimented for his courage in standing his ground. Not long afterward he was promoted to the rank of lance corporal. Old soldiers declare that a lance jack rates three grades below the cook's cat, but young Sammie was mighty proud of his single stripe on his sleeve.

His hour of glory was a brief one. He thought his new rank entitled him to the privileges of an officer. He was taking his ease on guard duty, resting in the shade of a tree, smoking a cigarette, while his men walked post.

The officer of the day discovered him, and that night Sam was busted and sadly removed the stripe from his arm.

At last his enlistment ended. He was discharged and returned to the United States as a veteran. During his three years' service he had journeyed halfway around the world, fought in two wars, and been cited twice for bravery in action. He was a patriotic American although he had actually lived only a few weeks in the land of his adoption. He resolved to settle down and become a prosperous business man.

After his arrival at San Francisco fate led him to Los Angeles, where he found himself working in a tailor shop. It was worse than being on cook's police in the army. He stood it for nearly a year, then took to rambling, drifting. He worked on fruit farms, in lumber camps, and for a brief time was motorman on a street car.

During those unsettled years he studied in night schools and faithfully attended what he called the "university of the public library." All his life Dreben was a hungry reader, but for some strange reason was ashamed of his studies. When the gang gathered in his room he would hide his books under the bed.

He was a quick student and soon learned to use the English language fluently. As a rule it was good English, but in times of excitement or about fourth-drink time the old accent descended upon him like a fog.

Fortunately his aimless career was interrupted by another war. Japan attacked Russia. That year, 1904, had been a dark one in Russia. There had been pogroms in the cities where Sam had lived as a boy. The Jews had been slaughtered by the Cossacks.

Dreben burned to avenge the wrongs of his people. He was a trained soldier and wanted to fight against the Czar, so he decided to join the army of Japan. The army transport Thomas was leaving for Manila and was to touch at Nagasaki. Sam got a job as a civilian waiter, although that was one trade he had never learned.

His first attempt as a waiter ended in disaster. As he entered the dining salon the ship bowed to a big wave. Sam did a sliding fall and spilled a tureen of soup in the lap of the colonel's wife. He was disrated and banished to the lowly station of cook's helper. For the rest of the voyage he peeled potatoes.

AT Nagasaki he jumped ship, presented himself to the Japanese authorities, and demanded to be shown the nearest road to the firing line.

The Japs seemed strangely unappreciative. They accused him of being a spy, confiscated his six-shooter, and after holding him for hours as a suspicious character, released him to starve along the water front. Starve he did for some days, wandering from the Seamen's Institute to the Flag of All Nations saloon, looking for a job. Finally he was permitted to peel potatoes in the Nagasaki Hotel for his meals. No wonder that he always claimed that the Russo-Japanese War was a flat failure.

After several weeks as a beach comber he shipped on a tramp steamer bound home to San Francisco. You will probably guess the job. He was assigned as cook's helper and peeled spuds for thirty-two days across the Pacific Ocean. "Spuds" became a fighting word with him.

Back in the land of the free, he found that he was as free to go hungry as he was to express his political opinions. Hunting up a recruiting office he held up his hand for another three years with Uncle Sam.

This time he was sent to Fort Bliss at El Paso, Texas, the city that he was later to call home. He was assigned to A Company of the Twenty-ninth Infantry. For about a year his record shows that he was rather an unruly buck private. Several times he served his country in the guardhouse. Years later, after the World War, Sam was riding along the road between El Paso and Fort Bliss with the Mayor of El Paso. He was going to the post to attend a reception as the guest of honor of the officers.

"Mr. Mayor, how do you like this road?" he inquired.

"Looks like a good road to me, sergeant," replied the mayor.

"Glad you like it," Sam said. "You see, I cracked most of the rock on this road when I was a blue bird in the booby hatch."

I THINK it was the horror of peeling potatoes that made him reform in the last years of his enlistment. He became a model soldier, was made a corporal, and was a sergeant when he was discharged. It was at Fort Bliss that he learned to operate a machine gun.

When he was discharged he held a celebration, lost his final statements in a crap game, and wandered westward looking for excitement. For a time he tarried at Goldfield, Nevada. Then San Francisco again called him, but again bad luck followed him.

About that time San Francisco was carrying on a campaign against the bubonic plague. Rats are the carriers of the plague, and ex-Sergeant Sam got a job as rat catcher. An expert instructed him in the art, but Sam made a poor Pied Piper. Armed with chemicals he went into the basement of a house and lighted smudge pots of the evil-smelling powders near what he thought were rat holes.

Unfortunately one of the places he selected for fumigation was the hot-air furnace. The tenants fled choking to the streets and turned in a fire alarm. Dreben was caught red-handed. It took some argument and a display of his credentials before the police released him. That night he lost that job. He declared the city owed him four cents because he did kill two rats. One he stepped on in the dark, and the other he hit with a club. He never collected the bounty.

With no work in sight, except peeling potatoes, he stowed away on a boat bound for Panama. This time he was lucky. He got a job a few days after his arrival on the Zone. He displayed his honorable discharges and was put in charge of a squad of night watchmen. He celebrated with some of his old army friends one pay-day night, and the next morning he was fired. Nearly all of his jobs ended on that sad note.

The next pay day, however, fortune was with him. He won fifty dollars in the Panama lottery and hastened to the nearest crap game. It was one of the few times in his life that the dice were kind to him. When the game ended his roll had grown to $2,000.

It was more money than he had ever seen, so he decided to go into business. Acquiring a partner, he bought a half interest in a saloon in Panama City. Sam had always practiced in front of the bar. Behind the bar he was a failure. He could never refuse a soldier either credit for booze or eating money. One morning he discovered

Two great soldiers of fortune: Dreben, behind the gun, and Tracy Richardson.

that his partner had faded away, taking the cash and leaving him the credit. That day he and his cronies drank up the remainder of the stock and closed the doors. Today it gives one a chuckle to remember that the name of Sam's saloon was the Blue Eagle. He was ahead of his time.

Panama was the meeting place of adventurers from all parts of the world. One of them, George Gordon, a noted T. T. T., or Typical Tropical Tramp, received word that war was about to break in Nicaragua, and the insurgent party was hiring foreign soldiers. Sam had been lonesome for a war and he did not hesitate to join the "Foreign Legion" of four trouble hunters who set out in a small native boat for Bluefields.

They made their way to rebel headquarters and joined the rebel forces of General Mena, at Rama, Nicaragua. They were sent to the camp of General Gabe Conrad, who commanded the foreign company. From Rama the rebels marched into the interior and attacked the government forces of Zelaya the Dictator near the town of San Vicente. The fight was only a skirmish—but in it Sam received the first and only wound of his fighting career. He was always a little ashamed of that wound because of its location. To be accurate, the bullet hit him in the hip pocket when his back was turned toward the enemy. He said he had turned around to light a cigarette when some one shot him there just for meanness.

It was a serious wound and there was no doctor with the rebels. Gabe Conrad tried to console him. "Sam, if you should die, who do you want us to notify?"

"Nobody. I ain't goin' to die. Why, I can't die!" Sam answered indignantly.

"Why can't you die as well as anybody else?"

"Well, you see, I'm a Jew," Sam confided. "There ain't no Jewish cemetery in Nicaragua, so they wouldn't have any place to bury me. So I don't die."

It was a good argument. He speedily recovered.

AT San Vicente Dreben met a new soldier of fortune, Tracy Richardson, little more than a boy in years. The two became comrades and were to work together in many a desperate campaign.

Two men more opposite in character would be hard to find. Sam was happy-go-lucky. Tracy was tall, blue-eyed, and quiet. He did not carouse between battles. Yet he and Dreben made a perfect working combination. I think Richardson was the most expert machine gunner I have ever seen in action. Today he lives in Spokane, Washington, one of the last survivors of that restless legion who made history in the revolutions in Latin America before the World War.

From San Vicente the rebels moved inland toward the town of La Libertad. The government troops had appeared in force and were driving back the insurgents. General Mena's army made a forced march through the jungle and arrived in time to save the day. Dreben and Richardson operated the machine guns, while the other foreigners fought as sharpshooters or commanded squads of natives.

That night the Federals left their trenches in the hills and made a desperate charge on the rebel lines. Billy Pitman had planted a dynamite mine. It exploded a little too late. Half the enemy had crossed the danger zone and they closed with the rebels in hand-to-hand fighting with machetes. With friend and foe mixed in a mad slashing mêlée it was impossible to use the machine guns. Twice the Federals charged, but at last were driven back.

When morning lighted the field it was found that they had retreated. The rebels pursued, but they escaped. General Gabe Conrad was taken desperately ill and was left with a guard in a native shack. The rebels had to press forward to capture food.

In a native hut Dreben found a pot of chicken soup. He carried the pot back eight miles through the jungle to his stricken commander. Sam was hungry too, but the soup got to Conrad untouched. It was acts like this that made Sam popular with his comrades.

The rebels were winning the war. Three columns were advancing from different points on the capital, Managua. President Zelaya fled. Then occurred one of

Ambitious Smith Saves the Situation

By Stopping His COLD in a Hurry

① 6 P.M.
MARY, I'M CATCHING A TERRIBLE COLD... AND WE'VE GOT THE MEETING ON THAT BIG DEAL TOMORROW. -THROAT SORE, TOO. WHAT CAN I DO?
LISTEN, YOUR MOTHER'S DOCTOR TOLD HER OF THE SUREST WAY TO GET RID OF A COLD QUICK TODAY .... COME WITH ME...
TAKE THESE 2 BAYER ASPIRIN TABLETS -WE'LL DO THIS AGAIN IN A COUPLE OF HOURS
(A)
②
NOW DRINK THIS FULL GLASS OF WATER-ALL OF IT.
(B)
HE REPEATED THIS IN TWO HOURS
(A)
NOW, FOR YOUR SORE THROAT, WE'LL CRUSH AND DISSOLVE 3 BAYER ASPIRIN TABLETS IN ½ GLASS OF WATER TO GARGLE...
③
(B)
THAT WILL EASE THE SORENESS IN YOUR THROAT-INSTANTLY.
④ NEXT DAY -AT OFFICE
WELL, DEAR, I PUT OVER THE BIG DEAL. YES, COLD WAS PRACTICALLY GONE WHEN I GOT TO THE OFFICE.... THAT BAYER ASPIRIN TREATMENT FOR COLDS IS CERTAINLY FAST.
IT'S THE FASTEST WAY THERE IS!

Almost Instant Relief From Colds

IN THIS WAY

If you catch a cold—don't take chances with "cold killers" and nostrums. A cold may be dangerous to take chances on.

The simple method pictured above is the way doctors throughout the world now treat colds.

This is recognized as the QUICKEST, safest, surest way to treat a cold. For it often checks an ordinary cold almost as fast as you caught it. Just do this:

1. Take 2 Bayer Aspirin Tablets.
2. Drink Full Glass of Water. *Repeat treatment in 2 Hours.*
3. If throat is sore, crush and dissolve 3 Bayer Aspirin Tablets in a half glass of water and gargle. This eases the soreness in your throat almost instantly.

Your cold should be relieved quickly when you do this because the real BAYER Aspirin embodies certain medical qualities that strike at the base of a cold almost INSTANTLY.

You can combat nearly *any cold* you get simply by taking BAYER Aspirin as directed. *Sore throat* can be eased by gargling this way in two or three minutes, incredible as this may seem.

Ask your doctor about this. And when you buy, see that you get the real BAYER Aspirin. It dissolves almost instantly. And thus works almost instantly you take it internally. And for a gargle, it dissolves completely enough for this purpose. Get a box of 12 tablets or bottle of 24 or 100 at any drug store.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

Bayer Tablets Aspirin Genuine
BAYER

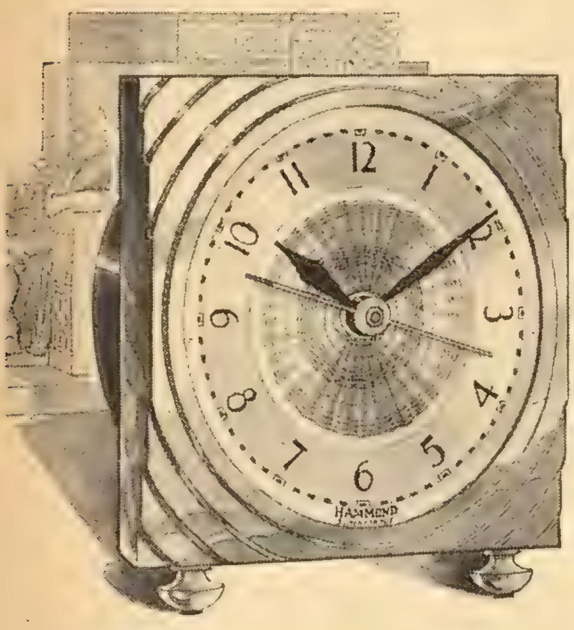
DOES NOT HARM THE HEART

IF YOU SPENT

$1,000

You couldn't buy a more accurate timekeeper

What a Christmas Gift!

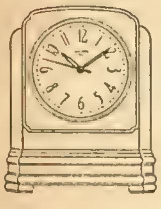


—and it's in keeping with the times. Where could you find a more useful article? Here truly is a gift that will be used as many as fifty times a day—not only a beautiful ornament but an indispensable accessory.

Hammond makes 27 different models, each one an art creation in itself. The model illustrated is one of the newest. It's the *Gloria Boudoir Clock.* The case is chrome plated with a silver-finished dial and a cloisonné-like colored centerpiece. It comes in a beautiful gift box, too.

With all its beauty and charm, it is more than an accurate electric timekeeper. It's an alarm too; yet there is no indication of this extra feature on the dial.

This beautiful gift number is a true example of the value you will find in Hammond merchandise. It costs only $6.50. It really looks to be worth twice as much.



The Clock of Clocks
for the mantel
The GLENMORA
—a Bichronous (non-stop) clock for $25.00

Here is the most beautiful Hammond clock ever produced. Modernism is the keynote. Its solid walnut case and the Carpathian elm burl overlay are just two of the details which make for its rich beauty. It has the famous and exclusive Hammond Bichronous (non-stop) movement—current interruptions do not stop it.

• • •

Write The Hammond Clock Company, 2915 N. Western Ave., Chicago, for a booklet describing all models. See them at your department or clock store, or send shipping instructions direct to the maker for either the Gloria or Glenmora.

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The HAMMOND CLOCK COMPANY
CHICAGO

those amazing incidents that read like comic opera. Tracy Richardson captured Managua single-handed.

He admits that he entered the government lines by accident. When he found himself surrounded by Federal troops he decided that a strong bluff was his only chance. Demanding to be taken to the commanding officer, he calmly called for the surrender of the city. He declared that he was a messenger sent by the rebel commander. After some argument the Federal general agreed. Tracy then had to hustle around to find a rebel general to accept the surrender in official style.

Ragged and hungry, the insurrectos hiked into Managua and staged a wild celebration. Juan Estrada had been made provisional president; General Mena, Dreben's commander, Minister of War.

Dressed in new white clothes, Dreben and Richardson took a ride around the capital. In a side street they spied a beautiful white horse tied to a fence. Sam was riding a sorry little nag. "Here's where this Jewish boy gets himself a new horse," he declared, and he mounted the fine steed. Natives told him a high official had been riding it. Sam thought it would be a good idea to disguise it, so taking his knife he carefully trimmed the flowing mane and tail.

His scheme did not work out so well. Some busybody reported the matter to the Minister of War and Sam and Tracy were summoned before General Mena.

"Men, you have caused me much trouble," he said mournfully. "It was all right, Richardson, when you stole the riding boots of the Federal courier—and it was all right, Dreben, when you stole the chickens. We were at war then, but now we are at peace.

"Now that the cause of liberty is won, Dreben, I command you not to steal horses. But if you have got to steal a horse, why, in the name of *Dios,* do you have to steal the pet horse of the president's brother, and then ruin him with a haircut? Even patriots have been shot for less."

IN a few days the foreigners were paid off. Dreben was forgiven, and as his share of the "*gratificación*" received $2,000 in gold and a tract of banana land. That night he lost the land and most of his money in a poker game.

After the peace jubilee in Managua he went with his friend Gabe Conrad back to Panama, and again started to look for a job. Then along came another war. General Lee Christmas, the most noted of all the Central American soldiers of fortune, was backing the revolt of General Bonilla in Honduras. Machine gunners were wanted and Sam got passage on a tramp steamer.

By this time the name of Sam Dreben was well known in the tropics. Christmas was glad to give him a commission. In the American contingent he found many of his old-time friends. Tracy Richardson was there, Guy Moloney, "Silent" MacDonald, and other wandering fighters.

That short war in Honduras, though deadly enough, was one of the most fantastic, funniest affairs ever seen.

The Battle of La Ceiba was probably the weirdest drama ever staged in Central America.

The insurgents had to take that port or starve. It may sound like an old soldier's yarn, but it is a fact that the battle was staged with ground rules like a baseball game, with a neutral strip of ground across which it was prohibited to fire, and that by mutual agreement the fight did not start until the whistle of the ice plant blew at eight A. M.

Crowds of civilian noncombatants gathered in the neutral zone, which was patrolled by both American and British marines. One enterprising native cleaned up a tidy sum by renting chairs to the sight-seers.

EARLY that morning Dreben went to General Christmas with the eternal question of the soldier, "When do we eat?"

Christmas stuck his hand in his pocket and pulled out a handful of little animal crackers—cats and dogs and elephants. It is a mystery where he found them.

"Eat these," he growled. "If you want any more chow you'll have to get it in La Ceiba. We have to take that town today or most of us will never eat again."

The whistle blew and the battle was on. The Federals had the best of the position, with a strong barricade. For the first hour the rebels were held at bay. Guy Moloney called the Americans together: "We have got to take that barricade or it's curtains for all of us. Come on." Dreben and Richardson led their squads in a charge. They waded waist-deep in surf and flanked the trenches. The rest of the rebel force charged yelling over the wall and closed in with machetes.

That night the insurrectos feasted in La Ceiba. The civilian population returned to town from the neutral zone, but it was noticed that they changed their red hatbands, indicating a Federal sympathizer, to the white and green of the rebels.

The government forces retired to the *monte,* and the insurgents captured Puerto Cortés. Word came that the government troops were concentrating at San Pedro Sula. The army of General Bonilla marched into the hills to attack. The battle, one of the hardest-fought of the war, ended when the enemy fled, leaving most of their supplies and animals.

Laden with the spoils of war the rebels returned to Puerto Cortés. As General Christmas was preparing his motley army for an advance on Tegucigalpa, the capital, a peace treaty was negotiated. With banners flying the rebels marched into the capital. Once more Lee Christmas had won.

He was given the rank of general and appointed chief of police of Tegucigalpa. General Bertran was named provisional president for a few weeks. Everything was looking peaceful when suddenly General Palma disarmed one of General Larra's soldiers.

Larra, who was very popular in Honduras, went to Palma's headquarters to demand an explanation. An officer on Palma's staff pulled his pistol and shot Larra.

In the battle that followed that day and the next, more than four hundred were killed. Dreben and Richardson were caught in the firing zone but very wisely viewed the mêlée from a stone store building.

It was not long after the capture of Tegucigalpa that Silent MacDonald came near ending the filibustering careers of half the American company. A strange-looking gun was found in the *cuartel.*

"That's an old friend of mine," declared MacDonald. "I saw it used in Cuba in 1898."

Beneath a long central barrel it had two short barrels. The idea was that small charges of black powder in these would compress gas in the upper tube and hurl a charge of dynamite. Silent decided to try it.

He loaded the gun. The rest of the gang took cover in a trench when he pulled the lanyard. The experiment was a grand success. He made the second charge a little stronger. The foreigners gathered around, now full of confidence in Mac's new toy. Again he yanked the lanyard. This time the full force of the dynamite blew backward. No one was killed, but that was a badly shell-shocked bunch of gringos.

That same gun is now in New York, on display as a curio in an army supply store on lower Broadway.

Guy Moloney proved his soldierly qualities in the World War, and was discharged with the rank of lieutenant colonel. Later he became chief of police of New Orleans. He is now in business in Tegucigalpa.

Gallant Lee Christmas, the most noted soldier of fortune since William Walker, died in New Orleans in January, 1924. An attempt was made to save his life with blood transfusion. Two of the men who gave blood were Moloney and Tracy Richardson.

SAM DREBEN—"Colonel" Dreben now—returned to New Orleans. This time he held on to his money for several weeks. One of his first investments was in a wardrobe: ten tailor-made suits—dress clothes, Tuxedo, morning coat, and the niftiest possible line of suitings, vestings, and pantings. After he went broke he sold them all to the secondhand dealers and was able to keep on eating for quite a while.

No one knows why he usually selected San Francisco to go broke in. It is just as easy to spend your money in New Orleans. In this case he had heard about the building of the magic city which was to house the World's Fair. He wanted to give it a look-see.

Again he found himself job-hunting. Two companies were competing for the contract to supply the World's Fair with fancy fireworks. Sam was made exclusive agent for one of them, with a promise of a fat commission if he landed the contract.

The company shipped him a wagon-load of fancy fireworks, and he was told to give a free show to the committee which would close the deal. He got permission to use a remote part of the fair grounds, and had his fireworks hauled there.

He felt so good about it all that he went early to the scene that fateful evening. It was a foggy night; he carried along a quart of whisky. Night fell and the fog swept in over the bay. He braced himself with a little drink. Half an hour passed, and he raised his morale with another. The committee was not due for an hour, so he fought that fog with a few more little smiles.

HE uncovered his fireworks just to see if they were all right. Then he had a grand idea. He would shoot one to see if the fog had dampened the powder.

"Say, if you haven't seen fireworks against a fog you ain't seen anything yet!" he declared afterward. "There was rainbows and shootin' stars. It was grand. I took another drink and decided to try it again.

"This was a big piece built on a framework. On the level, it was George Washington. I always admired him, so I took another drink. Right out of that fog came the American eagle flapping his wings with little pin wheels gallyhootin' off in the sky. I just had to cheer and take another drink.

"By and by I discovered that all my fireworks was gone except the biggest piece. There was one drink left in the bottle. I took it and touched her off. As sure as I'm talkin', it was the American flag wavin' right there in the sky. I stood at attention and saluted.

"Just then I saw the committee comin'. I about-faced and filed through the gate. That was the way I lost that job."

That must have been a grand jag. Somehow Sam managed to raise the price of a ticket back to New Orleans. To his delight, he found that there was another little war and the promoters of the revolt were paging him. This time it was in Mexico.

Colonel Sam's comic-opera conquest of the Mexican state of Campeche; his ground-and-lofty friendship with Louis Wolheim, the pugnacious pacifist educator who was later to become the screen's best-loved heavy; his solo fight to a stand-off against Pancho Villa's whole force of wild cavalry; his deadly machine-gunning partnership with Tracy Richardson, and their hairbreadth escape when stood against a wall—these will be some of the high lights in next week's installment of The Fighting Jew.

A New "HIGH" in Christmas Gifts—

Electric Bridge Table

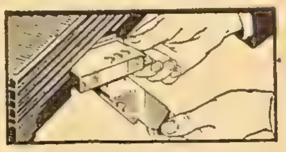
DE LUXE!

IT SHUFFLES
...AND DEALS
AUTOMATICALLY

WHAT a gift for a bridge-playing friend or a bridge-playing family — this new Hammond Electric Bridge Table that shuffles and deals the cards automatically.

Just put in the deck of cards and presto! they're magically shuffled and dealt by the clever concealed mechanism underneath the table top. Never a chance for a misdeal. Never a chance for an upturned card. And the shuffle itself is scientifically correct — chance alone determining where the cards will fall.

1



Slip in the deck. That starts the automatic, scientific shuffling and dealing. While you play one hand the next is being made ready

The Hammond Electric Bridge Table speeds up the entire bridge game — you get in more rubbers each evening. And what a thrill surprised guests receive when first they lift the table top and see exactly the wonders science hath wrought when it comes to mechanically dealing cards.

2

Here's your new hand! The Hammond Electric Bridge Table deals it into a pocket in the side of the table—one in front of each player

The table itself is a beautiful piece of furniture. The framework an example of real craftsmanship in wood. The light colored panels are covered with Avodire veneer and the dark colored lower strips and centerpiece rich brown American walnut. The padded top is a dark brown suede-like fabric, selected as the best known material for playing surface. Sturdy folding legs.

The Hammond Electric Bridge Table, made by The Hammond Clock Company, is on display and sale now at better stores throughout the country. As is every Hammond product, it is a precision article. Over a full year of actual playing test and improvement. Price, $37.50.

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CHICAGO

TRAGIC, FISTIC,

By BEVERLY HILLS

John Boles and Margaret Sullavan in Only Yesterday, which marks Miss Sullavan's first movie appearance.

(Reading time: 6 minutes 56 seconds.)

1 star means fairly good. 3 stars, excellent.
2 stars, good. 4 stars, extraordinary.

★★★ ONLY YESTERDAY

THE PLAYERS: Margaret Sullavan, John Boles, Billie Burke, Reginald Denny, Jimmy Butler, Edna May Oliver, Benita Hume, June Clyde, Oscar Apfel, Walter Catlett, and others. Directed by John Stahl.

IN this, her first picture, Margaret Sullavan has as unhappy a career as any heroine this year. She is a sentimental Virginia girl who meets a lieutenant at a dance, has an affair with him, and is waiting for him, with a son, when he gets back from France. The lieutenant (John Boles) does not even remember her face and promptly marries a hard-boiled brunette (Benita Hume).

Margaret Sullavan ten years later is on the point of marrying some one else when she meets Boles again at a New Year's party. No longer a sentimentalist, she is still in love with him and he still has only the dimmest intuition that they have met before. Before she dies, of heart disease, she writes Boles a letter explaining what has happened between them and telling him about their son. Boles gets it the day his Stock Exchange firm has failed.

The beginning of the picture shows him on the point of committing suicide, pausing when he sits down at the desk to open the letter first.

John Stahl, who directed Back Street last year, puts the same sort of emotion into this picture, but Only Yesterday is a stronger story. The only apparent weakness in it is the character of the lieutenant, who at all important moments in his life somehow contrives to behave in the condescending manner of a matinée idol giving an admirer his autograph. As a chronicle of defeated love and unrewarded loyalty, Only Yesterday has grace, reticence, and power. The scene between Boles and Margaret Sullavan when she is saying good-by to him on the morning after their second meeting would, almost by itself, be enough to make it one of the important pictures of the season.

★★★ THE PRIZEFIGHTER AND THE LADY

THE PLAYERS: Myrna Loy, Max Baer, Primo Carnera, Jack Dempsey, Walter Huston, Otto Kruger, Vince Barnett, Robert McWade, Muriel Evans, Jean Howard. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke.

One of the many advantages of the movies over the theater lies in the way the former can capitalize on reputations acquired in other fields than acting. When a prizefighter gets on a stage, for instance, he immediately becomes as uneasy as a pig on roller skates, and if, as is usually the case, the script calls for a fight, he usually makes you feel that a Shubert chorus boy could outpoint him in ten rounds. In the movies there is no audience to make an athletic celebrity self-conscious. A director can do each scene bit by bit.

The necessity for such mental gymnastics as memorizing lines almost disappears. The result is that a performer who has received his histrionic training in an open-air gymnasium or a swimming pool often turns in a better job than an actor who has had fifteen years' experience in stock.

Carnera, Max Baer, and Dempsey in a scene from the fistic picture, The Prizefighter and the Lady.

Max Baer's performance in The Prizefighter and the Lady is a case in point. Supported by such bit-part players as Dempsey and Primo Carnera, he gives a first-rate account of himself, and his bout with Carnera is considerably more convincing than any real heavyweight fight in the last five years.

Baer is an easy-going young heavyweight whose light-hearted philanderings drive his manager (Walter Huston) to drink and his wife (Myrna Loy) into the arms of a friendly racketeer. Another reason—which suggests that professional acting still has its uses in Hollywood—is the smartness of Myrna Loy's performance. She makes you feel that what she likes about Baer is precisely the ingenuous awkwardness which his behavior naturally shows when he is not playing with a punching bag or pounding Primo Carnera. Even when she tells Huston that she loves Baer because he is just a little boy at heart, you are likely to believe her.

Whether or not Baer really plans to give up fighting and settle down in Hollywood remains to be seen, but his obvious satisfaction with himself and his surroundings in The Prizefighter and the Lady gives a good-humored quality that makes it one of the most likable pictures of the season.

Margaret Sullavan as an Unhappy Heroine; Myrna Loy in a Pugilistic Atmosphere; the Marx Brothers in Their Latest Comedy; and Constance Bennett as a Secret Service Siren

ANTIC

Director Van Dyke, who is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's specialist in wild animals and athletes, showed good sense by using—instead of the local color which is usually overdone in fight pictures—shots like one of a brief conversation between Dempsey and Willard, or of Carnera's real manager objecting to a referee.

★★★ DUCK SOUP

THE PLAYERS: Groucho Marx, Chico Marx, Harpo Marx, Zeppo Marx, Raquel Torres, Louis Calhern, Margaret Dumont, Verna Hillie, Leonid Kinsky, Edmund Breese, Edwin Maxwell. Directed by Leo McCarey.

Fredonia, the mythical country which is the scene of this picture, appears on close inspection to be one of the most unfortunate principalities that could be imagined. Groucho Marx is its dictator. Zeppo Marx is his secretary. The other two are spies for a neighboring province.

Duck Soup is the latest vehicle for the four Marx brothers. Harpo is shown above with Verna Hillie.

Groucho immediately makes it his business to insult the most important ambassador in his capital, dictate a letter to his dentist which makes no sense whatever, disorganize a cabinet meeting, and hire Harpo as his chauffeur. As a chauffeur Harpo is almost as incompetent as he is in the capacity of spy. He dresses himself in a costume that looks like a tail coat cut down from a pair of overalls, keeps a pair of scissors in his vest for destructive purposes, and answers telephones without speaking by the use of bells and horns which he keeps concealed about his person. In his efforts to help his confederate, Chico contrives to be almost as much of a nuisance as the other two. He rolls a peanut wagon under the front windows of the Fredonian White House and makes such a disturbance that Groucho eventually hires him as commander in chief of the army. This turns out to be all for the worst when Fredonia becomes involved in a war. The war ends with Groucho, Chico, Harpo, and Zeppo throwing grapefruit and apples at Fredonia's first lady.

If you happen to like the Marx brothers, all these deplorable activities turn out to be enormously comic.

Whether you like Duck Soup better than Animal Crackers or Horse Feathers will depend on which of the Marx brothers makes you laugh most. Groucho's gags seemed to us to be a shade less lunatic than they were in Horse Feathers, but Harpo has never been more frighteningly funny than he is in this picture when he first produces his pocket cigarette lighter. It turns out to be a plumber's blowtorch.

★★ AFTER TONIGHT

THE PLAYERS: Constance Bennett, Gilbert Roland, Edward Ellis, Sam Godfrey, Lucien Prival, Mischa Auer, Ben Hendricks, Leonid Snegoff, Evelyn Carter Carrington. Directed by George Archainbaud.

However the operations of European undercover agents are conducted in reality, they are always conducted the same way in the movies. This time it is Constance Bennett, as a Russian operative called K-14, who keeps herself busy scribbling memorandums in invisible ink, jingling hollow coins, opening and closing sliding panels, and "contacting" her associates for, apparently, no better purpose than to pass the time of day.

It looks for a while as though she would be unable to find time for her other duties—falling in love with a spy for the enemy—but she contrives to do it eventually, and there arrives the scene in which her lover is torn between patriotism and his personal affection.

Neatly put together and smoothly acted, After Tonight is a satisfactory sample of its type. It contains among other things a good sequence in which Gilbert Roland, already almost positive that Constance Bennett is the spy he has been assigned to arrest, tries to let her guess what he knows without telling her about the trap he has arranged to catch her if her guesswork fails.

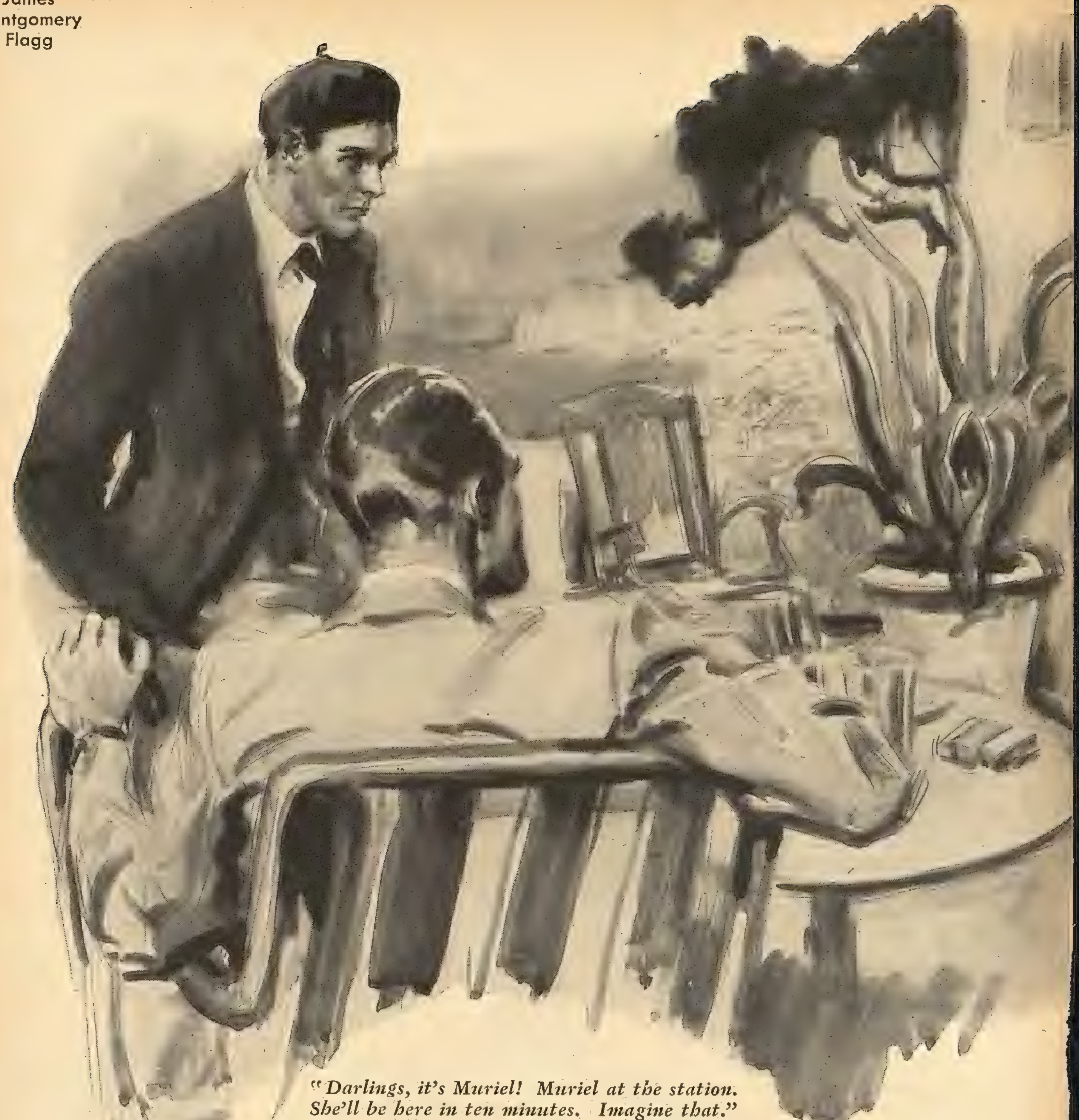
FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Bowery, The Private Life of Henry VIII, Bitter Sweet, The Power and the Glory, Berkeley Square, F. P. 1, Lady for a Day, Bed of Roses, Dinner at Eight, Noah's Ark, The Warrior's Husband, Thunder Over Mexico.

★★★—Only Yesterday, The Prizefighter and the Lady, Duck Soup, Cradle Song, Man's Castle, College Coach, Blonde Bombshell, The Way to Love, I'm No Angel, Take a Chance, Tillie and Gus, Ann Vickers, Footlight Parade, The Solitaire Man, S O S Iceberg, Wild Boys of the Road, The Emperor Jones, Too Much Harmony, My Weakness, I Loved a Woman, Torch Singer, Bureau of Missing Persons, Turn Back the Clock, One Man's Journey, Night Flight, Broadway to Hollywood, Paddy the Next Best Thing, Morning Glory, The Man Who Dared, Another Language, Double Harness, The Stranger's Return, Pilgrimage, Good-bye Again, I Loved You Wednesday, Voltaire, Peg o' My Heart, Gold Diggers of 1933, The Silver Cord, Looking Forward.

Constance Bennett and Gilbert Roland, rival spies in After Tonight. Inevitably, they fall in love.

Illustrations by
James
Montgomery
Flagg



"Darlings, it's Muriel! Muriel at the station. She'll be here in ten minutes. Imagine that."

Forever,

PART III—CONCLUSION

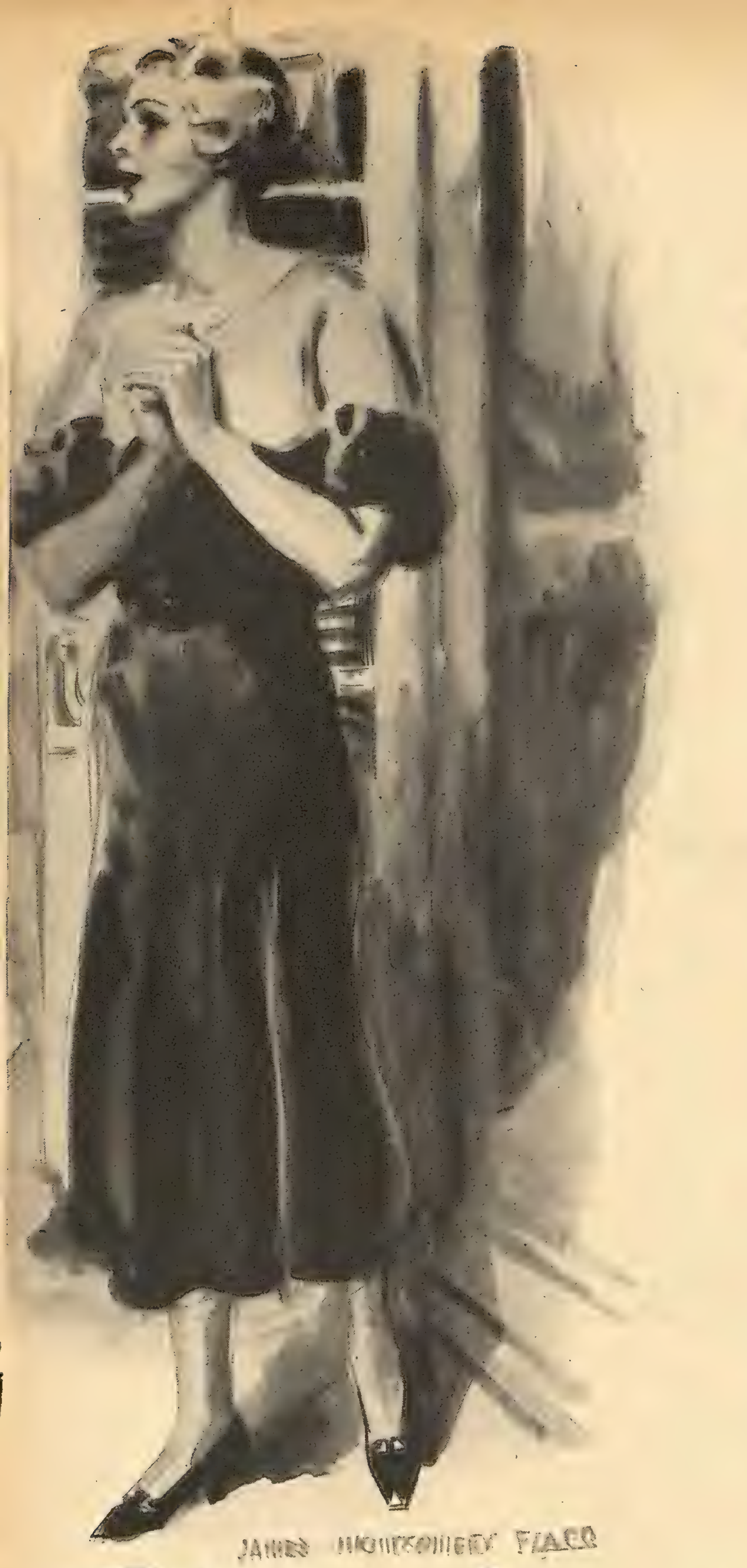
IT was a gay Helena, full of conversation about the school friend with whom she had dined, and the school friend's marriage, and philosophical (more or less) as to the change life in the Middle West had effected in the school friend.

Helena was pretty and cool and composed. We were all, I think, grateful that she felt talkative.

She had coffee with us. I said, somewhere between two of her sentences, that Jeffrey had spent the night with me because of the storm. He started to interrupt me in my carefully slow-spoken sentence then.

But Muriel spoke quickly to Helena, asking her some inane question about the severity of the storm in New York. Its very inanity, and Helena's indifferent answer, lessened the tension there, and after Helena answered there was a second's silence. An oriole in the branches of a great maple sang to the morning, and we heard the

A Poignant Novel of Tangled Loves, and Youth that Lived for the Moment



By

URSULA PARROTT

Perhaps!

voices of the children drawing nearer across the lawn. They came in, Stephen and Dorothea, talking very fast and happily of some children's party to be given on Saturday at a house down the road. Helena stooped to kiss her own pretty daughter, and then gave Muriel's son a casual friendly kiss too as he passed her chair.

In that second also I thought that Jeffrey would speak—in the second when Helena's face bent close to the face of the little boy, who had his mother's glowing eyes. But Muriel in that instant stood up, moved close to Jeffrey, and looked at him imploringly.

Jeffrey and Muriel looked at Helena. And I, who was separated from the complexities of modern living by accident, as Helena was separated by a temperament that ignored them, watched them look at her. And I knew then that they might have been each other's salvation—that something burning between them was strong enough to burn away all the trivialities that cumbered their days, but that their strength itself would keep them from trampling on her weakness—that in her confident helplessness she would always be victorious over them.

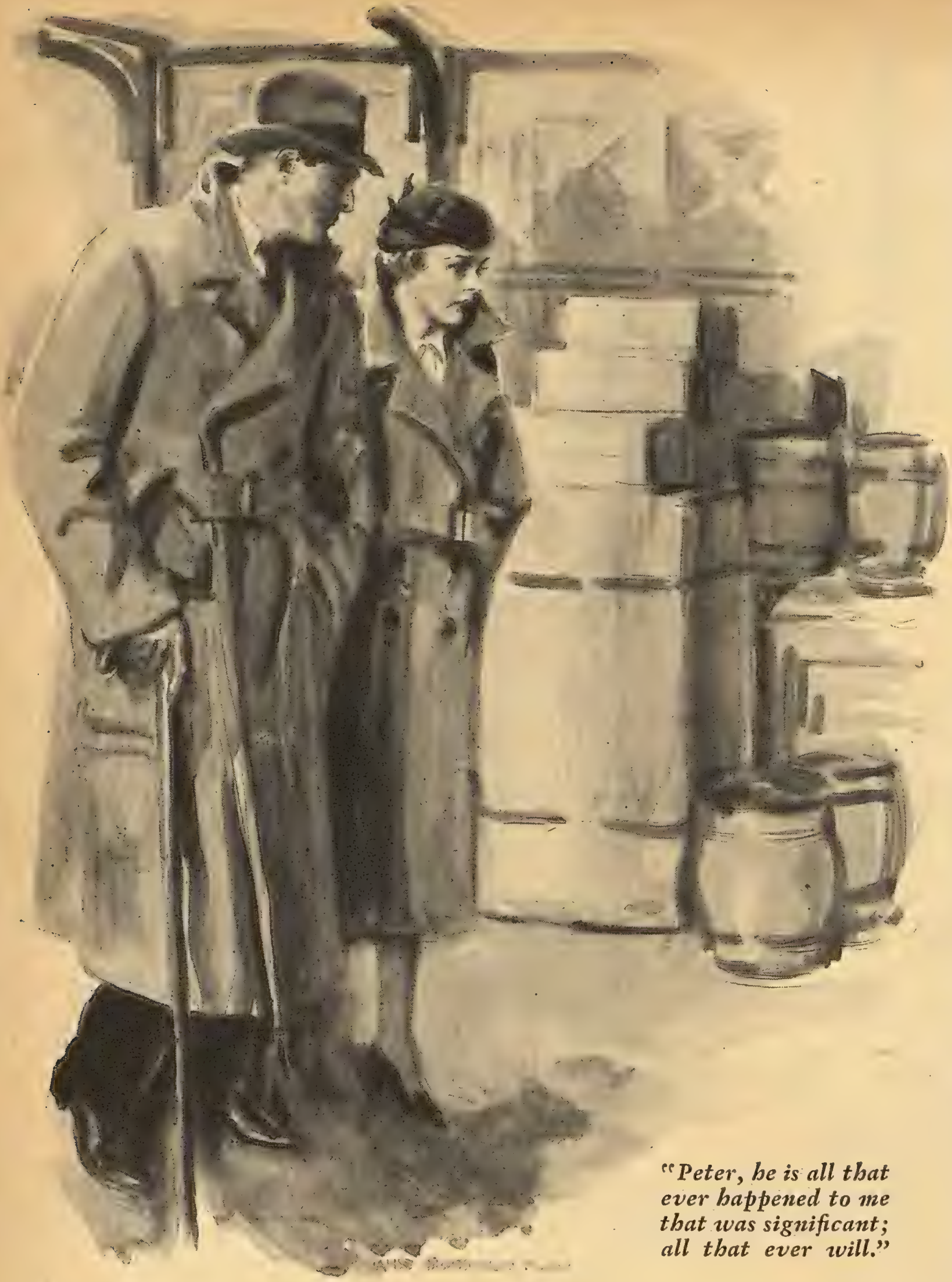
FROM the decision they made that sunlit cool morning they never wavered at all. Jeffrey was Helena's good husband, Muriel was Helena's best friend. And they were lovers in secret. Not happily, lovers. Any indictments that could be made against them they made against themselves, but never against each other. And never, to my knowledge—and I was thrown in daily contact with them all—did they snatch an hour together at Helena's expense at first. I mean just this. They never told her lies, to escape her. They saw each other alone when they could—when she chose to visit some friend or to spend a day shopping in town.

The friendship between Helena and Muriel deepened and widened, but it was one of those women's intimacies which no man could estimate truly.

The summer passed. The year passed. Jeffrey, amazingly enough, wrote a book. It was a fairly good book about the effect of the war on a little American town, on the changes made in its young men who returned. The book was sufficiently successful so that Jeffrey gave up his Wall Street job, which was more or less a sinecure anyway, and wrote a series of short stories of small-town life.

He did not become famous. He did not become even an author potentially of first importance. But, in Helena's eyes, he who had always fulfilled superbly the functions of amiable husband and excellent provider became now a great man.

I have seen Jeffrey and Muriel being gentle with her, being genuinely touched by the simplicity which was a quality they both had lost, and being driven quite mad by her innocent admiration of him. She was honest enough and intelligent enough to recognize and to say that, but for Muriel's friendship, Muriel's encouragement, Jeffrey would never have written his novel. She said to me, not once but twenty times through a year, " You know, Peter, Muriel has a flair for recognizing talent. It's so unfortunate that she married some one stupid, like Stephen Mills, and that he made her so unhappy she's lost interest in marriage.



"Peter, he is all that ever happened to me that was significant; all that ever will."

She would make a wonderful wife for a man of talent." I used to agree with her always.

But it happened that Jeffrey's minor career—which was an enormous comfort to him, though he never took it too seriously—brought about a long severance between Muriel and Jeffrey.

IT came about like this. Helena's travel experience consisted of a summer trip to Europe and various visits with school friends through the eastern United States, besides the usual winter cruises to Bermuda and Havana that were common with the moderately well-to-do in the postwar years. But, it appeared, she had a secret ambition to spend a winter in the south of France.

Jeffrey now was a writer, and by Heaven's grace a writer with an adequate private income (a fact for which Helena never gave sufficient thanks to destiny). Therefore, as she saw it, Jeffrey should have a year in the south of France, to talk about literature with other writers.

She began admitting her ambition for a season in the south of France along about February, toward the end of the first winter Jeffrey and Muriel were lovers. Destiny helped her in that she was ill that springtime with an influenza that verged on pneumonia, and that she did not recover quickly.

I remember that summer, a year from the night of the great storm—how fragilely lovely Helena was, how completely happy with her newly famous husband and her trusted best friend. I remember the three of them embarked on gay casual trips through the countryside fragrant of June.

That was the year Jeffrey bought his first de luxe car and developed his passion for driving, alone or sometimes with me or more rarely with Muriel (Helena did not like fast night driving), along the scented roadways late at night, driving superbly, sending the twelve cylinders roaring through the darkness.

ONCE only I drove with him and Muriel. I liked the sensation of speed myself. It was the only release possible for a man whose life was as completely sedentary as mine. But that night I drove with them I was almost frightened once or twice. At them rather than at the speed. They laughed together as I had not heard them laugh since they rode wild horses nearly a decade before.

They were, too clearly, trying to ride away from themselves.

Sometime toward that summer's end a crisis came between them. I never knew precisely what it was, but it was clear enough from scraps of conversation they exchanged in front of me—me whom they burdened with no more precise confidences but from whom they never troubled to conceal their affection for each other either—that the petty deceits they had to practice, the sense of guilt and shameful intrigue with which they often had to live, brought them momentarily to the point of wishing to escape from each other.

In any event, they came back from one of their long swift drives through the summer night so silent, so strained that a less innocent woman than Helena would have guessed the truth instantly. But she told them that they both were tired, and scolded Jeffrey gently for taking Muriel for so long a drive so late at night.

Jeffrey had, up to that evening, given twenty more or less bad reasons for his reluctance to go to France. Now suddenly he said, "I've thought over your idea for a winter on the Riviera, Helena. You are right. It would be good for me. Let's make plans to sail in October."

She was as pleased as a little girl newly in receipt of everything she has wanted for Christmas. She made plans, talking happily, for the sort of villa she would rent, the arrangements she would make to secure certified milk from Paris for little Helena, the clothes she would buy in New York, the clothes she would buy in Paris.

Muriel and Jeffrey sat, almost completely silent, watching her. There was a shadow over Jeffrey's dark looks. I thought, regarding him, that there was a curious desperateness in the very steadiness of his composure, the deliberateness of his smile. I looked at Muriel. She was, as always latterly, secret, composed, lovely. But that evening, for the first time, I knew how she would look when she was old.

Her face was drawn, so that her features looked thinner than usual. Her beauty was a little fine worn, a little grown tired.

She came with me to see them sail. She kissed them both good-by—the correct casual kiss of an old friend wishing old friends *bon voyage*.

She waved with the proper enthusiasm to Helena's excited orchid-decorated figure. But when they had sailed, when she was walking down the dock with me, where a bleak wind off the North River blew in through all the apertures, something slipped in her face.

She clung to my arm as if for once really in her life she wanted my support. And her light quick step faltered for a minute.

She said very quietly, "Peter, he is all that ever happened to me that was significant; all that ever will."

I said, "I know."

She smiled with some effort. "We've given each other up, you know. We couldn't— Too many stupid little lies. It got all sordid."

I said, "You and I are going to the smartest speakeasy I know—and it's quite smart: it's the one to which my clients take me when they want to persuade me that right is on their side and it obviously isn't. We are going to have too many cocktails, and champagne, and I am going to tell you all the sorrows of my life. It will distract you."

She said, "Let's do that."

Muriel was rather hard up that winter and went to work as the second lead in an unimportant comedy that achieved a three or four months' run, so that I saw very little of her. Occasionally we dined together and she read me her letters from Helena or I read her mine. They were charming letters full of descriptions of shops and scenery, with occasional quotations of passages from Jeffrey's new book, which, judging from the quotations, did not seem to me to be likely to be anywhere nearly as good as his first one.

MURIEL and Jeffrey had meant, I am sure, to make their separation a permanent severance. But whether they recognized their need for each other, or whether it was just that the passing of months blurred their recollection of the subterfuges and deceits that had brought them to the point of antagonism, and left clear only their knowledge that they loved and wanted each other, I am not certain. They were in correspondence again by New Year's.

Muriel spent Sundays always with her son, who lived for the rest of the week in a small boys' school that was much more tranquil and orderly than any life his mother might have evolved with him.

One rainy Sunday in January she telephoned me and asked me over for tea. Her show was just closing, she said. I knew that, having read the notices. And I knew it was not to tell me that that she had summoned me. She was curiously excited. She said finally, with no introduction, "Well, I'm sailing for London in ten days. I have a chance to do twelve weeks with the English company of Strangers. My part isn't more than a bit."

I said, "I take it that you're accepting it, then, because London is much nearer the Riviera than New York."

She did not answer directly. She sat smoking, staring into the fire. Then she said, "The salary's almost enough to pay my hotel bill. You know, Peter, we weren't all born weak. We are capable, some of us, of extreme strength. But something keeps us wavering."

I said, "Who's to define strength and weakness? I'm going on a Mediterranean cruise myself."

I HAD just then made up my mind. The winter had been unpleasant. There was nothing of particular importance imminent in my law practice, and time had sufficiently reconciled me to my deformities so that I no longer minded meeting strangers—had, in fact, some mild curiosity to see as much of the world as might be comfortably managed from a boat deck.

I thought also that I might stop over and spend some days with Helena and Jeffrey.

She sailed, and I sailed some weeks later. I sent from Marseilles a last-minute wire to Helena and Jeffrey warning them of my arrival. I had not written because I thought it would be rather amusing to descend on my little sister with no special warning, and see what sort of ménage she ran, in soft-voiced bad French no doubt, without letting her make long preparations in honor of my arrival.

I left the ship then—I was to rejoin it at Naples—and went by car to their villa, which was perched on a cliff overlooking a Mediterranean perhaps not as blue as Helena's expectations of it.

She looked very well and as serene as ever, and the child had grown enormously. But Jeffrey looked simply dreadful.

Helena was a good hostess. I was in flannels, comfortable with a cool drink, on the terrace that overlooked the sea, admiring Helena's early roses and the warmth of the afternoon sunlight, concerning which she was a little proprietary too, before she told me that my unexpected arrival had postponed for her a long-planned trip to Paris.

"My dear, I don't mind at all," she said. "I'll go next week, after you've left. But it is fortunate that your telegram came when it did. I should have left for my train within another ten minutes."

Jeffrey looked at me suddenly as if I were the person he disliked most in the world. And I began to guess the truth. I did not have long in which

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to remain at all uncertain. The sun had not slipped from the terrace before the telephone rang. Jeffrey started to answer it, but Helena said, " Never mind, darling," and reached it first.

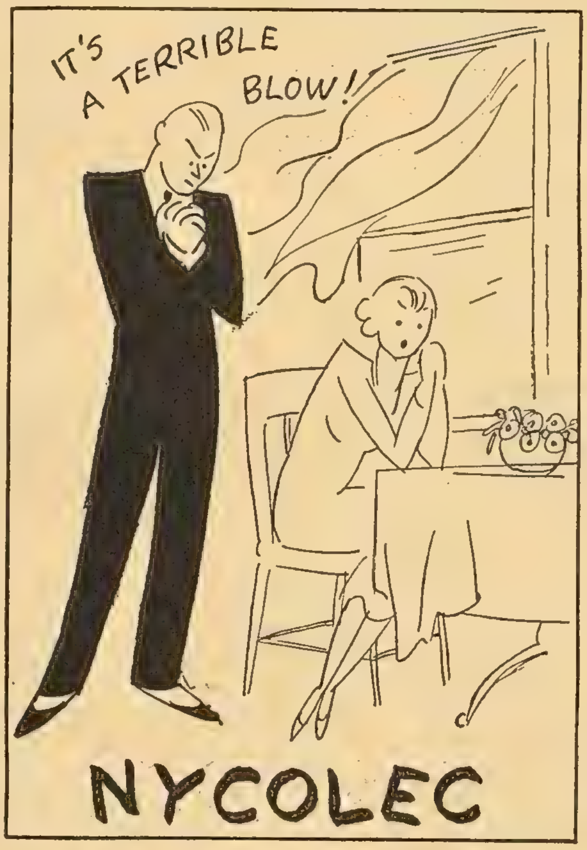
I missed two or three of Helena's enthusiastic sentences. Then she hung up the receiver and came running out to us, her face pink with excitement. She said, " Darlings, it's Muriel! Muriel at the station. She'll be here in ten minutes. Imagine that! Her English play closed earlier than she expected, and she thought she'd come down and surprise us for a few days before she went home."

She excused herself and went to make some arrangements about Muriel's room. Jeffrey did not speak at all, but stood smoking, staring at his pleasant vista of shore and sea, not looking at me.

I said, " I'm frightfully sorry, Jeff. It's the most unfortunate coincidence."

He tried to make his voice cordial. He said, " Not your fault. You couldn't know."

Then we heard Muriel's taxi coming up the drive, and we were all, he and I and Helena, telling her how glad we were to see her.



The jumbled letters at the bottom of the picture form a real word when put together in the proper order. A clue to the word will be found in the conversation of the people in the picture. The unjumbled word will be found on page 49.

She was very white, but she had had time, in her ten minutes' taxi journey, to estimate what had happened, and she was as composed as Jeffrey.

What lies they had finally brought themselves to tell, what weeks they had spent writing and planning, in the hope of achieving four or five days together, Heaven knows. The accident of my telegram had postponed Helena's long-arranged journey, and that was that.

We all spent four days together in which Helena and Jeffrey showed us conscientiously as much of the Riviera as possible. Then I had to leave for Naples, and Muriel for Paris. Her sailing was booked from Cherbourg. She and Helena went to Paris on the same train. Jeffrey, it appeared, could not take the time off from his book to go with them. So he had explained to Helena for weeks.

That was their last meeting in almost two years.

Helena and Jeffrey stayed an extra year in France for such divergent reasons as that his second book was a failure and he disliked coming home to face it; living was cheap and pleasant; and Helena persuaded him that she wanted another child.

That last was an unfortunate adventure. The child, a boy who might have brought them closer, lived only a month or two, and its loss made them both a little embittered and restless.

MURIEL, at about the time we had the news that the child was expected, got herself engaged to a correct and very dull architect who was old enough to be her father. But the engagement dwindled through a season and came to nothing in the end. I never expected that it would come to anything.

After that was ended she began to take a mild interest in politics. Her affairs were now in fairly good order and she seemed tired of the theater. So politics interested her for the duration of a campaign.

It was in the early summer, when Helena and Jeffrey had been gone almost two years, that Helena wrote to say they were coming home. She wrote warmly that she had missed me, that it would be pleasant to live close by a dependable brother the rest of her life. There was something a little old, a little beaten in the tone of her letter, and I wondered briefly if she had any special worry about Jeffrey that she did not mention.

Then I read on through her meticulous directions for the opening of her house, and decided that I was mistaken, that she was not changed at all.

The day her letter came, Muriel was dining with me. I said, after we were through discussing the future of the Democratic Party, " Jeffrey and Helena will be home in three weeks." But I could tell by her face, as I said it, that she knew already.

She did not try to conceal that. She said indifferently, " Jeff wrote me. I don't know whether I'm glad or not."

I said, with as much impatience as I ever showed her, " It's an obsession, Muriel. Not that that matters. What does matter is that you are wasting all your youth over it."

SHE traced the shadow a candlestick flung across the tablecloth with a long finger on which for some fancy she had worn that evening the great sapphire Stephen Mills gave her. The candelight shadowed her eyes and warmed her shoulders. She looked very beautiful sitting there, though her beauty was not as vivid as it used to be. She sipped her coffee, said slowly, " I've never found anything I prefer to do than to waste what's left of my youth over Jeffrey. I've tried hard enough to find something, from time to time."

I poured her some cognac. She sat warming the glass between her hands, staring at the candles. She always dressed very carefully to dine with me, because she knew it pleased me.

She said suddenly, " You've been in love with me ten years, Peter. Yet you've never asked me to marry you. I've wondered about that."

Some echo of old bitterness—bitterness I thought I was finished with, as finished as with the hopes that died before it—caught at me so sharply, so suddenly that for a moment I could not speak. I said then, " You've had moods, no doubt, when you would have married me out of pity."

She looked at me. She said, " It's a better reason than many for marrying. I am sorry, Peter; I did not mean to hurt you. And you are right, of course."

But she put one of her hands, very sweetly, very gently, against mine on the table. I said, " I don't care what you do."

She laughed a little ruefully. " That's my trouble, too—that I don't care what I do either, Peter. So let's talk about Jeffrey. I want you to, and you don't mind really. He and I interest you from your perfectly detached viewpoint."

It was my turn to laugh without much mirth at that. There was a good deal of truth in it.

She said, " His second book was awfully bad. I doubt if he could be a first-rate novelist anyway. But he has to go on trying at that, because he hasn't found anything else. It is really important." She hesitated, and then went on. " Whatever he might have been that was first-rate got lost in the well known smoke of battle, to be as absurd as possible about it. And in that marriage of his to your charming sister " (it was the first time I ever heard exasperation in her voice about Helena), " who just is plain no good for him. Because she is too good to him, perhaps."

I said, " That's true enough. He would have been better off with you, if only because you would have had imagination enough to spend always a little more than he made, and so keep him working hard."

She said, "Precisely. And I'll keep him working hard at a third novel. It's pretty clear to me that he's been drinking his head off these last months. I'll stop that to a degree."

I said, "And then what?"

She said, "And then—nothing. I'll come as near as I ever reach to feeling I'm useful and necessary during the months that we manage our stupid trivial cheap affair and I manage to make him do some good work. He'll come as near as he ever does come, poor Jeff, to thinking that he's a really important person, because I love him enough to die for him and can't take him for granted, as Helena always does. After his book comes out Helena will decide, for reasons that are sound for her, to go see the south of Spain or the south of Africa or something. And that will be that, again."

"It just isn't good enough," I said very lamely.

She said, "Give me some more cognac and tell me something better. We all grow old without growing up. I am so breathless, really, at the thought of seeing him that I shall walk up and down my bedroom all night until dawn because I can't sleep. So I plan to stay very late at your house and make the time before dawn seem a little shorter."

I laughed and said, "I'll make you play cribbage. It's the best game for a restless mood."

So we played cribbage.

BUT Muriel never quite managed to get Jeffrey to finish his third book. I have what exists of the manuscript in my desk now, and sometimes, when I blame Jeffrey for the waste he made of his life, and of hers that I valued more, I take it out and read the pages in Helena's careful typing that has begun to fade a very little. It was in France, I believe, that she learned to type, after her second child died—to be, as she said, useful to Jeffrey in his work.

He touched in that uncompleted manuscript heights of understanding of the chaotic pattern of his days, and of himself who was so molded by them, that he never touched before. It is the story of the life of a man who was ambitious and was restless, impatient but not unscrupulous; a man hard bitten by the absurd desire to make some logical sense of the web of irrelevant incidents, of inconsistent emotions that enveloped him.

A man who could never decide what among the things he could have was the thing he wanted most.

When I have finished rereading the pages I cannot blame him any more. I do not know what solution he had evolved for the hero of his book. As I say, he did not finish it. I was at his house the night he stopped working on it. He was then two months home from France, and somewhat leaner and soberer than when he arrived. He had been working constantly for some weeks. At the end of one of them he came to a break in his manuscript and said he wanted to celebrate. So Helena telephoned me and Muriel and gave a very good impromptu dinner party.

It was an October Saturday, a day of violent rain, with a high wind blowing cold with the promise of winter. But the rain had stopped, briefly, when I went to call for Muriel. So she said she wanted to walk the little distance between her house and Helena's. We walked through the windy dusk, the wet red leaves blown heavy against our feet, in silence for most of the way.

But when we turned the bend of the street, where we could see through the trees the lights in Helena's drawing-room, she spoke quickly: "Do something for me, Peter. The book's so amazingly good it frightens me—because—because if it is as good as it promises to be it's a sort of justification for Jeffrey and me—" She changed that quickly: "For me, at least. Men don't need justifications so much."

I said, "My dear, you are doing this very badly. Tell me what you want me to do for you. I can't decide at all, not from those rapid sentences."

She stood still and took my arm. "It's this. Get Helena to stop explaining to Jeffrey her philosophy of life—at least until he's done with the book."

I laughed out loud. I said, "I thought from your tone of voice it was something of ghastly importance."

She laughed too, but she said, "It might be, pretty

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nearly. You know, she gets him to read aloud what he's done each day. It pleases her, and why not?"

I knew that. I knew also that a complete carbon, what Helena called "Jeffrey's private carbon," was locked in Muriel's writing desk; and what shifts he was forced to make to get her the new chapters promptly, because he wanted to discuss them with her, I could imagine well enough.

Muriel went on talking: "But he's writing of a person with very complex motives and impulses. And when Helena cuts in with a simple childlike observation as to why the man should not have felt that way—I sometimes think Jeffrey will throw a lamp at her."

"All right," I said; "I'll give her a brotherly lecture on the nuances of the artistic temperament. That ought to impress her. You know, Muriel, we all, myself included, are shockingly patronizing about my well meaning if somewhat stupid sister."

She answered that thoughtfully: "I know we are, and she is in fact better than any of us. She is not stupid at all, just fortunate in that she was born believing in black and white, right and wrong, fidelity, loyalty, and a lot of other pretty words, and nothing has ever happened to make her doubt."

I said, "You and Jeffrey could have made her doubt, if you'd chosen, several years since."

She shrugged her shoulders and pulled her evening wrap closer round her. She said, "Will it be put to our credit as generosity or debited us as weakness? Let's not stand under an oak tree that's growing barer by the minute, talking about what we did with our lives or might have done differently, Peter darling. I want a nice strong cocktail."

I said, to tease her, "You began the conversation about life."

She laughed, but she wasn't paying particular attention to me any more. As always within two minutes of seeing Jeffrey, her step quickened and her head went up. She said vaguely, "Oh, I've started a lot of things in my time," and we walked up the steps of Jeffrey's house.

AFTER dinner the rain came down heavily again, and the wind rose, whipping branches of the stripped trees against the house. But, by a great blazing fire, we were warm and comfortable. The two children came in to make their good nights as we were having coffee. Stephen, as often, was spending the night at Helena's house. She had arranged some sort of party supper for them in the breakfast room, and we had heard, through dinner, occasional shouts of laughter. They got on extremely well, for a boy and a girl.

When they left, we sat, not talking much, listening to the sound of the storm, and Helena spoke innocently of other storms that she remembered. "There was the great one in the spring, the year before we went to France, remember, Jeff?" she said. "It was so bad that I stayed in town and came back in the morning. We all had breakfast at Peter's."

I thought with some exasperation that she was impelled by nothing less than malevolent destiny, to remember that in a pleasant hour we were sharing. But Jeffrey began to talk of some storm they had seen in the Mediterranean, and Muriel never turned her head from the fire. After all, in the years those two had been obliged to get used to and ignore worst moments.

Helena suggested bridge and we played two or three desultory rubbers. Jeffrey had begun to drink one rapid highball after another. But we all by tacit consent ignored that. He had been working hard and this was an evening relaxation for him. If his habitual relaxation in the last year or two had been to get himself moderately drunk with increasing rapidity—and we all knew that was so—still there was no special point in mentioning it even to each other. I had noticed recently that he always drank, if it was possible to drink, when he was obliged to confront Helena and Muriel together for any length of time.

WHEN we were tired of bridge, his mood, which had been restless and a trifle sullen, shifted suddenly. He entertained us with a long but very well told, very diverting story of something that had happened to him in the war he so rarely mentioned. He finished. Our laughter finished. We sat relaxed, and in the silence noticed that the rain had stopped.

Helena said, "Jeffrey dear, do you feel like reading us the chapter you finished today, or are you too tired?"

He said no, that he was not tired, and brought the pages from where they lay on his desk over to the fireside, sat in one of the chairs that flanked the fireplace, and began to read quietly.

The chapter dealt with a reëncounter of the man with the woman who was his first love, his resentment at the changes time had made in her, and his ache withal to reachieve something they had shared which he had never quite attained again. It was well written but, I thought, not as moving as some passages of the book I had heard read before, perhaps because I was seeing Jeffrey too clearly in the story and knew how differently he had felt toward and dealt with his own first love.

I listened with half of my attention, and watched Helena's golden head resting against the back of a high green chair, watched her rosy face, her expression of a confident and interested child; was aware of Muriel's tense composure, of Jeffrey's occasional obvious effort not to stumble over words.

And though I knew that the elements of catastrophe lay in that pleasant room, it seemed to me, for brief moments, that we who had lived through so much since that April morning when we rode in Stephen Mills's hill pasture, and accident brought the first determining change into our lives, might well survive to the calm supposed to arrive with middle age.

It seemed to me that so we might have sat, very old friends, very secure with one another, had Muriel married me a decade and more ago, and Jeffrey consoled himself with Helena after all.

He finished reading. Helena said simply, " It's beautiful, Jeffrey, and some of it makes me want to cry. But, in life, things would not be so mixed up for the man. Things don't get mixed up in life—with people who are like the people we know, at least."

He said, " You think not? "

BUT she was being serious. She said, " Don't laugh at me, or at least not for a moment. I've never been clever, like you and Muriel and Peter, but I want to try to say what I mean."

We waited. In the consciousness of all of us, I am sure, was the certainty that we liked her so very much. I know that they both liked her, for all the travail her helpless confidence brought into their lives.

She smiled at us rather hopelessly, after a moment, and said, " I can't manage words. I mean perhaps just this. That if one tries to do the best one can, and not hurt people, life is very simple, after all. Of course, Jeffrey darling, I don't mean that as criticism of your book. I realize that complications are necessary for literature. Now you can laugh at me. Even I know that sounds funny."

But we did not feel like laughing. Only Jeffrey said, " My dearest, how old are you? I always forget."

She smiled up at him. She said, " It's so polite of you, because I was thirty my last birthday."

He said, " We're all in our thirties, aren't we? Rather appalling, that." He poured himself a long highball, drank it swiftly, shrugged.

Then he said, " Come for a drive with me, Muriel. Just a short drive. The rain's stopped and I want some fresh air to clear my head. I'm planning a long day's work tomorrow."

She said, " Very well—will you come, Peter? " It was understood among us, now for a long time, that Helena acutely disliked driving with Jeffrey at night, so we never asked her any more.

I shook my head, said, " I'll stay with Helena," and Jeffrey got his coat and Muriel's. After he brought the car round, they both stood in the doorway for a moment while Muriel made her good nights and told Helena she had had a pleasant evening.

Light from the hall light behind them shone on Muriel's tawny head, that was no higher than Jeffrey's shoulder, and across his dark handsome curiously dissipated face. I noticed for the first time, with a little sharp surprise, that his hair was growing very thin.

He said to Helena, " Don't sit up for me, darling, if you get tired." She kissed him, said lightly, " I shan't. I'll talk to my old brother for a while, and then send him home."

He said, " I want to drive round the mountain road. That will take an hour, but it's a pleasant drive."

I said, " Watch the corners. It will be slippery after the storm."

He flung back his head and laughed, said, " I could drive that road in my sleep, old Peter."

Probably he could, near enough. He had driven it half asleep and half drunk scores of times before. I didn't suppose he was driving it at all that night, actually. I was used to the elaborate explanations to which they were forced, to account for the length of their absences.

Muriel wrapped her tawny velvet coat close round her, picked up the skirt of the current version of the golden frocks she loved all her life, and they went out arm in arm. They were laughing as the car started.

I stayed with Helena only a little while. She was frankly sleepy.

I was asleep myself, deeply, with the curious fatigue we recognize in ourselves sometimes after a day and night of storm, when the ringing of my telephone waked me. I had the sensation that it had been ringing a rather long time.

THEY did not tell me by telephone the seriousness of the accident. The chief of police of our town knew that Jeffrey was my brother-in-law and that Muriel was one of my oldest friends. They told me as we drove toward the mountain road through the rain that had commenced to fall heavily again.

Half a dozen cars were stopped near the broken fence rail. But no one spoke when I got out of the car. It was so quiet that through the sound of the rain falling I could hear the rush of the river on the rocks far below.

The lights of the cars gathered there were concentrated on a space of feet where the white fence was down. I could see very clearly where the wheels of Jeffrey's last fast car had slipped, held for a moment, slipped again, held even for a space of seconds beyond the fence rail, in the earth and leaves and brambles before the place where the cliff dropped sharply.

Yes, they must have had at least one long moment, in the end, in which they knew that, after the few things they had done well and the many things they had done badly, what remained was for them together, forever, certainly.

THE END

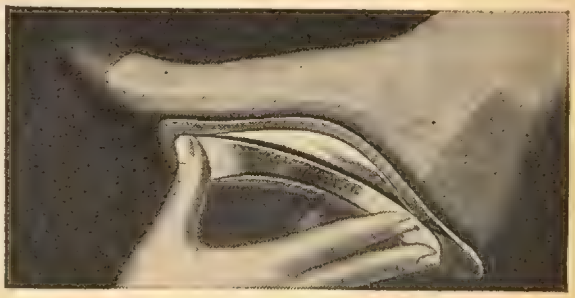
ANSWER TO

JUMBLEJEM ON PAGE 46

Cyclone

ACHING FEET

Rheumatic-like Leg Pains ?



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Crazy Football

(Reading time: 10 minutes 30 seconds.)

FROM its very beginning football has had a strange history. Augustus Cæsar chose to term it "too gentle a method of training centurions for war." Thus forsaken, it took a back seat for no less than a thousand years.

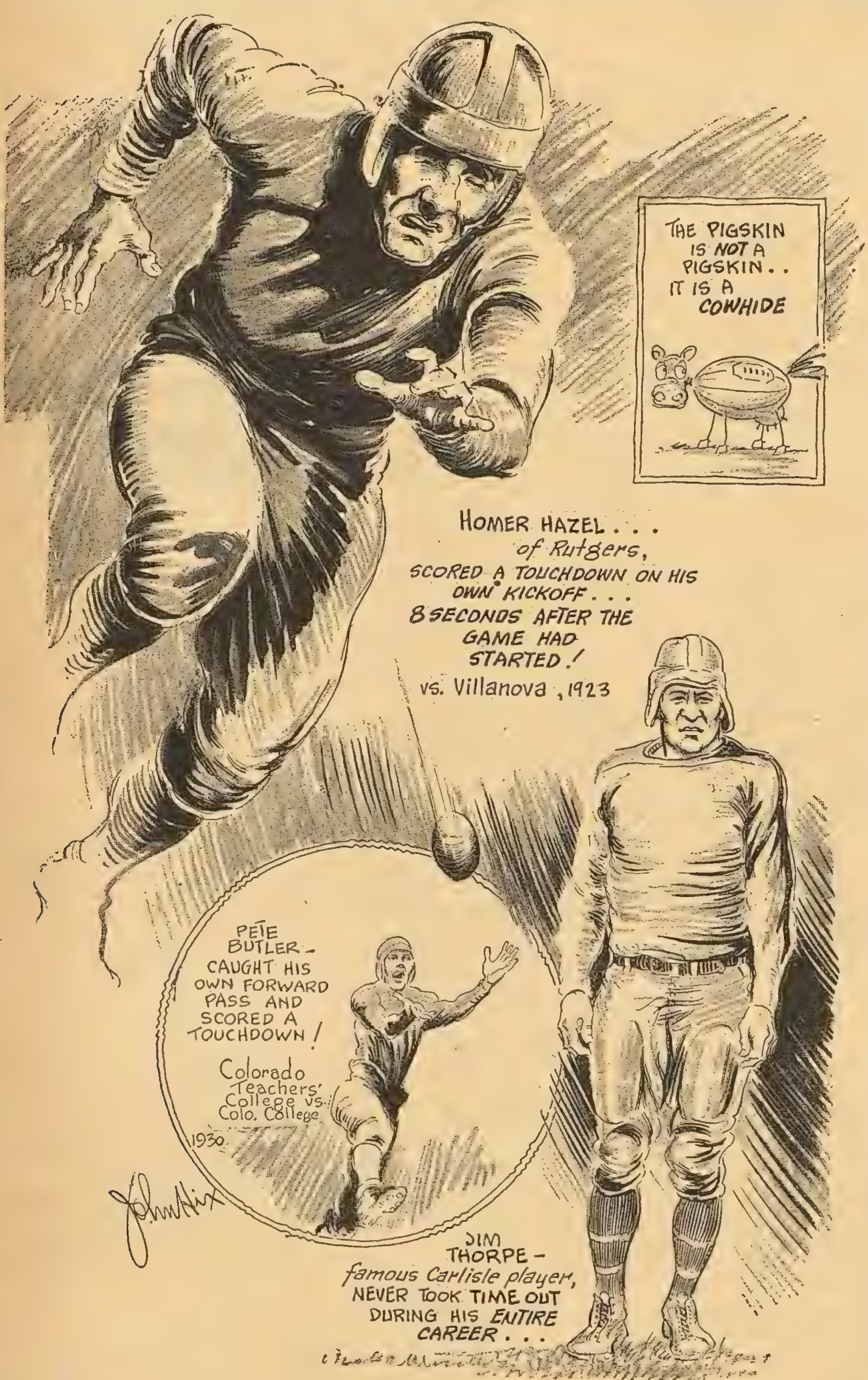
Then it received another devastating blow. The English so took to the game during the twelfth century that King Henry II rose up on his haunches and banned football for another four hundred years.

Strangely enough, it was the invention of gunpowder that brought football into its own.

Henry had shut down on the sport because its popularity was interfering with the practice of archery, which in his time was the most effective means of national defense. When James I came on the scene archery had been supplanted by firearms, and once more football took the English by storm.

Before the time of one William Ellis of Rugby it was strictly a kicking game, but one day in 1823 Ellis lost his bearings—and violated all the then existing rules. Grabbing the ball, he ran with it across the goal line. Then and there was born the Rugby game as distinguished from Association or soccer football. American football is a combination of both games.

Today in England, oddly enough, it is the name of William Ellis, the upstart, that is inscribed on a monument at dear old Rugby.


THE PIGSKIN IS NOT A PIGSKIN.. IT IS A COWHIDE
HOMER HAZEL . . . of Rutgers, SCORED A TOUCHDOWN ON HIS OWN KICKOFF . . . 8 SECONDS AFTER THE GAME HAD STARTED !
vs. Villanova , 1923
PETE BUTLER - CAUGHT HIS OWN FORWARD PASS AND SCORED A TOUCHDOWN !
Colorado Teachers' College vs. Colo. College
1930
JIM THORPE - famous Carlisle player, NEVER TOOK TIME OUT DURING HIS ENTIRE CAREER . . .

Sixty-one years after football's first touchdown, Wyllys Terry of Yale established a record scoring run that has stood for forty-nine years.

Playing against Wesleyan in 1884, when the gridiron measured 110 yards, Terry dropped behind his goal line to punt. He was forced to run instead. He scored standing up—from a distance of 115 yards.

Strange in contrast was the touchdown made by "Moon" Mullins of Notre Dame against Navy in 1929. He crashed through for the winning touchdown from the one-inch line.

Captain Thad Brock of Davidson made a run of 102 yards—yet failed to score. In Davidson's 1929 game against Duke, Brock attempted to kick from eight yards behind his own goal line. He ran instead and was finally downed on Duke's six-yard line.

Football's most meager victories are in those games that are forfeited. To *play* and win, a team must score at least two points, but in a victory by default the score is officially 1 to 0.

Far from being close was the Georgia Tech-Cumberland game of 1916. Even though the quarters were shortened, Tech rolled up a score of 222 to 0. During the game Bill Fincher, later line coach at Tech, booted eighteen consecutive goals after touchdowns.

The heaviest score ever piled up is credited to Haven, Kansas, High School. Opposing Sylvia High in 1929, the Haven boys ran up a score of 256 to 0.

One of the most unusual plays ever hatched was the famous hidden-ball trick that the Carlisle Indians pulled on Harvard in 1903. It was strange enough when Bill Dillon ran unnoticed down the field with the ball hidden under his jersey while the Harvard team piled on Carlisle's fake wedge—but, stranger still, Dillon could not score the touchdown even after he had carried the ball over the line.

A fellow player, Jimmy Johnson, had to come to his aid and extract the ball from under Dillon's jersey. However, Dillon always got credit for the score.

Harvard pulled a fast one on Yale in

A Tabloid Review of the Queerest Happenings in Gridiron History

By JOHN HIX

Pictures by THE AUTHOR

1892 by clothing its team in all-leather suits, polished and slippery; but Yale countered with resin-covered hands and low tackling, so the strategy went for naught.

A freak drop kick by Wallace De Witt won the Dartmouth game of 1911 for Princeton. He attempted the kick late in the fourth quarter from the fifty-yard mark. The ball barely cleared the scrimmage line, then bounded along on the ground. A few feet from the goal posts it took a high bounce and cleared the bar.

Princeton won 3 to 0, for the referee allowed the score. Strange as it seems, on the same afternoon Eddie Mahan, attempting a drop kick for Andover Prep against Exeter, made the same play, but the referee in this case refused to allow the score.

Homer Hazel of Rutgers in 1923 opened the game against Villanova with a kick-off over the goal line. Running like a streak, he was almost under the ball before it landed. Villanova fumbled, Hazel dived for dear old Rutgers and recovered the ball for a touchdown—all in eight seconds.

Al Wittmer, Princeton back, carried the pigskin sixty-five yards on the one and only run he ever made during his football career. Wittmer played three years of college football, but he was always used for interference. " Bo " Cameron, 1928 quarter of the Petersburg, Virginia, High School, played the entire season without once carrying the ball.

" Buster " Mott, a Georgia substitute sent in against Oglethorpe at the half, caught the ball on the kick-off and ran fifty-two yards to score a touchdown the first time he ever handled the ball in a college game.

A few plays later he intercepted a pass—this the second time he handled the ball—and ran sixty yards for another touchdown.

Sam White, Princeton star of 1911, won the Big Three championship for his team by two identical plays in two successive games, both without any help from his team mates. He snatched up a fumbled Harvard ball and ran almost the length of the field for the winning touchdown. Less than two weeks later he made the same play against Yale to cinch the championship.

Behr of Wisconsin receives credit for booting one of the oddest punts in football. Although the ball traveled 100 yards there was no gain. It went straight up fifty yards and came straight down to its starting point.

" CHIP " GRAFTON, quarterback for Presbyterian College, Clinton, South Carolina, in 1928, scored the points that won two games for his team—without playing in either game. He was called in to drop-kick for the extra point in both games after his team scored a tying touchdown—and at the time the try for an extra point after touchdowns was made during time out. So officially he did not play in either game.

Ezra Rowe, crack kick-off man for Georgia in 1928 and 1929, played in both halves of nine games—but in all eighteen halves he played only ten minutes. He was sent in for each opening kick-off.

One of the longest forward passes ever caught in gridiron play was that mighty heave made by " Brick " Muller, California end, in the Ohio State game of 1920.

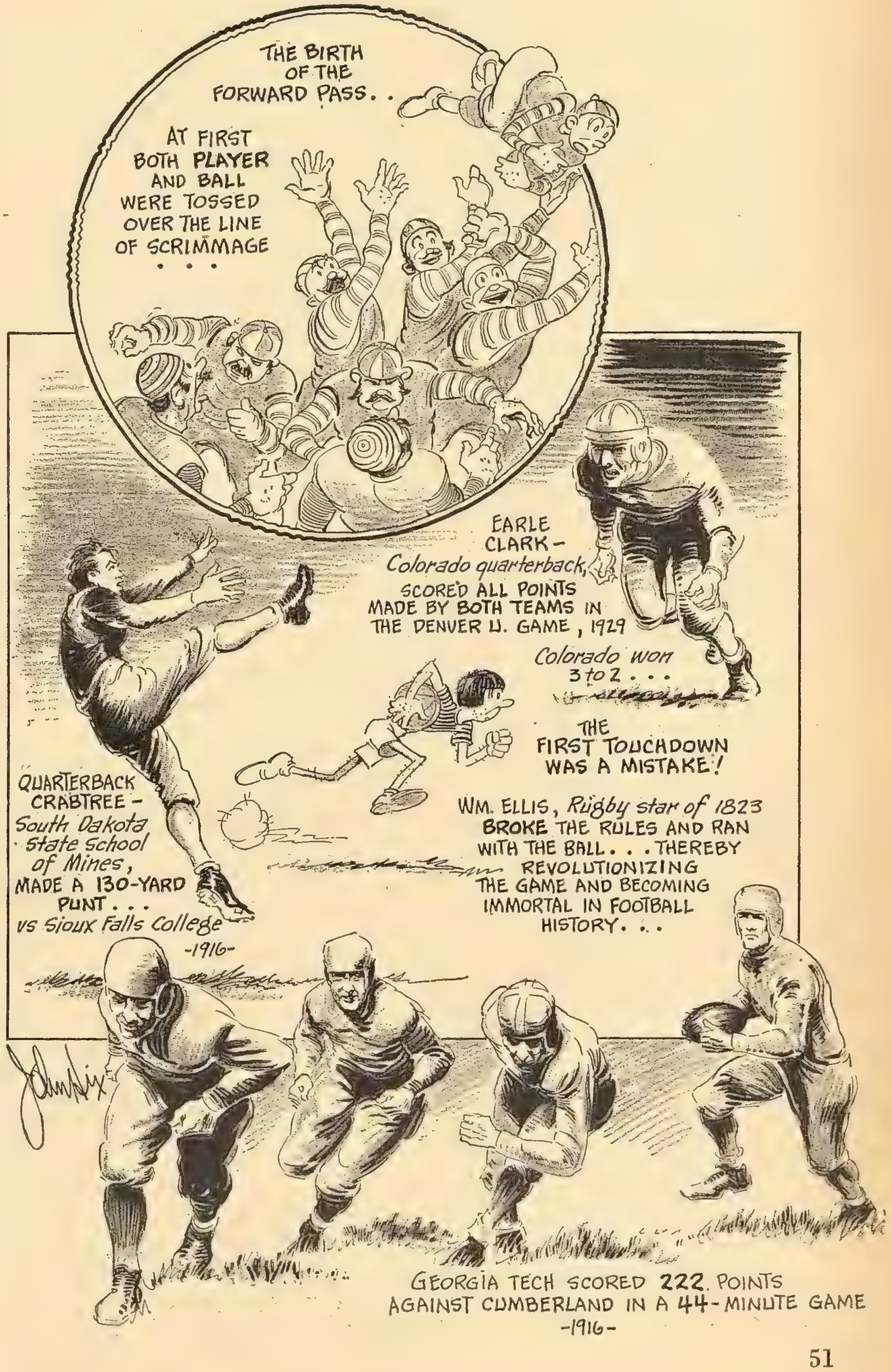
The ball was snapped from Latham to Halfback Sprott, who flipped it to Muller.

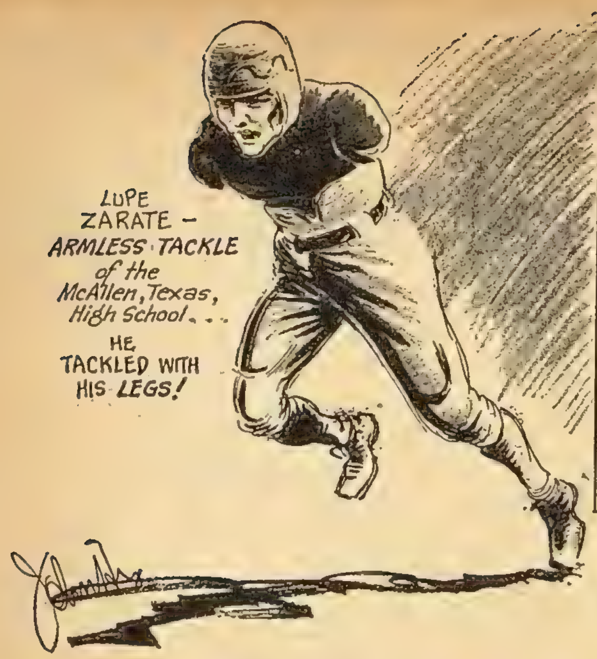
" Brodie " Stephens, the other California end, had raced down through Ohio territory past the goal line, where he turned to catch Muller's seventy-yard pass—a play that broke Ohio State's morale for that game.

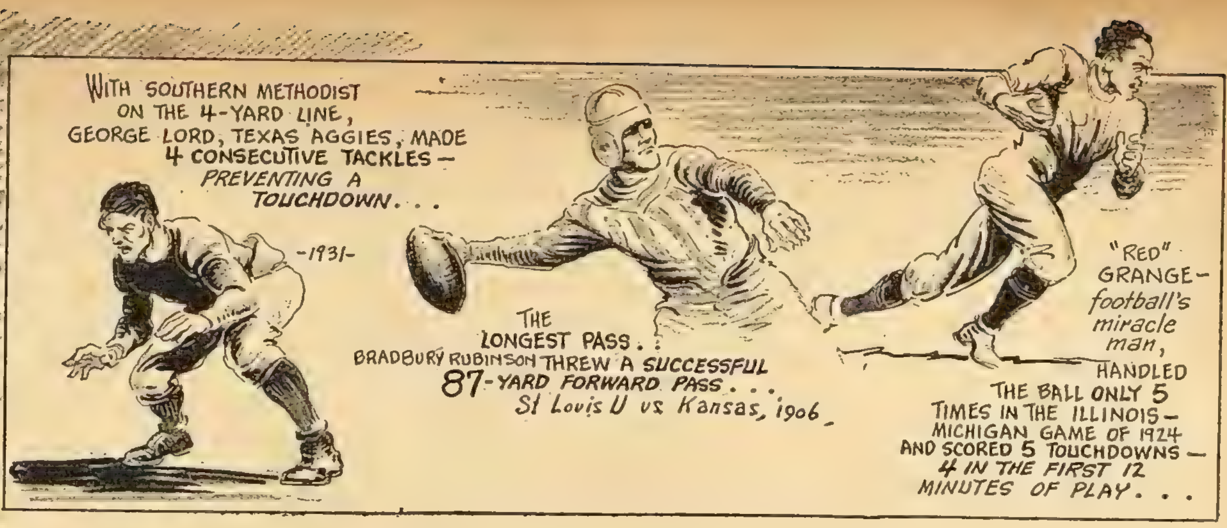
However, back in 1906, when St. Louis was tussling with Kansas, Bradbury Rubinson let fly a pass that eclipses Muller's record by seventeen yards.

In 1930, with Colorado Teachers College trailing Colorado College 0 to 7, and in the last five minutes of play, Pete Butler threw a long pass.

In the mêlée that resulted from an attempted intercep-


THE BIRTH OF THE FORWARD PASS . .
AT FIRST BOTH PLAYER AND BALL WERE TOSSED OVER THE LINE OF SCRIMMAGE . . .
EARLE CLARK – *Colorado quarterback,* SCORED ALL POINTS MADE BY BOTH TEAMS IN THE DENVER U. GAME , 1929
Colorado won 3 to 2 . . .
THE FIRST TOUCHDOWN WAS A MISTAKE!
WM. ELLIS, *Rugby star of 1823* BROKE THE RULES AND RAN WITH THE BALL. . . THEREBY REVOLUTIONIZING THE GAME AND BECOMING IMMORTAL IN FOOTBALL HISTORY. . .
QUARTERBACK CRABTREE – *South Dakota state school of Mines,* MADE A 130-YARD PUNT . . . *vs Sioux Falls College -1916-*
GEORGIA TECH SCORED 222 POINTS AGAINST CUMBERLAND IN A 44-MINUTE GAME -1916-


LUPE ZARATE – ARMLESS TACKLE of the McAllen, Texas, High School . . .
HE TACKLED WITH HIS LEGS!


WITH SOUTHERN METHODIST ON THE 4-YARD LINE, GEORGE LORD, TEXAS AGGIES, MADE 4 CONSECUTIVE TACKLES – PREVENTING A TOUCHDOWN . . .
-1931-
THE LONGEST PASS . BRADBURY ROBINSON THREW A SUCCESSFUL 87-YARD FORWARD PASS . . . St Louis U vs. Kansas, 1906
"RED" GRANGE – football's miracle man, HANDLED THE BALL ONLY 5 TIMES IN THE ILLINOIS – MICHIGAN GAME OF 1924 AND SCORED 5 TOUCHDOWNS – 4 IN THE FIRST 12 MINUTES OF PLAY . . .

tion, Butler managed to recover his own pass while the ball was still in the air and race across the goal for what proved to be the tying score.

" Ike " Norwood, right tackle on the 1908 varsity squad for the U. of N. C., played in the first game he ever saw—and he played right on through the season in every period of every game scheduled by North Carolina except one. In that game he was substituted after his team ran up a lead of twenty-two points.

South High in Minneapolis turned out a championship team in 1911 that never scored a touchdown, yet won the city championship against four other schools. South High won two of the games with drop kicks, took a third by game forfeit, and played the fourth opposing team to a scoreless tie.

Earle Clark, captain and quarterback of Colorado College, scored all the points made for both sides when his team won a 3-2 victory over Denver U. in 1929. " Bull " Bullman, West Virginia star end, did exactly the same thing against Bethany in a postseason game in 1922. Each player went back over his own goal line for a safety early in the game, but brought his team out of the hole later with a kick from the field to score three points—and win.

The immortal " Red " Grange in three years of college football carried the ball a little better than two miles against opponents' goals—his total was 3,593 yards.

In the 1924 Michigan game Grange handled the ball just five times, but carried it a total of 278 yards to score five touchdowns.

A point a second for thirteen seconds was a record established by Frank Christensen of Utah against Colorado. He ran a touchdown over, kicked for the extra point, then caught the ball on the next kick-off on his own fifteen-yard line and carried it eighty-five yards.

Billy Boehm, great half of Tulsa U., handled the ball three times in the 1931 game against the U. of Mexico and scored three touchdowns —all in three minutes' playing time.

CAPTAIN BOB REITSCH of Illinois played football eight years and scored only one touchdown—and that was in a practice game when he intercepted a pass.

In upstate New York the whole Alfred University team went almost three years before anybody on it scored a point. The first touchdown in nearly three years, and with it the first victory, came in October, 1928, against Edinboro College. Alfred won, 6 to 2. The drop-kicker, in his first big chance, missed in the try for the added point.

Bob Nace, quarterback of Chester, Virginia, High, played through every game for three years, but scored only two points—and they were for his opponents. " Touchdown " Townsend, in four years ending in 1929, scored ninety-nine touchdowns for his team, the Glenmore, Louisiana, High.

Jim Thorpe, the great Indian back, never took time out during his entire career; and John Ginger, Sutherland, Iowa, played twenty years of football, 160 games, and never took a minute out for injuries.

Christian Cagle, the Army star, played twelve years without ever seeing a game from the side lines. And John " Hertz " Murrel, West Point back of a few years ago, played through fourteen years of high school, prep, and college football, taking part in every game of every season.

THE stamina that typifies the height of college football was perhaps at its best among the old Carlisle teams with which Pop Warner taught pale-face plungers a few things about the game.

Gardner, playing end in a game against Chicago, suffered a broken jaw and a wrenched leg, but he told no one about it until after the game. He was afraid he would be taken out.

Jim Thorpe once kicked four field goals against Harvard with a severely sprained ankle, but no one else knew of the injury until the game was over.

Hershberger, University of Chicago star kicker, snagged two of his own punts in a game against Northwestern—strange plays that the fans and Coach Stagg still talk about.

Great kickers come in for their share of the unusual plays in football.

" Red " Weaver of Centre College kicked ninety-nine consecutive goals for points after touchdowns. The hundredth try he missed by inches. Another star on the same great team, " Bo " McMillin, booted over a dinky drop kick to beat Kentucky by 3 to 0—the first and last drop kick he ever attempted.

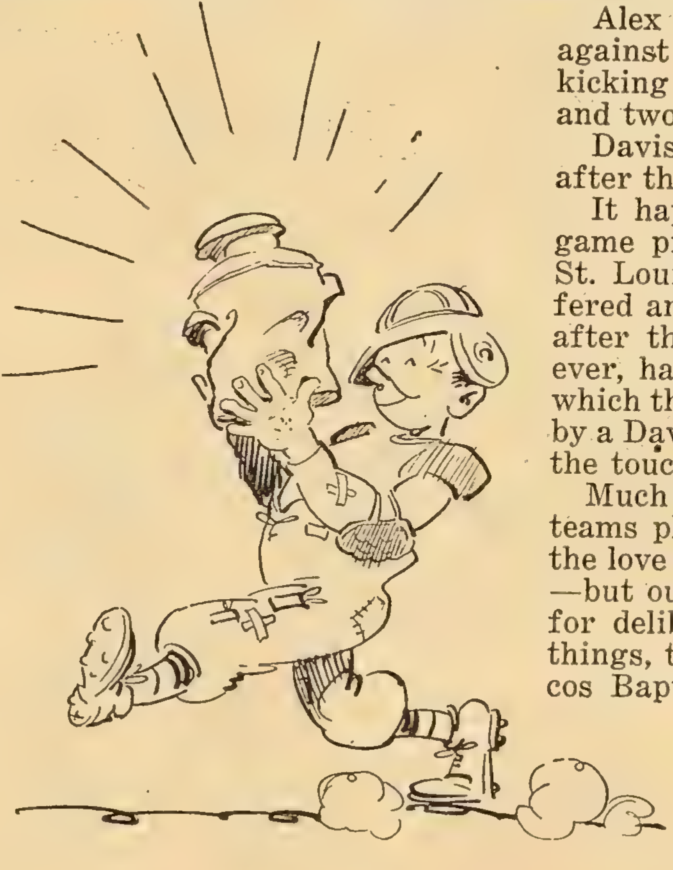
Alex Moffat of Princeton, in a game against Harvard, showed versatility by kicking four goals, two with his right foot and two with his left.

Davis-Elkins once scored on St. Louis after the game was officially over.

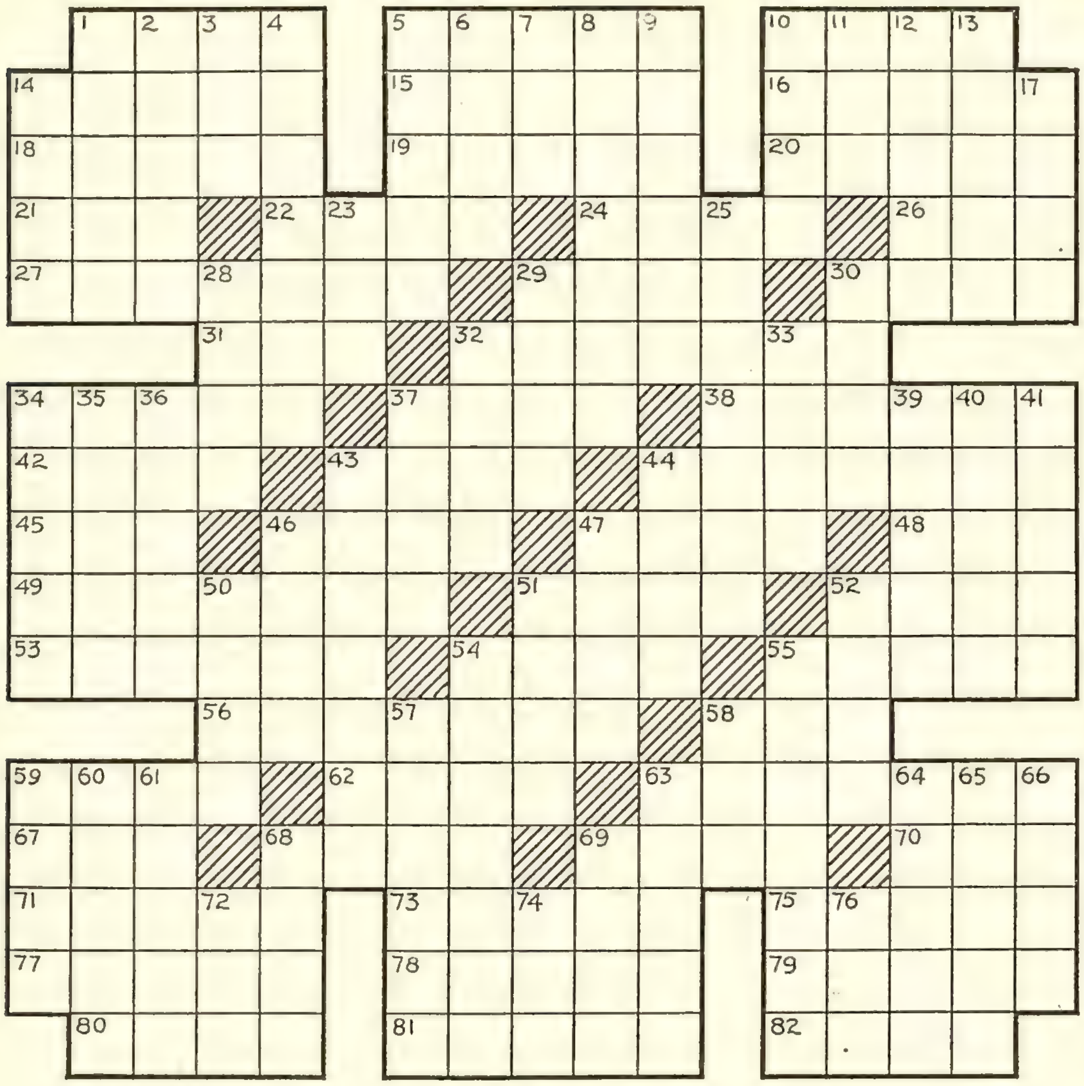
It happened that the last play of the game proper was an attempted pass by St. Louis, but an opposing player interfered and the ball fell to the ground just after the final whistle. St. Louis, however, had the right to try the pass over, which they did, only to have it intercepted by a Davis-Elkins player who ran over for the touchdown.

Much has been said about what football teams play for—the glory of the school, the love of the coeds, the fun of the game—but out in Texas, where men are noted for deliberate appraisal of the value of things, the Allen Academy and San Marcos Baptist Academy battle annually on the gridiron for no other prize than an old battered milk can.

THE END



CROSS WORDS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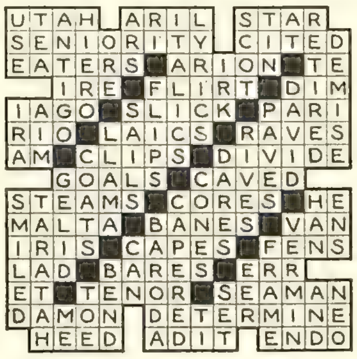
HORIZONTAL

1 Decay
5 Snares
10 One hundred thousand rupees (plural)
14 Sweetheart
15 A mechanical man
16 Declaim
18 Avoid
19 Woman's name
20 Panels
21 Fixed
22 Helps
24 Man's name
26 Cardinal number
27 A foot lever
29 Allowance for waste
30 Greater than
31 Babylonian deity
32 South American river
34 Charger
37 Measure of area (plural)
38 A golf club
42 Demonstrative word
43 To plunder
44 Illegitimate child
45 Tune
46 The rainbow
47 Of the like kind
48 Go about idly
49 Indisposition for exertion
51 Man's name
52 A fact granted (plural)
53 Recover
54 Amend
55 Responsibilities
56 Less extensive
58 Head covering
59 An army
62 Mounds
63 Feels contrition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RIO LAICS RAVES
AM CLIPS DIVIDE
GOALS CAVED
STEAMS CORES HE
MALTA BANES VAN
IRIS CAPES FENS
LAD BARES ERR
ET TENOR SEAMAN
DAMON DETERMINE
HEED ADIT ENDO

Answer to last week's puzzle

67 American humorist
68 A ray
69 Such and no more
70 Prior
71 Lassoer
73 Surgical device for forming an issue
75 Species of tree
77 Babble
78 Growing out
79 Upstanding
80 Dish of cold cabbage
81 Scatter
82 Defy

VERTICAL

1 One who goes
2 Egg-shaped
3 Induced
4 Feared
5 Commerce
6 Measure of length (plural)
7 Man's nickname
8 The North Star
9 Part of a plant
10 Cuts off
11 A constellation
12 Division of a poem
13 Guide
14 For fear that
17 Anglo-Saxon slave
23 Misfortune
25 An Indian of central Venezuela
28 Incite
29 A playing card
30 Greatest
32 Crude metal (plural)
33 Money
34 One of a flight of steps
35 Yours
36 Having ears
37 A song
39 Abraham's concubine
40 Angry
41 Collection of ancient Norse songs (plural)
43 Church dignitary
44 Handle end of a tool
46 Newspaper paragraph
47 Agitate
50 Repose
51 Poems
52 A fruit
54 One of the component parts of anything
55 Pranced
57 Rents
58 Pronoun
59 Stringed instrument
60 Scents
61 Division of the calyx
63 Restore to freshness
64 Fresher
65 Part of a harness
66 Dispatched
68 To concoct
69 A speck
72 Greek letter
74 A sailor
76 Anglo-Saxon coin

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

DR. S. DE LANGE reports—

"He was a wreck — *from constipation*"

Dr. Samuel de Lange, ***the noted Dutch physician, describes this case:—***

"J. K.—age 56—thin—no appetite. Had had constipation for years . . . In a month (after prescribing yeast) patient's weight had returned to normal—appetite excellent—felt vigorous and looked much improved. Now has regular evacuations."

DR. DE LANGE, internal specialist; Doctor of the City Hospitals of Amsterdam; Physician-in-Chief, Boerhaeve Clinic; medical author . . .

He says:—"In constipation, poisons are carried through the body. Headaches, indigestion, skin eruptions, susceptibility to colds and mental depression may follow.

"Instead of harsh laxatives I recommend the corrective food, fresh yeast.* It helps get rid of accumulated wastes by softening them and restoring normal bowel action . . . It is the richest food in the vitamins B and G and when 'irradiated' supplies 'sunshine' vitamin D."

If you really want to *correct* constipation, try Fleischmann's Yeast! You can get it at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. Directions on label. Eat 3 cakes every day!

● "A job in an office—not enough exercise . . . I began to feel tired and had headaches, and no appetite," ***writes*** **Carl Herzinger,** ***Los Angeles . . .*** **"Fleischmann's Yeast got rid of the poisons in my system. I almost never have a headache now."**

***IMPORTANT! Fleischmann's Yeast for health is sold only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It's yeast in its fresh, effective form—the kind doctors advise.**

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Court Affair

A Short Short Story

By JEAN STARK

(Reading time: 4 minutes 45 seconds.)

TEN apartments inclose a grassy court in downtown New York. Early one morning a lady scuttles across the lawn and sticks a note inside a gentleman's window:

My dear Sir: I live across the court. I work till late every night. That thing you call your radio will drive me and everybody else in these charming garden apartments completely mad. Can you possibly throttle it down to a muted delicate note, or would you rather wake up one of these days with a stiletto in your throat?

Respectfully yours, SUSAN PARTRIDGE.

Gentleman stalks to lady's apartment late that night and leaves answer under door. Stalks home, very dignified.

Dear Madam: I live and let live. I work for a boss who won't let any of us talk above a whisper, so I love noises at night. That radio is an election-bet gift. I never look a gift radio in the teeth. I would have more luck muting a calliope. If you don't like this country, why don't you go back where you came from? Moreover, if that yellow jaguar of yours does any more yowling outside my window, it is quite likely that I shall send his hide back for a doormat. I trust you will keep him from this untimely demise.

Sincerely yours,
JOHN HOLBROOK.

My dear Mr. Holbrook: Every once in a while there is a man around here with a face like nothing on earth. He used to be a wrestler. He is now your superintendent and mine. That yellow jaguar belongs to him, so go ahead and skin it. Because I like wrestling matches. Have you ever seen one? You'd be surprised the way gents go hurtling through the ether and instead of landing anywhere on their 200 lbs. they wind up on barberry bushes in Nova Scotia.

Wishing you an immediate engagement,
S. PARTRIDGE.

Dear Madam: Is it really *Partridge?* I must believe you if you say so once more. But it ain't reasonable. I think you must be small and brown-haired and cute to live up to that.
JOHN HOLBROOK.

Dear Sir: I have a steely blue eye and a grim purpose in life. Flirtatious gentlemen leave me unimpressed. Some people water their geraniums. It is supposed to be good for them. You might try it on yours. I hate to see good little plants suffer. SUSAN PARTRIDGE.

Dear Lady: How about beer? I never drink water. You can't tell—maybe the geraniums will thrive on it. You made brownies last night. I smelled them and tracked them to your door. I used to have them in the days when my ma could put up with having me around. They were full of walnuts and chocolate, just like yours. With those and a glass of milk in one hand, and a fireplace in the other, I was a happy thing. I came over with a flower in my hand to call on you. Don't you ever stay home? J. H.

Fool! I was home. I saw you coming. You looked as though you were going to borrow a loaf of bread and 9 eggs, so I hid. Huh! S. PARTRIDGE.

Dear Little Sassy Partridge: Your hair *is* brown. The right shade, too. I saw it when that big oaf called on you. That's only his third visit this week. Do you play golf? This is Sunday. JOHN.

Dear Pal and Critic: Tomorrow will be Monday. Honest. Certainly I play golf. I also sew a fine seam. I sing like a thrush. I am a swell cook. I would make some man supremely happy but I just don't give a hoot. That oaf is your landlord and mine. He likes my brownies and my hair, too. S. PARTRIDGE.

Dear Mr. Holbrook: Anything wrong? If you are tired of this correspondence, very well. But I thought you might be sick. S. PARTRIDGE.

Dear Susan: I'll leave this note by the milk bottle—can't get over to your place. Too sick. See if you can find me a cheap doctor. Wouldn't bother you but the phone is shut off. Lost my job two weeks ago. J——
PS. I have enough money for the doc.

Dear Sue: I feel better now. Thanks for leaving the custard—or was it ambrosia? The doc says you're a grand girl. He isn't married. He has designs on you. Play cards with me again tonight? JOHN.

Cards, John Holbrook, are an instrument of the devil. I shall leave a good book with you instead. It's time you improved your mind. So long. I am off for a month. Here is my key. Please use up my groceries. SUE.

Sue! For Pete's sake! How can you go off like this and not leave a forwarding address? I know you won't see this till you get back, but I shall leave it anyway. You needn't have bought so many groceries. I don't intend to be out of a job that long! JOHN.

Sue: Either you come over to my apartment and let me see you or I shall knock this damn' door down. I'll give you just ten minutes. I have a job. Not much money but it will buy all the walnuts you want for brownies. You've been home half an hour and I hate you. Will you marry me or not? Make up your mind, and damn' quick! JOHN.

Dearest John: I am aware that no woman in her right mind should flit across the greens this time of night to leave a note for a man, even if she wants to buy his walnuts forever. I didn't let you in because I was so glad to be back that I cried and my nose was all red. Still is. I had to go off like that to be sure I loved you and that it wasn't just heartbreak over your broken dishes and the holes in your socks. . . . But I have lied to you. I can't hit a golf ball or sew a fine seam. I can't sing, either like a thrush or anything human. But I shall make you a good wife unless you cross me too often. You may come over and have breakfast with me at the crack of dawn. Bring horanges. Night—*darling.* SUE.

THE END

HAPPY DAYS

A CHANCE FOR WOMEN TO ESTABLISH
MUCH-NEEDED INFORMATION BUREAUS—
A PARTY DESSERT AT THE WHITE HOUSE

By

ANNA ROOSEVELT DALL

*(Reading time:
4 minutes 5 seconds.)*

EVERY day hundreds of letters arrive at the White House asking my mother as well as myself for definite information about the many new federal projects, such as the Home Owners' Loan Corporation, the Farm Credit Administration, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, the Federal Emergency Relief Administration, and the National Recovery Administration. The writers of these letters want interpretations of these measures as they apply to their own personal needs. Very often we who receive these letters need more detailed information to be of real help. Also much valuable time is lost through the interchange of letters. It has occurred to me that every community could benefit from an information center which would quickly and efficiently answer the questions which affect the lives of literally hundreds of thousands of citizens. Such a bureau would be a clearing house for data on all of these federal projects. It could also be expanded to include state and local activities. Who could establish and maintain such a bureau? Well, it's just one more opportunity for women to do their part. A socially minded women's club could appoint a committee to take care of this service. This committee must first gather the information from the proper sources and become thoroughly familiar with it. Several public-spirited women will have to donate their time and run this bureau. They must have an office in some central location and publicize the fact that some one will always be on duty to listen to individual cases and give out reliable information. Here's a community service which would require very little money to run and which I believe would be of inestimable value.

RECENTLY I visited in a town of 1,200 people. One evening there was a spirited discussion concerning adult education. The use of "new leisure" came in for its share of conjecture. A man who lived in this town impressed me deeply when he said, "I believe there are lots of people here who would welcome a chance to read and study about all sorts of subjects. But how can they do it? We've got a little dingy library with only three hundred books in it, and most of those are children's books. We've got a high school, but there aren't any night courses. Up to now the people in the mill have worked too many hours a day to have much energy left to read or study in the evenings. Now they knock off work at four o'clock, and where can they go? And, don't forget, there are thousands of towns just like ours in this country."

A woman spoke up and said, "I think the solution is for the city to play 'big sister' to the towns and rural communities surrounding it. The big library in the city could maintain branches in the smaller towns.

"Yes, the city fathers will have to forget that the taxes for the maintenance of the library come from the city—a city as well as an individual can be socially minded. Universities and colleges can elaborate their extension lectures to include communities which have no activities of this type. Why can't more museums arrange traveling exhibits for these communities?"

It seems to me this suggestion has considerable merit, but it does require the type of coöperation which must characterize the new socialized life of America.

HERE'S a party dessert which will make your husband's best friend praise you when he comes for supper on one of those sociable nights at home! Mrs. Nesbitt of the White House says that the credit for it must go to Miss Minerva's Cook Book, by Emma Speed Sampson. (Published by Reilly and Lee.)

CHARLOTTE RUSSE PIE

2 tablespoons gelatin
1 cup cold milk
4 yolks of eggs
1 cup sugar
1 teaspoon baking powder
12 macaroons
1 pint whipping cream
1 teaspoon vanilla
Pinch of salt
4 tablespoons sugar
4 whites of eggs
2 cups boiling milk

Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts

First make a flaky pastry, roll it out thin, and bake in your biggest pie pan with an extra built-up rim of crust around the edge.

Then soak gelatin in cup of cold milk. When dissolved add cup of sugar well beaten with 4 yolks. Add salt.

Scald 2 cups of milk and add slowly to the above. Then add crumbed macaroons.

Whip pint of cream. Add ⅓ to above mixture when thoroughly cold. When pastry is stone cold, pour your gelatin mixture into it, and cover with the balance of whipped cream.

Beat up 4 whites of eggs with 4 heaping tablespoons of sugar, and a teaspoon of baking powder, and a teaspoon of vanilla.

Cover cream completely with meringue and place in hot oven just long enough to brown the meringue.

Serve immediately.

Tarzan and the LION MAN

Tarzan to the Rescue—Here Is the Strangest Adventure Thus Far in This Swiftly Moving Story

(Reading time: 28 minutes 44 seconds.)

A MOVING-PICTURE company sends Tom Orman, its prize director, to Africa with a company to make a jungle picture. Naomi Madison is the feminine lead. Rhonda Terry, Stanley Obroski (the Lion Man), Pat O'Grady, Bill West, and Gordon Z. Marcus are in the company.

The movie safari pushes into the wilderness. It is attacked by savage Basutos. The Negro porters desert. The Arab guard abducts Naomi and Rhonda, taking a property map, believing it shows the location of a valley of diamonds. In the fighting Stanley Obroski is captured by the Basutos and is rescued by Tarzan, of whom he is an exact double. Rhonda and Naomi escape from the Arabs, but become separated in the wilderness.

Rhonda tries to find her way back to the safari. On her way she is captured by two gorillas which, to her horror, *speak English.* The beasts take her to their city, which they call London. They have a king, Henry VIII, who puts Rhonda in his harem. Later gorilla messengers arrive to take her to one whom they call "God." In the meantime Tom Orman and Bill West are lost in the jungle in their search for the two girls. Tarzan places Obroski, down with fever, in the hands of friendly natives, to be taken back to civilization and Naomi is recaptured by the Arabs under Ab el-Ghrennem.

PART SIX—THE BATTLE

THE Arabs made their way up the narrow cañon toward the summit of the path that led into the valley of diamonds. From above, fierce cruel eyes looked down. Ab el-Ghrennem gloated exultantly. He had visions of the rich treasure that was soon to give him wealth beyond his previous wildest dreams of avarice. Atewy rode close to Naomi Madison to prevent her from escaping.

At last they came to a precipitous wall that no horse could scale. The perpendicular sides of the rocky cañon had drawn close together.

"The horses can go no farther," announced Ab el-Ghrennem. "Eyad, thou shalt remain with them. The rest of us will continue on foot."

"And the girl?" asked Atewy.

"Bring her with us, lest she escape Eyad while he is guarding the horses," replied the sheik.

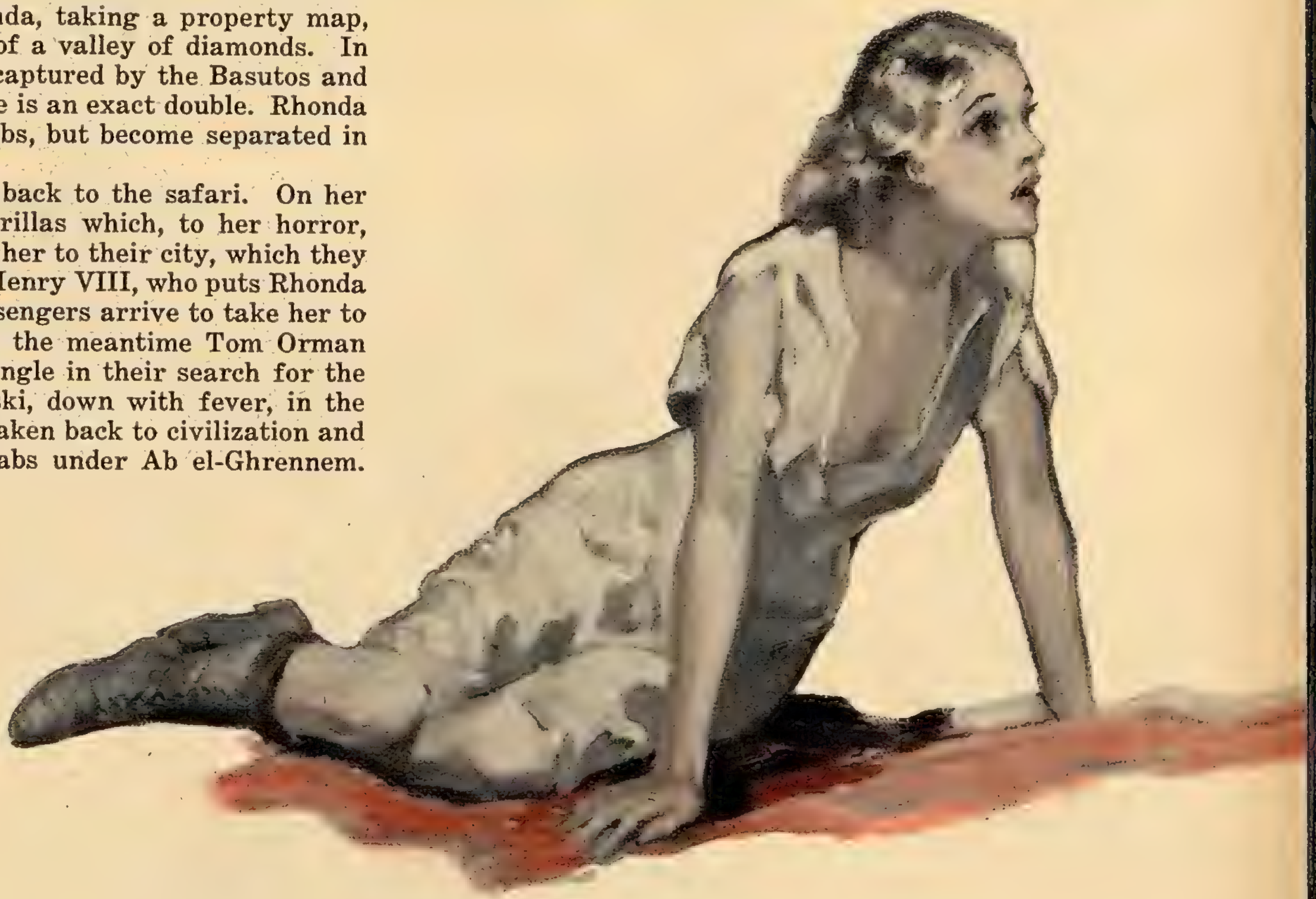
They scrambled up the rocky escarpment, dragging Naomi Madison with them, to find more level ground above.

The rocky barrier was not high, though sufficient to bar the progress of a horse.

Sitting in his saddle, Eyad could see above it and watch his fellows continuing on up the cañon, which was now broader, with more sloping walls upon which timber grew as it did also upon the summit.

They had proceeded but a short distance when Eyad saw a black shaggy manlike figure emerge from a bamboo thicket above and behind the sheik's party. Then another and another followed the first. They carried clubs or axes with long handles.

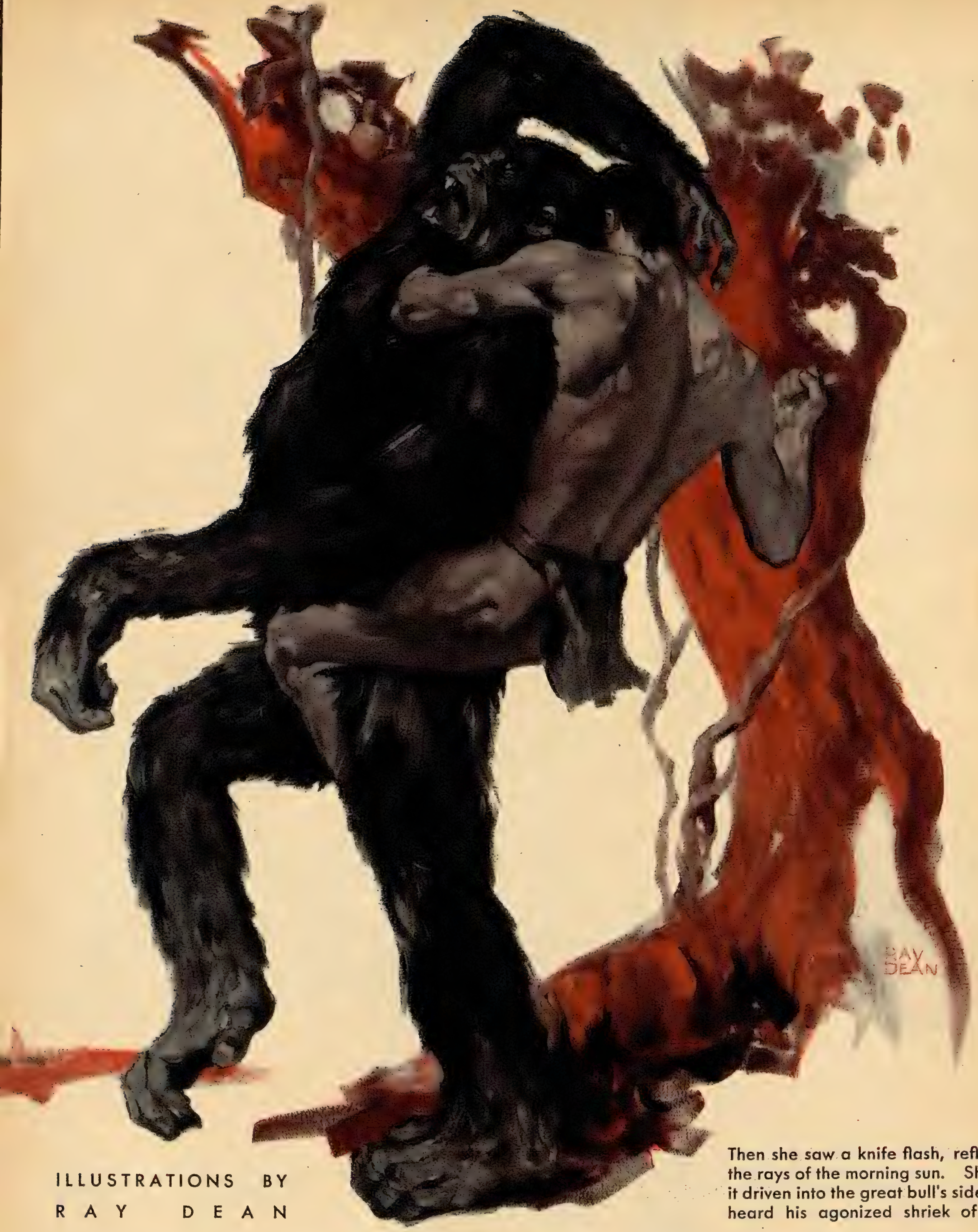
Eyad shouted a warning to his comrades. It brought them to a sudden halt, but it also brought a swarm of the creatures pouring down the cañon sides upon them.



Roaring and snarling, the beasts closed in upon the men. The matchlocks of the Arabs roared, filling the cañon with thundering reverberations.

A few of the gorillas were hit. Some fell; but the others, goaded to frightful rage by their wounds, charged

By EDGAR RICE



Then she saw a knife flash, reflecting the rays of the morning sun. She saw it driven into the great bull's side. She heard his agonized shriek of pain.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY DEAN

to close quarters. They tore the weapons from the hands of the Arabs and cast them aside. Seizing the men in their powerful hands, they sank great fangs into the throats of their adversaries. Others wielded club or battle-ax.

Screaming and cursing, the Arabs sought now only to

BURROUGHS

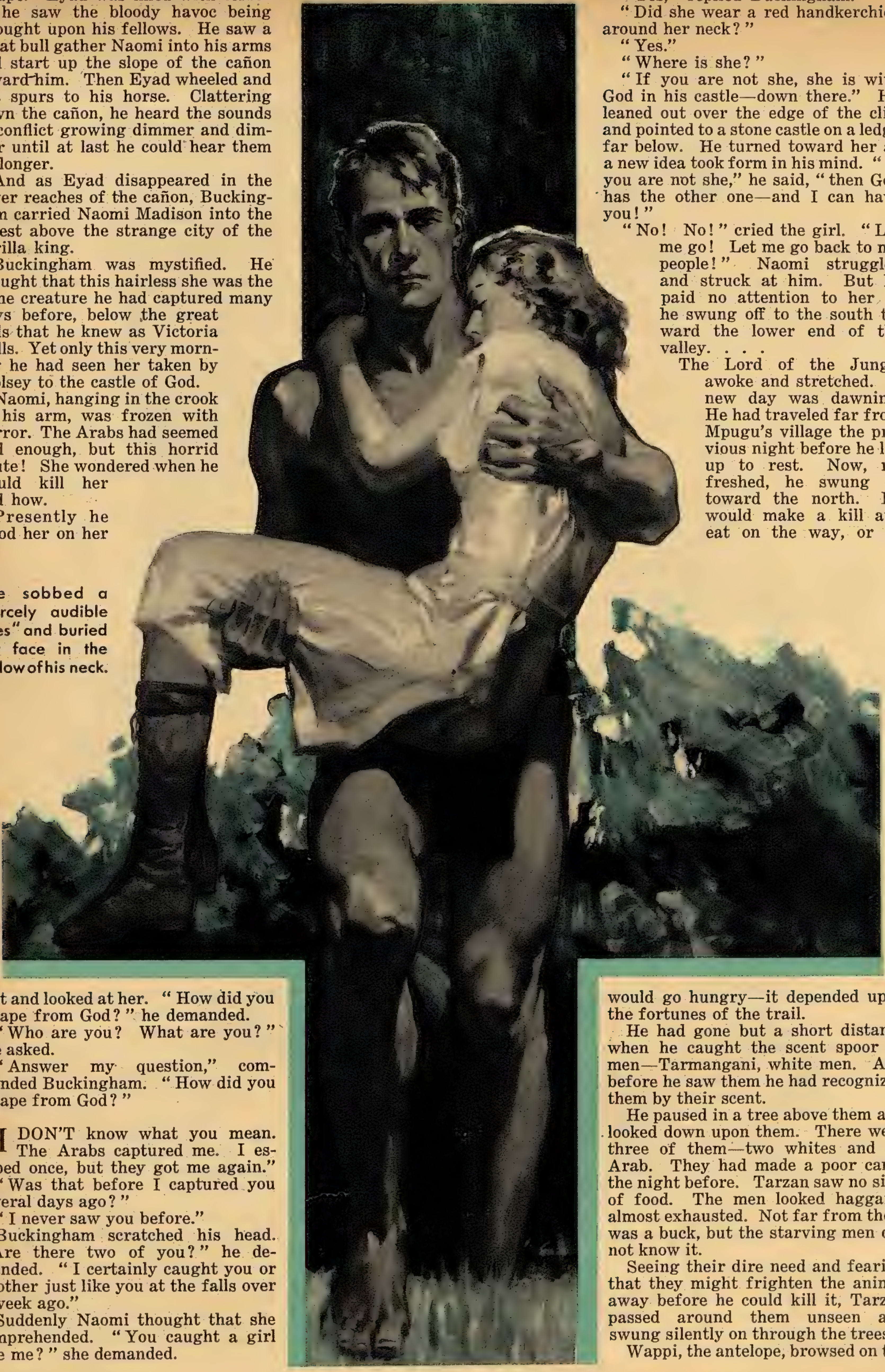
escape. Eyad was filled with terror as he saw the bloody havoc being wrought upon his fellows. He saw a great bull gather Naomi into his arms and start up the slope of the cañon toward him. Then Eyad wheeled and put spurs to his horse. Clattering down the cañon, he heard the sounds of conflict growing dimmer and dimmer until at last he could hear them no longer.

And as Eyad disappeared in the lower reaches of the cañon, Buckingham carried Naomi Madison into the forest above the strange city of the gorilla king.

Buckingham was mystified. He thought that this hairless she was the same creature he had captured many days before, below the great falls that he knew as Victoria Falls. Yet only this very morning he had seen her taken by Wolsey to the castle of God.

Naomi, hanging in the crook of his arm, was frozen with horror. The Arabs had seemed bad enough, but this horrid brute! She wondered when he would kill her and how.

Presently he stood her on her feet and looked at her. "How did you escape from God?" he demanded.



She sobbed a scarcely audible "Yes" and buried her face in the hollow of his neck.

"Who are you? What are you?" she asked.

"Answer my question," commanded Buckingham. "How did you escape from God?"

"I DON'T know what you mean. The Arabs captured me. I escaped once, but they got me again."

"Was that before I captured you several days ago?"

"I never saw you before."

Buckingham scratched his head. "Are there two of you?" he demanded. "I certainly caught you or another just like you at the falls over a week ago."

Suddenly Naomi thought that she comprehended. "You caught a girl like me?" she demanded.

"Yes," replied Buckingham.

"Did she wear a red handkerchief around her neck?"

"Yes."

"Where is she?"

"If you are not she, she is with God in his castle—down there." He leaned out over the edge of the cliff and pointed to a stone castle on a ledge far below. He turned toward her as a new idea took form in his mind. "If you are not she," he said, "then God has the other one—and I can have you!"

"No! No!" cried the girl. "Let me go! Let me go back to my people!" Naomi struggled and struck at him. But he paid no attention to her as he swung off to the south toward the lower end of the valley. . . .

The Lord of the Jungle awoke and stretched. A new day was dawning. He had traveled far from Mpugu's village the previous night before he lay up to rest. Now, refreshed, he swung on toward the north. He would make a kill and eat on the way, or he would go hungry—it depended upon the fortunes of the trail.

He had gone but a short distance when he caught the scent spoor of men—Tarmangani, white men. And before he saw them he had recognized them by their scent.

He paused in a tree above them and looked down upon them. There were three of them—two whites and an Arab. They had made a poor camp the night before. Tarzan saw no sign of food. The men looked haggard, almost exhausted. Not far from them was a buck, but the starving men did not know it.

Seeing their dire need and fearing that they might frighten the animal away before he could kill it, Tarzan passed around them unseen and swung silently on through the trees.

Wappi, the antelope, browsed on the

tender grasses of a little clearing.

Suddenly the antelope started! He had heard, but it was too late. A beast of prey had launched itself upon him from the branches of a tree.

A quarter of a mile away Orman had risen to his feet. "We might as well get going, Bill," he said.

An uncanny cry had come rolling out of the mysterious jungle fastness, freezing the blood in the veins of all three men.

"The ghost!" said Orman in a whisper.

An involuntary shudder ran through West's frame. "You know that's all hooey, Tom," he said.

"Yes, I know it," admitted Orman; "but—"

"That probably wasn't—Obroski at all. It must have been some animal," insisted West.

"Look!" exclaimed Orman, pointing beyond West.

As the cameraman wheeled he saw an almost naked white man walking toward them, the carcass of a buck across one broad shoulder.

"Obroski!" exclaimed West.

Tarzan saw the two men gazing at him in astonishment. He heard West's ejaculation, and he recalled the striking resemblance that he and Obroski bore to each other. He stopped before the two men and tossed the carcass of the buck at their feet.

"I thought you might be hungry," he said. "You look hungry."

"Obroski!" muttered Orman. "Is it really you?" He stepped closer to Tarzan and touched his shoulder.

"What did you think I was—a ghost?"

ORMAN laughed—an apologetic, embarrassed laugh. "I—well—we thought you were dead. It was so surprising to see you. And then, the way that you killed the lion the other day—you did kill the lion, didn't you?"

"He seemed to be dead," replied the ape man.

"Yes, of course. But then, it didn't seem exactly like you, Obroski—we didn't know that you could do anything like that."

"There are probably a number of things about me that you don't know. But never mind about that. I've come to find out what you know about the girls. Are they safe? And how about the rest of the safari?"

"The girls were stolen by the Arabs almost two weeks ago. Bill and I have been looking for them. I don't know where the rest of the outfit are."

Tarzan turned to Eyad and, much to the Arab's surprise, questioned him in his own tongue while Orman and West looked on in astonishment. The two spoke rapidly for a few minutes. Then Tarzan handed Eyad an arrow, and the man, squatting on his haunches, smoothed a little area of ground with the palm of his hand and commenced to draw something with the point of the arrow.

"What's he doing?" asked West. "What did he say?"

"He's drawing a map to show me where this fight took place between the Arabs and the gorillas."

"Gorillas! What did he say about the girls?"

"One of them was killed by a lion a week or more ago, and the last he saw of the other she was being carried off by a big bull gorilla."

"Which one is dead?" asked West. "Did he say?"

Tarzan questioned Eyad, and then turned to the American. "He does not know. He says that he could never tell the two girls apart."

Eyad had finished his map and was pointing out the different landmarks to the ape man. Orman and West were also scrutinizing the crude tracing in the dust.

THE director gave a short laugh. "This bird's stringin' you, Obroski," he said. "That's a copy of the fake map we had for use in the picture."

Tarzan questioned Eyad rapidly in Arabic; then he turned again to Orman. "I think he is telling the truth," he said. "Anyway, I'll soon know. I am going up to this valley and look around. You and West follow on up to the falls. Eyad can guide you. This buck will last you until you get there." Then he turned, swung into the trees, and disappeared. . . .

The great bull gorilla carried Naomi Madison along the wooded crest of the mountains toward the southern end of the valley. When they came to open spaces he scurried quickly across them, and he looked behind him often as though fearing pursuit.

They continued on through the woods toward the south, the beast sometimes stopping to look back and listen. He was moving into the wind; so his nose was useless in apprehending danger from the rear.

They had come almost to the end of the valley and were crossing a space almost devoid of trees at a point where the mountains fell in a series of precipitous cliffs down to the floor of the valley when the gorilla paused, as usual under such circumstances, to glance back. Heretofore they had seen no sign of pursuit. But this time a figure emerged from the patch of wood they had just quitted. It was the lumbering figure of a bull gorilla.

With a snarl Buckingham lifted the girl from her feet and broke into a lumbering run. A short distance within the forest beyond the clearing he turned abruptly toward the cliff; and when he reached the edge he swung the girl to his back, telling her to put her arms about his neck and hang on.

What he found to cling to she did not know, for she did not open her eyes until he loosed her hands by main strength and let her drop to her feet behind him.

"I'll come back for you when I have thrown Suffolk off the trail," said the beast, and was gone.

The Madison found herself in a small natural cave in the face of the cliff. A tiny stream of water trickled from a hidden spring, formed a little

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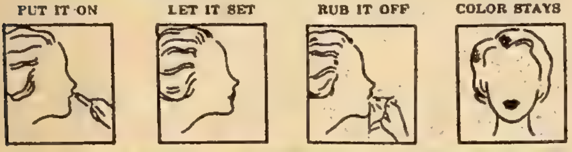

TATTOO

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pool at the front of the cave, and ran over the edge down the face of the cliff.

As she examined her situation, Buckingham clambered quickly to the summit of the cliff and continued on toward the south. He moved slowly, and it was not long before the pursuing beast overtook him.

The creature upon his trail hailed him. "Where is the hairless she?" he demanded.

"I do not know," replied the other. "She has run away from me. I am looking for her."

"Why did you run away from me, Buckingham?"

"I did not know it was you, Suffolk. I thought you were one of Wolsey's men trying to rob me of the she so that I could not take her to the king."

Suffolk grunted. "We had better find her. The king is not in a good humor. How do you suppose she escaped from God?"

For two nights and two days the girl lay alone in the rocky cave. She could neither ascend nor descend the vertical cliff.

The third night fell. Naomi was suffering from hunger. Fortunately the little trickle of water through the cave saved her from suffering from thirst also.

She slept fitfully through the night—the rocky floor that was her bed was torture to her soft flesh. The morning sun, shining full into the mouth of her cave, gave her renewed hope even though her judgment told her that there was no hope.

Presently her attention was attracted by a scraping sound outside the cave and above it. She listened intently. What could it be?

A moment later a black hairy leg appeared below the top of the mouth of the cave; and then the gorilla dropped to the narrow ledge before it.

The brute stooped and peered into the gloomy cavern. "Come here!" it commanded. "I see you. Hurry—we have no time to waste. They may have followed me."

"Go away and leave me," she begged. "I would rather stay here and die."

HE made no answer at once, but stooped and came toward her. Seizing her roughly by the arm, he dragged her to the mouth of the cave. "So I'm not good enough for you?" he growled. "Don't you know that I am the Duke of Buckingham? Get on my back, and hold tight."

At the top of the cliff he lowered her to her feet and started on southward toward the lower end of the valley, dragging her after him.

She was weak; and she staggered, stumbling often. Then he would jerk her roughly to her feet and growl at her, using strange medieval oaths.

Again she stumbled and fell. The beast became enraged. He kicked her as she lay on the ground. Then he seized her by the hair and dragged her after him.

But he did not go far thus. He had taken but a few steps when he came to a sudden halt. With a savage growl and upturned lips baring powerful yellow fangs, he faced a figure that had dropped from a tree directly in his path.

The girl saw too, and her eyes went wide. "Stanley!" she cried. "Oh, Stanley, save me, save me!"

The gorilla released his hold upon her hair and dropped her to the ground, where she lay, too weak to rise, watching the great beast at her side and the bronzed white giant facing it.

Suddenly the gorilla charged, but the man held his ground. Great hairy paws reached out to seize him; but he eluded them with quick pantherlike movements. Stooping, he sprang beneath a swinging arm, and before the beast could turn leaped upon its back. A bronzed arm encircled the squat neck of the hairy Buckingham. In a frenzy of rage the beast swung around, clawing futilely to rid himself of his antagonist.

HE felt the steel thews of the ape man's arm tightening, and realized that he was coping with muscles far beyond what he had expected. He threw himself to the ground in an effort to crush his foe with his great weight; but Tarzan broke the fall with his feet and slipped partially from beneath the hairy body.

Then Buckingham felt powerful jaws close upon his neck near the jugular; he heard savage growls mingling with his own. Naomi Madison heard too, and a new horror filled her soul. Now she knew why Stanley Obroski had not fled in terror. He had gone mad! Fear and suffering had transformed him into a maniac.

The two beasts rolled over and over upon the ground, the roars of the gorilla mingling with the growls of the man. And the girl, leaning upon her hands, watched through fascinated horror-stricken eyes.

Then she saw a knife flash, reflecting the rays of the morning sun. She saw it driven into the great bull's side. She heard his agonized shriek of pain. She saw him redouble his efforts to dislodge the creature clinging to his back.

Again and again the knife was driven home. Suddenly the maddened struggles of the bull grew weaker; then they ceased, and with a convulsive shudder the great form relaxed and lay inert.

All the savagery had vanished from the man's face as he turned to Naomi.

"Are you injured?" he asked.

"No," she said, and tried to rise; but she had not the strength.

He came and lifted her to her feet. He was so strong! A sense of security swept over her and unnerved her. She threw her arms about his neck and commenced to sob.

"Oh, Stanley! Stanley!" she gasped. She tried to say more, but her sobs choked her.

Obroski had told Tarzan a great deal about the members of the company. He knew the names of all of them, and had identified most of them from having seen them while he had watched the safari in the past.

He lifted her in his arms. "Why are you so weak?" he asked. "Is it from hunger?"

She sobbed a scarcely audible "Yes" and buried her face in the hollow of his neck.

He carried her for a short distance, and then put her down on a bed of soft grasses. "I will get you something to eat," he said.

She saw him swing lightly into the trees and disappear, and again she was afraid. What a difference it made when he was near her!

He was gone but a short time, returning with some nuts and fruit. He came and squatted beside her. "Eat a little at a time," he cautioned. "After a while I will get flesh for you; that will bring back your strength."

The man rose and lifted the girl into his arms again.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"I am going to take you to Orman and West. They should be at the falls before night."

"Oh! They are alive?"

"They were looking for you and they got lost. They have been hungry, but otherwise they have gotten along all right. They will be glad to see you."

"And then we can get out of this awful country?" she asked.

"First we must find out what became of the others and save Rhonda," he replied.

They had reached the south end of the valley, where the hills drop down almost to the level of the river. The current here, above the falls, was not swift; and Tarzan waded in with the girl still in his arms.

He plunged in and struck for the opposite shore, while the terrified girl clung to him in desperation.

Her terror at the river crossing was nothing to that which she experienced in the descent of the escarpment to the foot of the falls. It froze her to silent horror.

THE man descended as nimbly as a monkey; the burden of her weight seemed nothing to him. Where had Stanley Obroski acquired this facility that almost put to shame the mountain goat and the monkey?

Halfway down he called her attention to three figures near the foot of the cliff. "There are Orman and West and the Arab," he said; but she did not dare look down.

The three men below them were watching in astonishment. They had just recognized that of the two descending toward them one was Obroski and the other a girl, but whether Naomi or Rhonda they could not tell.

Orman and West ran forward to meet them as they neared the foot of the cliff. Tears came to Orman's eyes as he took Naomi in his arms; and West was glad to see her too, but he was saddened when he discovered that it was not Rhonda.

"Poor girl!" he muttered as they walked back to their little camp. "Poor Rhonda! What an awful death!"

"But she is not dead," said Naomi.

"Not dead! How do you know?"

"She is worse than dead, Bill." And then Naomi told all that she knew of Rhonda's fate.

When she was through, Tarzan rose. "You have enough of that buck left to last until you can make a kill?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Orman.

"Then I'll be going," said the ape man.

"Where?" asked the director.

"To find Rhonda."

West leaped to his feet. "I'll go with you, Stanley," he cried.

"You'd better stay here," advised Tarzan. "You wouldn't have a chance."

"WHY wouldn't I have as good a chance as you?" demanded West.

"Perhaps you would, but you would delay me." Tarzan turned away and walked toward the foot of the escarpment. They saw him seize a trailing liana and climb to another handhold. The quick equatorial night engulfed him before he reached the top.

Beyond the summit of the escarpment the ape man moved silently through the night. He heard familiar noises and his nostrils caught familiar scents that told him that the great cats roamed this strange valley of the gorillas.

He moved swiftly, often at a trot that covered much ground. And presently he saw dim lights ahead. That must be the city! He left the river and moved in a straight line toward the lights, cutting across a bend in the river, which again swung back into his path just before he reached the shadowy mass of many buildings.

The city was walled, probably, he thought, against lions; but Tarzan was not greatly concerned—he had scaled walls before. When he reached this one he discovered that it was not high—perhaps ten feet—but that sharpened stakes, pointing downward, had been set at close intervals just below the capstones, providing an adequate defense against the great cats.

The ape man followed the wall back toward the cliff, where it joined the rocky precipitous face of the escarpment. He listened, scenting the air with his delicate nostrils, seeking to assure himself that nothing was near on the opposite side of the wall.

He leaped for the stakes. His hands closed upon two of them. Then he drew himself up slowly until his hips were on a level with his hands, his arms straight at his sides. Leaning forward, he let his body drop slowly forward until it rested on the stakes and the top of the wall.

Now he could look down into the narrow alleyway beyond the barrier. There was no sign of life as far as he could see in either direction—just a dark shadowy deserted alleyway. It

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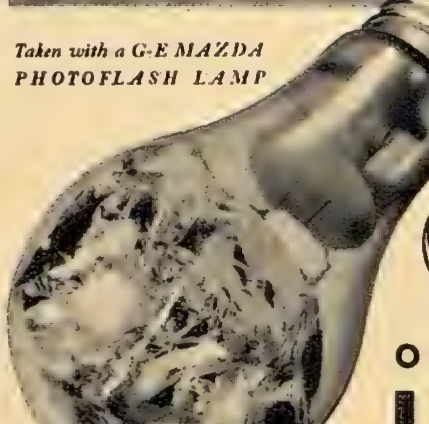

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required but a moment now to draw his body to the wall top and drop to the ground inside the city of the gorillas.

He heard voices and saw the dim glow of lights in another part of the city, and presently there rose above the strange city the booming of drums.

Shortly thereafter Tarzan came to a flight of steps cut from the living rock of the cliff. They led upward, disappearing in the gloom above; but they pointed in the general direction of the building he wished to reach.

As he ascended the steps farther he could see over the top of the castle wall below into the courtyard beyond. He saw a number of gorillas dancing to the booming of the drums. The scene was lit by torches, and as he watched a fire was lighted near the dancers. The dry material of which it was built ignited quickly and blazed high, revealing the scene in the courtyard like daylight, and illuminating the face of the cliff and the stairway that Tarzan was ascending. Then it died down as quickly as it had arisen.

The ape man hastened up the stone stairway that wound and zigzagged up the cliff face, hoping that no eye had discerned him during the brief illumination of the cliff. There was no indication that he had been discovered as he approached the grim pile now towering close above him, because the strange figure gazing down upon him from the ramparts of the castle gave no sign that might apprise the ape man of its presence. Chuckling, it turned away and disappeared through an embrasure in a turret.

At the top of the stairway Tarzan found himself upon a broad terrace, the fore part of the great ledge upon which the castle was built. Before him rose the grim edifice without wall or moat.

The only opening on the level of the ledge was a large double doorway, one of the doors of which stood slightly ajar. Perhaps the Lord of the Jungle should have been warned by this easy accessibility. Perhaps it did arouse his suspicion—the natural suspicion of the wild thing for the trap. But he had come here for the purpose of entering this building and he could not ignore such a God-given opportunity.

CAUTIOUSLY he approached the doorway. Beyond was darkness. He pushed against the great door and it swung silently inward. He was glad that the hinges had not creaked. He paused a moment in the opening, listening. From within came the scent of gorillas and a strange manlike scent that intrigued and troubled him; but he neither heard nor saw signs of life beyond the doorway.

As his eyes became accustomed to the gloom of the interior he saw that he was in a semicircular foyer in the posterior wall of which were set several doors. Approaching the door farthest to the left, he tried it; but it was locked. Nor could he open the second. The third, however, swung in as he pushed upon it, revealing a descending staircase.

He listened intently but heard nothing. Then he tried the fourth door. It too was locked. So were the fifth and sixth. This was the last door, and he returned to the third. Passing through it, he descended the stairway, feeling his way through the darkness.

Still all was silence. Not a sound had come to his ears, since he had entered the building, to suggest that there was another within it than himself. Yet he knew that there were living creatures there. His sensitive nostrils had told him that, and the strange uncanny instinct of the jungle beast.

AT the foot of the stairs he groped with his hands, finding a door. He felt for and found a latch. Lifting it, he pushed upon the door and it opened. Then there came strongly to his nostrils the scent of a woman—a white woman!

The room was utterly dark. He stepped into it, and as he released the door he heard it close behind him with a gentle click. With the quick intuition of the wild beast, he guessed that he was trapped. He sprang back to the door, seeking to open it. But his fingers found only a smooth surface.

He stood in silence, listening, waiting. He heard rapid breathing at a little distance from him. Insistent in his nostrils was the scent of the woman. He guessed that the breathing he heard was hers; its tempo connoted fear. Cautiously he approached the sound.

He was quite close when a noise ahead of him brought him to a sudden halt. It sounded like the creaking of rusty hinges. Then a light appeared, revealing the whole scene.

Directly before him on a pallet of straw sat a white woman. Beyond her was a door constructed of iron bars through which he saw another chamber. At the far side of this second chamber was a doorway in which stood a strange creature holding a lighted torch in one hand. Tarzan could not tell if it were human or gorilla.

It approached the barred doorway, chuckling softly to itself. The woman had turned her face away from Tarzan and was looking at the thing in horror. Now she turned a quick glance toward the ape man. He saw that she was quite like the girl Naomi, and very beautiful.

As her eyes fell upon him, revealed by the flickering light of the torch, she gasped in astonishment. "Stanley Obroski!" she ejaculated. "Are you a prisoner too?"

"I guess I am," replied the ape man.

"What were you doing here? How did they get you? I thought that you were dead."

"I came here to find you," he replied.

"You!" Her tone was incredulous.

The creature in the next room had approached the bars, and stood there chuckling softly. Tarzan looked up at it. It had the face of a man, but its skin was black like that of a gorilla. Its grinning lips revealed the heavy fangs of the anthropoid. Scant black hair covered those portions of its body that an open shirt and a loin cloth revealed.

The skin of the body, arms, and legs was black with large patches of white.

The bare feet were the feet of a man; the hands were black and hairy and wrinkled, with long, curved claws; the eyes were the sunken eyes of an old man—a very old man.

"So you are acquainted?" he said. "How interesting! And you came to get her, did you? I thought that you had come to call on me. Of course it is not quite the proper thing for a stranger to come by night without an invitation—and by stealth."

"I came for this girl," said the ape man.

"And now you are a prisoner too." The creature chuckled.

"What do you want of us?" demanded Tarzan. "We are not enemies; we have not harmed you."

"What do I want of you! That is a long story. But perhaps you two would understand and appreciate it. The beasts with which I am surrounded hear but they do not understand. Before you serve my final purpose I shall keep you for a while for the pleasure of conversing with rational human beings.

"I have not seen any for a long time—a long, long time. Of course I hate them none the less, but I must admit that I shall find pleasure in their companionship for a short time. You are both very good-looking too. That will make it all the more pleasant, just as it increases your value for the purpose for which I intend you—the final purpose, you understand.

"I am particularly pleased that the girl is so beautiful. I always did have a fondness for blondes. Were I not already engaged along other lines of research, and were it possible, I should like nothing better than to conduct a scientific investigation to determine the biological or psychological explanation of the profound attraction that the blonde female has for the male of all races."

From the pocket of his shirt he extracted a couple of crudely fashioned cheroots, one of which he proffered through the bars to Tarzan.

"I do not smoke," said Tarzan, and then added, "thank you."

"You do not know what you miss—tobacco is such a boon to tired nerves."

"My nerves are never tired."

"Fortunate man! And fortunate for me too. I could not ask for anything better than a combination of youth with a healthy body and a healthy nervous system—to say nothing of your unquestionable masculine beauty. I shall be wholly regenerated."

"I DO not know what you are talking about," said Tarzan.

"No, of course not. How could one expect that you would understand what I alone in all the world know? But some other time I shall be delighted to explain. Right now I must go up and have a look into the king's courtyard. I find that I must keep an eye on Henry the Eighth. He has been grossly misbehaving himself of late—he and Suffolk and Howard. I shall leave this torch burning for you—it will make it much more pleasant. And I want you to enjoy yourselves as much as possible before the—ah—er— Well, *au revoir!* Make yourselves quite at home." He turned and crossed toward a door at the opposite side of the room, chuckling as he went.

Tarzan stepped quickly to the bars separating the two rooms. "Come back here!" he commanded. "Either let us out of this hole or tell us why you are holding us—what you intend doing with us."

The creature wheeled suddenly, its expression transformed by a hideous snarl.

"You dare issue orders to me!" it screamed.

"And why not?" demanded the ape man. "Who are you?"

The creature took a step nearer the bars and tapped its hairy chest with a horny talon. "I am God!" it cried.

In the next installment you will read how Rhonda and Tarzan are trapped in the burning castle of the gorilla god.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 25

1—John Jay, who served from 1789-95.

2—Robert Browning.

3—Priests of the ancient Celts.

4—Robert Burns, in To a Mouse.

5—A coarse beet used principally as animal fodder.

6—The inhabitant of a harem.

7—Sodium bicarbonate.

8—The department of zoölogy that deals with fishes.

9—A secret political party in the United States.

10—China.

11—A (plane) polygon having seven angles, therefore as many sides.

12—Jefferson Davis; in Kentucky.

13—A foundling humpback in Victor Hugo's Notre Dame de Paris.

14—A small mountain lake.

15—Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, famous Spanish hero of the eleventh century.

16—Herman Melville.

17—Hans Wagner.

18—Suomen Tasavalta.

19—Lon Chaney.

20—Allah.

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LET'S HAVE IT SOUND AND PLENTIFUL

FORT WORTH, TEX.—This nation has prospered greatly under a sound-money system, and this writer can see no good to come from all this tinkering with our currency. It seems to me that if our nearly four billion dollars' worth of gold bullion and gold coin (we are supposed to have that amount in the national Treasury vaults) is not ample to give the country enough paper money to do business on at home and abroad, then we should supplement the gold base with enough silver bullion at the proper ratio of 15 or 16 to 1 to give us what we do need.

Our present distress, in the main, is due to just two causes, namely: 1. Concentrated wealth. 2. The machine.—*W. L. Howard.*

AND NOW LOOK AT IT!

CHARLESTON, S. C.—In all my six years' reading of your blimey magazine I have found nothing interesting except that you were brave enough to advocate repeal of the prohibition law, even when prohibition was popular. —*H. A. C.*

GOATS, NOT GLOATS

LURELAND, SASK.—As a constant reader of your magazine, I protest against your reference in your October 28 editorial to the Western wheat pools.

We, the Western farmers, did not gloat, or squeeze anybody. To find out about that, get the cost of raising a bushel of wheat, and then what we squeezed out of it five years ago.—*Harold D. King.*

HOW'D THEY MAKE OUT IN 1931?

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—C. W. Hendley complains in November 11 Vox Pop that no Southern college was represented in the pennants on Liberty's cover of October 14.

Brother Hendley evidently does not know his geography or his colleges, as the first one on the left side of the line is that of Tulane University of New Orleans. Tulane has received two bids for the Rose Bowl Game, one in 1925, which was declined, and one in 1931, which was accepted.—*M. T. Ducros.*

YOU WIN THE PAPIER-MACHE MEDAL

HOUSTON, TEX.—Your covers are becoming good subjects for a "guess what's wrong with this picture" contest. November 11 fully qualifies. I note the following wrongs: The fellow is wearing his best girl's shirt—no man's shirt ever buttoned up that way! The chair—no chair has rungs or back like that. The orange crate—where did it come from? Only the artist knows! Even the label is upside down.—*A. E. Nutter.*

SURE, RETURN TICKETS

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—What the inmates of Hollywood's love factory need is a marriage license with divorce coupons attached.—*Zeno T. Wilson.*

★ ★ ★ ★

THE FOUR-STAR LETTER

CINCINNATI, OHIO.—The writer has been reading your number 47 of volume 10 and on page 14 you say: "We want your honest opinion about the contents of Liberty."

This interests me, not because I am seeking any prizes nor any publicity, but because I am an old time American in my eighty-second year and my country is in a "hell of a fix," and many of us old citizens are greatly alarmed about it.

I have a brother in California who is in his ninety-fifth year and was a soldier in the Civil War—so both of us are apt to be passing out pretty soon, and we want to have a chance to lie in our graves in peace and not be disturbed about what is happening to our children. These times are worse than war, worse than storm and flood, worse than poverty and famine and pestilence. Such things come onto us from the outside and can be endured, but when the heart of so large a proportion of our men in high places is bad, it is a hard time indeed.

Mr. Macfadden in his masterly editorial on page 3 hit the nail on the head in his last paragraph. "Bring back the old time American honesty, make rich men be decently unselfish. Kick out the crook and racketeer in politics and in business." Yes! When and if *that* is done we will have prosperity, and not before.

Your article by Mrs. Smith is interesting, but she is obsessed with the idea that prohibition and temperance are one and the same word.

True temperance is essential to health in every phase of life.

It is a harp of a thousand strings. Mrs. Smith and her fanatical and intemperate associates only harp on one string.

I find the present period of my life the most interesting. I have rich and varied experiences to review.

Both Solomon and Shakespeare were wrong in disparaging old age. One saying that we come to a time when we are "sans everything." The other saying that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit." These men could not know by experience, which is the best teacher, for they both died under 60.

The riches of old age are in having friends.—*George Peck, Sr.*

Mr. Peck gets $25 for the above. And from now on Liberty will pay $25 for every communication which the editors think sufficiently outstanding to be published as a Four-Star Letter. We don't guarantee to print one every week; they may not come that often. But when they do arrive we'll publish and pay for them.

★ ★ ★ ★

LAY OFF OUR GIZZARDS, MR. FLAGG

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Mr. Hall's mask cover on Liberty for November 4 was one of the best you've had. A relief from the pink-and-white female Tombies so dear to gizzards of editors!

The poor old dame was funny and pathetic both.

Congratulate Mr. Hall for me. Also yourself.—*James Montgomery Flagg.*

ALL RIGHT, YOU GO CLIMB A TREE

OVERTON, TEX.—So, now we must have Tarzan in Liberty too!

We have had him in our cereal, soups, movies, and now—Liberty!

Oh, well, you've been making monkeys of us for years, anyway.—*A. O. B.*

STATISTITIS

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The government worker has no "code." His wages have gone down and his hours of labor have been increased. He is the perpetual victim of that terrible malady, the disease of statistics. He is the ever-present laboratory material for every statistical theorist who can snatch the public ear.

Government workers have had:

1. 8⅓ per cent pay cut.
2. 15 per cent pay cut.
3. 10/11 system of pay.
4. Nine-day furloughs and "stagger" furloughs.
5. 25 per cent budget personnel reductions.
6. Reductions in pay on 1928-1933 living-cost statistics comparisons.
7. Statistical transmutation tables in examination ratings.
8. Statistical efficiency (so called) ratings.
9. Statistical reduction in force ratings.
10. Statistical compulsory retirements.
11. Statistical shelving of new workers over forty; and others and others.

Statistics and social service data are valuable, but they do not *do* the work.

Just two things are necessary in truly equitable personnel management:

1. On the employer's side: Humane treatment.
2. On the employee's side: Loyalty.

The government worker is loyal.—*E. Claude Babcock, President American Federation of Government Employees (A. F. L. affiliate).*

WELL, SHE MIGHT HAVE PULLED A CRUMPLED FLASK

BUFFALO, N. Y.—In the November 18 issue of Liberty, in a story entitled What Price Armistice? there appears the following:

"The girl took a crumpled pack of cigarettes from her overalls and offered one to Polly."

I would like to know how much you were paid by some cigarette company for dragging this ad into the story.—*J. B. Ernsmere, D.D.S.*

THE VETERANS ARE GRATEFUL

PORTLAND, OREG.—Your recent article in the issue of October 28 entitled Economy and the Veterans was one of the fairest and most honest that has ever been published.

Scout Young Camp #2, U. S. W. V. and its 1,100 members wish to extend their heartfelt thanks to you.—*James C. Caine, Commander.*

SIR WALTER WAS THE FIRST TO HIT THE PIPE, ANYWAY

BRANTFORD, ONT.—In Canada we were always taught that Sir Walter Raleigh introduced tobacco into England. Your answer to one of the Twenty Questions in Liberty for November 11 differs from this. I wasn't there, so I don't know for sure. Please elucidate. —*A. R.*

[Sir Ralph Lane, first Governor of Virginia, sent the first shipment of tobacco to England by Sir Francis Drake. Sir Walter Raleigh learned to smoke tobacco in a pipe and his illustrious position quickly made it popular in court circles. The Spaniards were the first to introduce tobacco into Europe, and Jean Nicot, French ambassador to Portugal, sent seeds of the tobacco plant to the French queen many years before it made its appearance in England.—THE EDITOR.]

HOW MUCH IS IT WORTH?

ASHEVILLE, N. C.—If you would publish the reading time for the Vox Pop pages we would know the amount of time we are saving in reading your otherwise excellent magazine.—*Irwin Monk.*

WE NEVER PRESS OUR PANTS

PITTSBURGH, PA.—If Gus Schulenburg of Texas will look at the cover of the November 11 issue of Liberty, he will see the picture of the Vox Pop caption writer. Hope you're not disappointed, Gus.—*A Reader.*

SUGGESTS AN ANNA ROOSEVELT DALL COOKBOOK

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I want to express my appreciation of the excellent articles in Happy Days. They are natural and "homy." They are like going to a friend's home and being met at the door and greeted by "Come in and make yourself at home."

Each week I buy Liberty, take it to my room, find a comfortable chair, turn to Happy Days, and enjoy a cordial visit. And when you lead me into the culinary department, my mouth waters. The recipes should be compiled and printed as the Anna Roosevelt Dall Cookbook and the profits could be used to create the Anna Roosevelt Dall Christmas Fund for Orphans.—*Henry Sheldon Judson.*

AW, QUIT YOUR KIDDIN'

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—With righteous indignation, I bitterly resent Princess Radziwill's denouncement of His Royal Giblets, Prince Mdivani. She does him — a splendid gentleman — a great injustice.

He is by no means an impostor, I assure you! His title is just as clear and bona fide as my own. And I realize how badly the duchess and I would feel were some one to question the genuineness of our titles. Such an accusation, however, would be even more preposterous than that of Radzy's regarding the prince.—*Patrick, Duke of Killarney.*

J'EVER HEAR OF POETIC LICENSE?

VANCOUVER, B. C.—I have just finished reading the first installment of Tarzan and the Lion Man.

Because Arabs are employed for the expedition, and also from the mention of the "brief equatorial twilight," it would appear that the expedition started from somewhere in northern Africa, and it is stated that their destination was "right to the heart of Africa." How then did they encounter the Basutos, a tribe living in South Africa? Moreover, if the Basutos ever used poisoned arrows, they have not done so for many years.—*M. H. Dobie.*

THE MARINES HAVE LANDED

LAKEHURST, N. J.—When John Gob talks about economy, in November 18 Liberty, he forgets the vast differences in pay. Where the average marine gets $17.65 a month the average sailor gets over $30.

Paying all service men the same rate of pay would save the government a lot of money every year, and take the gold out of gold brick—meaning you, flatfoot! —*A Leatherneck, Above the First Line of Defense.*

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—Now that you have started this, Shellback, you might tell the people why gobs are known as "flatfeet." *No?* Well, then I will. It's because their feet are too flat to get them in the Marine Corps, so they join the Navy.—*J. Palmer.*

WE MEANT VAALPENS, NOT BUSHMEN

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—Referring to your statement in the Twenty Questions of the November 11 issue, that the Vaalpens are "a dwarf nomadic people (cave dwellers) of South Africa, now almost extinct," I have lived in South Africa for many years, know the history of the country rather well, and I have yet to learn of a people by the name of the Vaalpens. The writer probably refers to the Bushmen, who are almost extinct, but are not cave dwellers and while small are by no means dwarfs.—*V. Stevens.*

[The Encyclopædia Britannica says that the Vaalpens (the Dutch name meaning dusty-bellies) are a little known nomadic people of South Africa. The men average four feet in height, less than the Bushmen. They dwell in caves and rock shelters. Their speech is full of clicks. They are among the most primitive peoples left on earth.—THE EDITOR.]

THEY ARE ALL READING TO THE LADIES

GLASSPORT, PA.—Having noticed many letters from readers in Vox Pop, why not have a column To the Men?—*S. E. Burke.*

WE'RE TIRED OF MONKEY BUSINESS

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Have you quit trying to prove the theory of evolution? Haven't seen any missing links on the Vox Pop pages in some time.—*T. Y. Sretlaw.*

AW, YOU DIDN'T HALF TRY

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, in the November 4 issue, tells of a male acquaintance who when angered would shove his hands into his trouser pockets so viciously as to rip the trousers from hip to ankle.

My complaint is this: It can't be done. Since reading the princess's paragraph I have made some tests.

The result: Four pairs of trousers with two torn pocket linings but otherwise undamaged.

Two sore hands.

A curt note from my wife informing me to do my own mending in the future! —*Basil Worthington.*

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TO THE LADIES!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion

(Reading time: 5 minutes 5 seconds.)

BORN on a ship at sea, Gertrude Niesen doesn't remember the name of the boat, but if you really want to know she'll ask her mother.

Lots of people want to know things about Gertrude now that she is our ingénue of the air; not one of those old-fashioned ingénues with a lisp—Gertrude is an ingénue with a torch. I'll bet you've heard her sing that Two Guitar song. Her fame is so recent that the fun of it still has her romping. “At last I've got a face of my own,” she says. “When I started singing in clubs and on the stage people used to say, ‘You look like Lenore Ulric,’ or ‘You look like Ethel Merman,’ or ‘You look like Lupe Velez.’ Now listen to this: The other day I actually heard about a girl being told that she looked like Gertrude Niesen. So I must be getting famous.”

After an evening at the mike Gertrude loves to go places all dressed up in very, very slinky formal attire. One night as she was leaving the studio with a handsome young man, a sweet old gentleman approached her with a package under his arm. “I thought sure he was a fan bringing me a present,” she says. “I smiled. He smiled, bowed, and handed me the package. What do you suppose was in it? Legal papers, my dear. I was being sued for twenty-five thousand dollars because of an automobile accident.”

Gertrude Niesen

Gertrude is said to be violently temperamental. That's just talk, she declares. But she does blow up if any one shakes a finger at her. For some reason she can't stand finger shakers. Maybe you were listening in the night a radio official shook his finger at her while she was at the mike. What you heard then wasn't static. It was Gertrude's temperament.

IF this were a fiction story and I had to make up a title for it, I believe I would call it Veterans in Mink. It concerns those mink-coated matrons—wives of successful business men—women who cause us to smile a little unkindly when we see them in their limousines.

Mink is their uniform. They wear it as a veteran wears service stripes, and their tragedy lies in the fact that they won their mink by no heroic action. They remember the battle of success only by its drudgery.

“I never wasted a penny,” said one of them to me. “For twenty-five years we saved and scrimped. Then the chance came and my husband made his fortune. Now that we are rich I do not feel as young as he feels. I know what he's doing—that blonde! But what can I do? I'm no match for him. I never learned to fight. He is the hero of our success. He took the chances. I am only the one who watched the pennies.”

Oh, I know there are women *so* much more deserving of our pity! Let us spare a little of it, just the same, for these wives who wear mink coats over hearts that their men's success has chilled and crippled like a paralyzed limb. Theirs was never the exhilaration of risk, of contest. They sat at home and saved. That was their only valor—the courage of economy. And the flags never wave, you know, the band never plays for them. They served behind the lines.

AGAINST winter gloom I recommend the new “chintz” lamps, English in style, with cozy posy patterns twinkling at you from bowl and shade. Very attractive.

SO you think it was easy and natural for every woman to sport a Mae West in the Gay Nineties. Gal, you're mistaken. Unless you were built that way it was tough.

A lady who used to be young in those years has been telling me what a time she had. And she wasn't the only one by a long shot. “We thin girls could lace our corsets all right in the middle,” she says. “Our trouble was getting them filled at both ends. All sorts of rubbish we packed into them—wads, pads, underclothes. We could never be sure that the stuffing would not fall out and shame us to death.”

I have an infant memory of that period. I recall a grand-lady relative who visited us in my early childhood.

We kids bedecked ourselves in her voluminous petticoats, and on top of everything I wore her wonderful pink corsets.

A RATHER interesting question came up at a party the other evening. Some one said, “If each of you girls had to fall in love with a struggling genius and marry him, which kind of a genius would you prefer? Would you prefer an inventor or an artist? (By *artist* I mean pictorial, musical, or literary.) Or would you prefer a reformer—a social prophet?”

One girl chose the inventor because inventors often make a lot of money—if they make any money. Another girl chose the artistic man for the sake of his beauty cult. Nobody picked the social prophet.

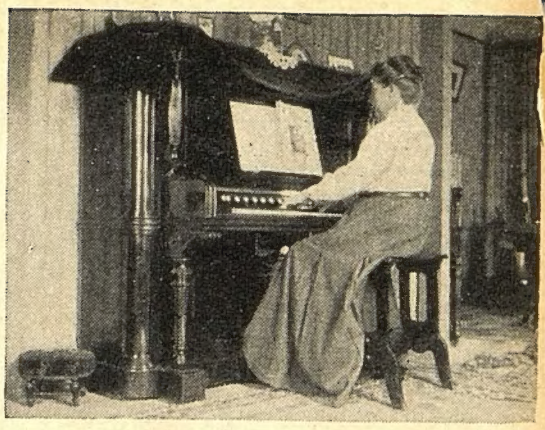
I don't pretend that our little game meant anything. But it may be a warning to young prophets.

HERE'S a book about the romance of the fur trade. Beaver, Kings and Cabins, by Constance Lindsay Skinner. I think it should be of special interest to women, since we wear the furs. (Published by Macmillan.)

TRY this Tipsy Diplomat, a pudding recipe from dear old London. I don't know how it got its name, although I think perhaps the name may be derived from the fact that this dessert—like Old World diplomacy—is flavored with rum and has lady fingers in it.

Spread thick apricot jam on ½ pound lady fingers. Soak them 15 minutes in a bath of rum, sugar, and water (half rum, half water). Butter a fireproof mold. Fill ⅔ full with alternate layers of the lady fingers and a mixture composed of scalded raisins, preserved orange and lemon peel (chopped), and thin slices of angelica. The top layer must be of lady fingers. Cover the mold and place in a pan of hot water—water ¾ up the mold. Keep boiling gently for 1½ hours. Serve with custard sauce, rum-flavored, and a hot political argument.

$5,000
IN BIG CASH PRIZES
WHY NOT WIN?



Home Life Snapshot Contest

51 AWARDS THIS WEEK
FIVE $200 GRAND PRIZES

IF you can snap a picture you can win one of Liberty's substantial cash contest prizes! It's as easy as that. Snap a home life scene, send it in as instructed in the rules, receive Liberty's check for the amount of your cash prize if the contest judges find your snapshot prizeworthy. Your chance to win is excellent if you enter.

The three illustrations on this page, prize winners in last season's competition, are typical of the snapshots of home life to which prizes are awarded on the basis of human interest. What scenes about your home are you going to snap? It is not necessary to be an expert photographer in order to get into the money. Quality of photography carries no weight so long as an entry is clear enough for half-tone reproduction. The entrant who has never focused a camera before has equal opportunity with the more experienced competitor. A borrowed camera is as apt to record a prize-winning scene as an expensive one.

Don't neglect this opportunity to collect some easy money. Snap a picture and get it before the judges for consideration for one of this week's fifty-one awards and one of the $200 Grand Prizes. The rules explain how, when, and where to enter. This week's contest closes Tuesday, January 2.

HOME LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST RULES

TEN WEEKLY CONTESTS

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will award $400 in cash prizes for the best home life snapshots submitted by nonprofessional photographers.

2. Any one, anywhere, may enter except professional photographers, employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

3. There is no restriction regarding size of prints. Enlargements are eligible, but in case of enlargements the prints from which such enlargements are made must be attached.

4. Photographs need not be taken specifically for this contest, but they must be taken on or after November 8, 1933, and in every case must be the work of the person who submits them. By entering any contest in this series you agree that you will upon request submit to Liberty the negative from which your print was made. Such negatives will be returned if desired.

5. Submit as many prints as you wish. Write plainly or print name and full address on the back of each. No prints will be returned. Prize-winning prints become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for reproduction wherever desired.

6. The first weekly contest closes Monday, December 4, and succeeding contests will close each following Monday, including February 5, 1934, which ends the contest series.

7. Quality of photography does not count, except that any snapshot in order to be awarded a prize must be of sufficient clearness to reproduce satisfactorily for publication. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of human interest only. Judging on that basis, each week of this contest series the person submitting the best snapshot will receive the first prize of $100, etc., as per the cash prize schedule elsewhere on this page.

8. Address all entries to HOME LIFE SNAPSHOTS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

$1,000 GRAND PRIZE RULES

1. Regardless of whether or not it has won a weekly prize, every entry in the contest series will be eligible for one of the five $200 Grand Prizes to be awarded when the contest series closes.

2. These Grand Prizes will be awarded for the following divisions: Group A, best baby snapshot. Group B, best family group. Group C, best home interior. Group D, best pet picture. Group E, the snapshot that most nearly tells a complete story.

3. The conditions set forth in Rules 3, 4, 5, and 7 above apply to this Grand Prize offer.

CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

EACH WEEK	
FIRST PRIZE.................	$100
TEN SECOND PRIZES, each $10	100
FORTY THIRD PRIZES, each $5	200
WEEKLY TOTAL.............	$400
TOTAL PRIZES FOR TEN WEEKS..................	$4,000
GRAND PRIZES	
FIVE PRIZES, each $200.......	$1,000
TOTAL CASH PRIZES TO BE PAID......................	$5,000

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LIBERTY HOME LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST

The Master Photo Finishers of America, giving Master Photo Finishing service through the most important Photo Dealers in most towns and cities of the United States and Canada, will award thousands of extra Blue Ribbon Prize Photo Enlargements each week to entrants in the LIBERTY Home Life Snapshot Contest.

All that is necessary to qualify for one of the many weekly prize enlargements is to obtain one of the official Liberty Home Life Snapshot Contest entry blanks from any local photo dealer whose Photo Finishing is serviced by a Master Photo Finisher, and leave your entries with this Dealer accompanied with one of these Entry Blanks.

All local entries made in this manner will be judged weekly with numerous Blue Ribbon Enlargements awarded the best of local entries, after which all entries will be forwarded immediately to LIBERTY for entry and consideration in connection with the $5,000.00 weekly and grand prizes in the Liberty Home Life Snapshot Contest.

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